THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In This Number

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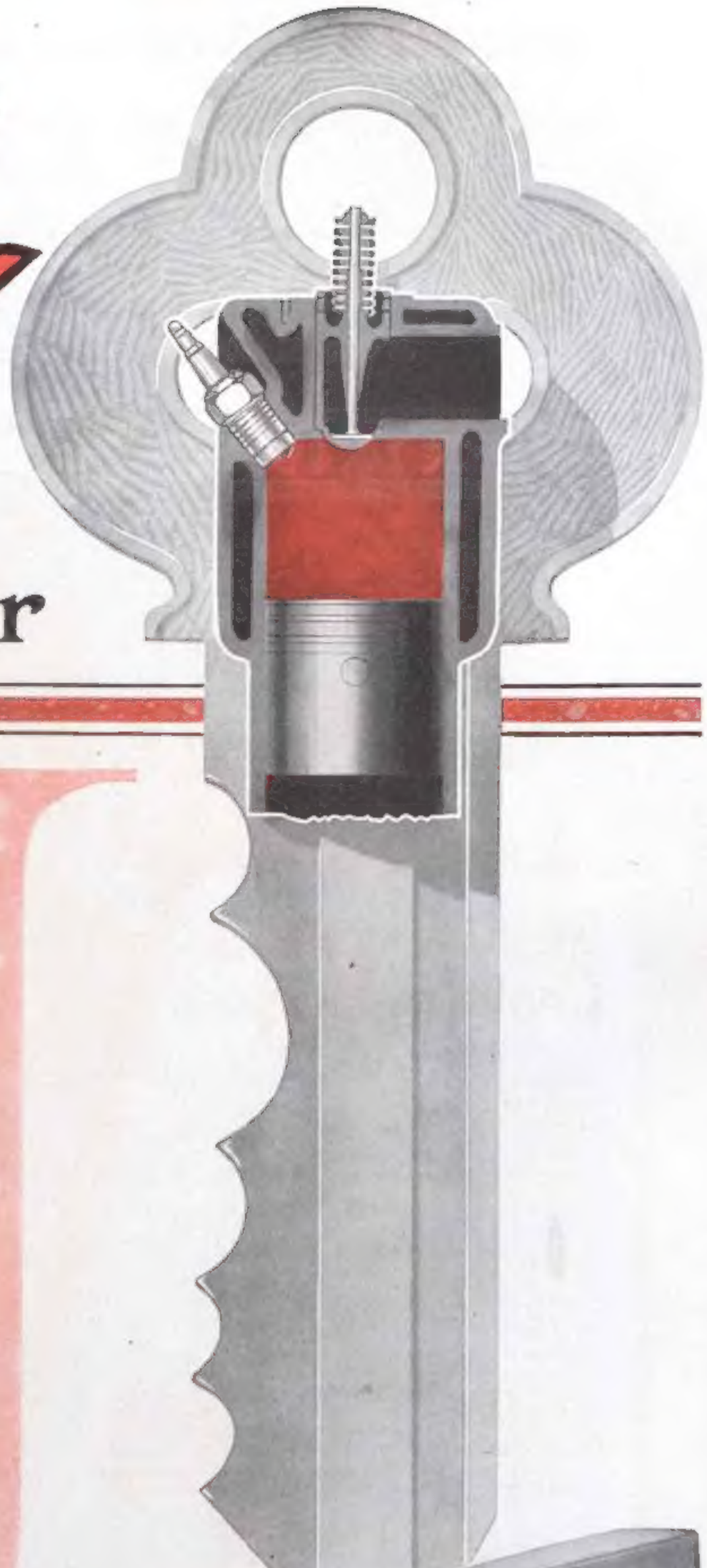
Buick

VALVE-IN-HEAD
-The Key to Power



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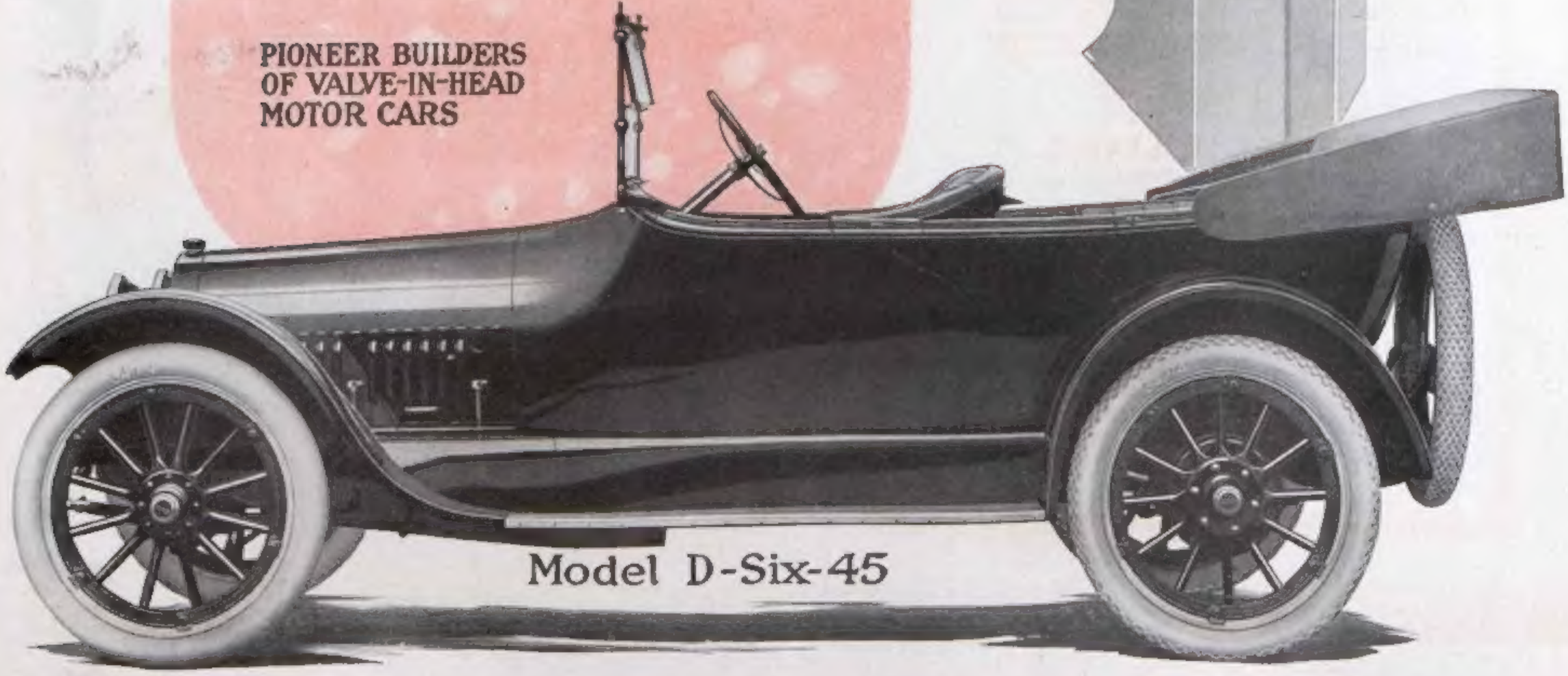

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The Battle Hen of the Republic

By IRVIN S. COBB

I Happened Upon a Sage Grouse Strayed Up From the Flats

SKETCHES BY TONY SARG

THE works of the ornithological authorities are replete with information touching upon the subject of which I mean chiefly to treat in this brochure. It is set forth that the creature under discussion is known as the sage grouse—also as the sage chicken—also as the cock of the plains; and that, next to the wild turkey, it is the largest game bird in North America, the male occasionally attaining to a weight of eight pounds, or even more, depending, I suppose, on whether or not the audience is in fit frame of mind to credit the statements of the favored hunter.

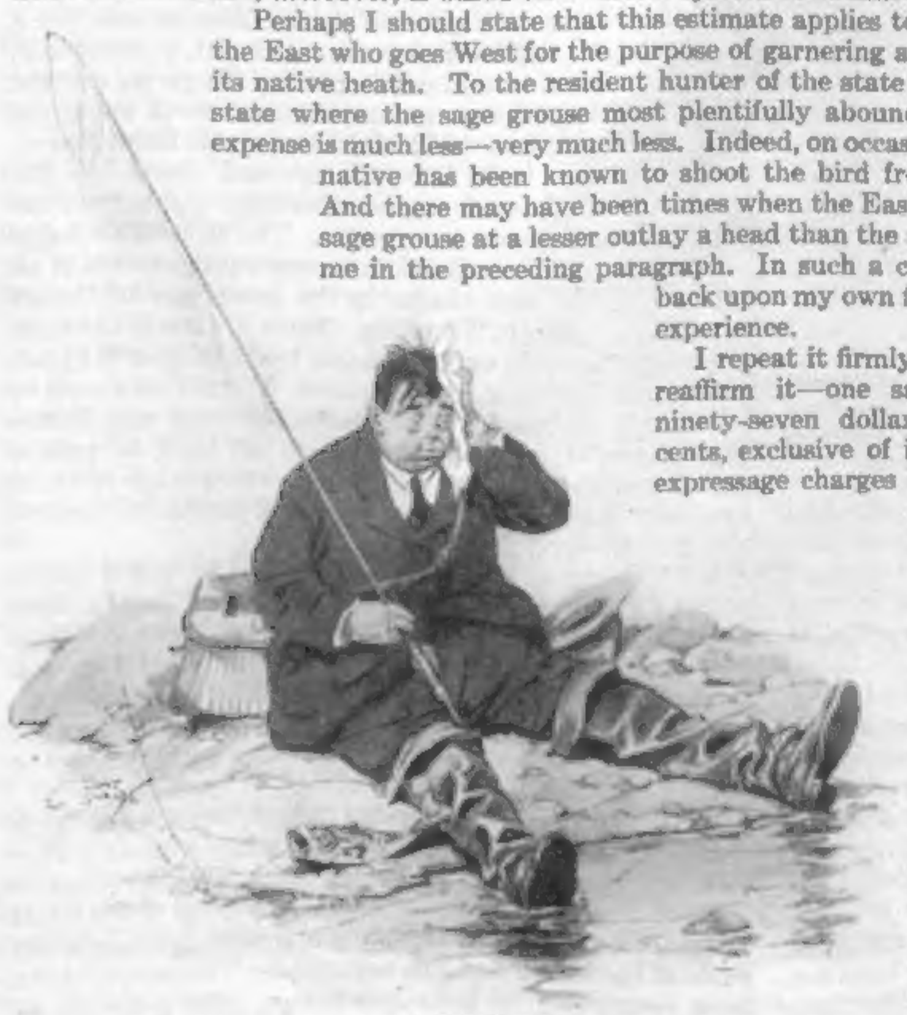
Yet another distinction possessed by this interesting bird is that it has no gizzard. Absolutely it has not a vestige of gizzard to its name. This serves to make it unique. Except dogs afflicted with fleas, sage grouse are the only members of the gallinaceous or scratching tribe that are gizzardless. In the case of the dog, he usually is so busy that he has no time in which to worry over not having any gizzard; and, as regards the sage grouse, its place is taken by a soft membranous bag something like a goiter, but worn inside, where it will not attract so much adverse comment.

The official or Latin name of this bird is *Centrocercus urophasianus*. The spelling is guaranteed by the writer, but the reader must do his own pronouncing at his own risk. Its habitat is the sage region of the Rocky Mountain plateau, but it has been found as far east as Nebraska and as far west as the Sierra Nevada and the Cascade ranges. In the pairing season the cock bird is much addicted to distending its neck enormously by means of air sacs covered with naked and livid skin. This is supposed to have a fascinating effect upon the female of the species, but otherwise nothing is said anywhere about her being of a morbid disposition.

The prevalent color is black and white for both sexes, and in both there is a pronounced tendency toward a prominent development of the bust. The sage grouse has feathers on its legs, but not so many as to interfere with comfort in walking about from place to place; and, altogether, it is one of our noblest birds.

However, there is one detail that the ornithologists, in treating of the sage grouse, have altogether overlooked. This seems singular, because it is important in a way. The omitted item is the cost of the sage grouse. The cost for a specimen in Wyoming is exactly ninety-seven dollars and sixty-five cents. This figure has been arrived at by actual demonstration and, moreover, is based on a careful system of bookkeeping.

Perhaps I should state that this estimate applies to the tourist from the East who goes West for the purpose of garnering a sage grouse upon its native heath. To the resident hunter of the state of Wyoming, the state where the sage grouse most plentifully abounds, the attendant expense is much less—very much less. Indeed, on occasion, the Wyoming native has been known to shoot the bird from his dooryard. And there may have been times when the Easterner secured his sage grouse at a lesser outlay a head than the amount stated by me in the preceding paragraph. In such a case I can but fall back upon my own figure and my own experience.



Lake Erie Might Do, Though I Think I Should Prefer Superior

I repeat it firmly. Earnestly do I reaffirm it—one sage grouse costs ninety-seven dollars and sixty-five cents, exclusive of icing, crating and expressage charges back home. And it is worth the money. When one takes into consideration the change of climate, the scenery, the trip and all, it is worth more than that.

It was to Wyoming, in search of the sage grouse, that we journeyed—the southern part of Wyoming, not far north of the Colorado line, where the spinal column of this continent humps itself high against the sunset skies and the sagebrush grows the rankest. There were four of us. Two went from the Atlantic Seaboard and two came from the Pacific Coast, to meet at an appointed spot and fare into the game country in company. We who represented the East carried with us enough paraphernalia to stock up Colonel Roosevelt for another exploring tour along the River of Doubt—or, as he may be calling it now, Hughes River.

For one thing, we took with us an express rifle. A friend who has done considerable big-game shooting in his time lent it to us. He said it would stop an elephant. I do not know whether it would entirely stop an elephant, but of this much I am certain—it would tire an elephant to the point of total exhaustion to have to tote it round for any length of time. And, of course, it would kill a man—kill him, I should say, in half a day or less. Getting it from its owner's house to my house and from my house to the station almost killed me. The cartridge to be fired by it was about the size and general aspect of one of those chemical fire extinguishers such as are carried by careful motorists, and the shell, or case, had a large soft-nose bullet protruding daintily from the apex, or snout, of its metal casing.

We designed to use this weapon upon bears, the theory being that if one shot a bear with it the bullet would spread out into a sort of cup-custard design and so disarrange his interior arrangements that he would pause in an effort to readjust himself to the altered conditions, and while so engaged would abruptly pass from life. As for an elk or a black-tailed deer, I gathered that this rifle not only killed the game but dressed it—and, I think, partly cooked it.

The man who lent us the gun was very explicit regarding its use. He said he had carried it with him on all his hunting trips for years. I could well believe this—one of his shoulders was much higher than the other and his legs had a sprung look. He said:

"If you run across a black bear one shot from this should be ample. One blast ought to detain him permanently. But if a grizzly shows up you want to be careful to plug him in a vital spot the very first crack, because if you don't he'll start right for you and keep on coming until you do drop him."

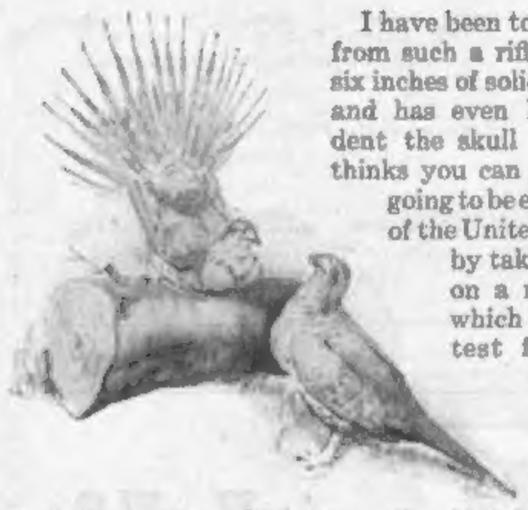
I said:

"One moment, if you please: In the first place, if I should meet up with a grizzly—which heaven forbid—I shall not waste any valuable time locating his vital spots. From what I have heard about them, almost any grizzly would be apt to resent such conduct on my part as an uncalled-for impertinence. Besides, who is going to hold the grizzly while I am finding his vital spots?—if any such there be.

"No, I shall try for general results. And if, following that, he should just even look as though he harbored the notion of starting for me, I shall not be there in that immediate vicinity very long after that.

"Mine is a very fertile mind, and I have no doubt of my ability to think of any number of places where I would rather be; and I shall depart for one of them right away. Upon his arrival at the spot where I was last seen that bear will be astonished to observe that he is alone in the midst of a vast, depressing solitude."

Nevertheless, this man pressed his trusty express rifle upon me and I took it in my arms and staggered away with it; but during the entire trip we had it out of the case only twice. Once was when we hauled it out to show it to a station agent in a little town out West, and it fell over on its side and crushed a boy. The other time was away up in the high hills, when we tried it at a mark on the trunk of a tree. Observing the result, we understood why this kind of rifle is called an express. It makes no local stops. The bullet ripped the pine tree wide open and, passing on through, tore up the landscape considerably at a point about a mile and a half farther on.



I have been told that a charge from such a rifle will penetrate six inches of solid green hickory, and has even been known to dent the skull of a man who thinks you can find out who is going to be elected President of the United States this fall by taking a straw vote on a railroad train—which is the ultimate test for any high-powered projectile.

As a matter of fact, we did not encounter a single bear. Once, high up on the side of a mountain, we found the tracks of one in a marshy place, and these tracks were of sufficient size to satisfy us. They looked as though they had been freshly made too. So we called it a day and returned to camp, though when we started out we had intended to be gone much longer. In this part of Wyoming there are still some black bear, and once upon a time there was a considerable number of cinnamon bear; but, owing to the constant demand for cinnamon, they have grown very rare and are sighted only at long intervals. But one grizzly has been seen in Southern Wyoming in recent years. That was two seasons ago when Ringling Brothers' Circus came through. It attracted almost as much attention as the blood-sweating behemoth.

For a variety of reasons the natives do not go in very largely for big-game shooting, anyway. Antelope and sheepherders abound in certain localities. There is a permanent closed season on the antelope, though, and under the state game laws sheepherders enjoy much better protection than they did in the good old days of Tom Horn, who, before they hanged him up at Cheyenne, did a good deal to discourage the infant sheep industry on the Northern ranges, mostly using a repeating rifle. Elk have been brought down from the Jackson's Hole country and turned loose; but, because so many lodge members crave their jawteeth to wear as watch charms, the elk are rather coy about showing themselves in the open.

Though the black-tailed deer are fairly numberous, it is considered *de trop* both by the game warden and by the black-tail himself to shoot him out of season. Occasionally a coyote crosses one's path; but there is not much sport in gunning for Brer Coyote, because under the most favorable circumstances he is such a forlorn, low-spirited, miserable creature that being killed is a much greater pleasure to him than it is to the hunter. In the evenings, while waiting to be killed, it is his delight to sit on a bare rock and serenade the camp when you are trying to go to sleep. His song is plaintive, but wears upon the hearer along toward midnight. Even the coyotes are reported as being scarce this year. This is due to the war in Europe.

However, we were not to learn all this until later. We loaded ourselves with enough equipment to fill a steam-car drawing-room to the Plimsoll and overflow into the baggage coach. We promised all our friends bearskin robes for their entry halls, and heads suitable for mounting for their dining rooms; and then we climbed aboard the train and started gayly away. In the evening of the second day out we whizzed through a corner of Colorado, and not very long after that we had invaded Wyoming.

Lacking other information, it is still easy for the inexperienced traveler to tell when he has crossed the boundary. If you approach a small town and you observe from a distance two kinds of mills looming up—one wind and one gin—you may know that now you are in Wyoming. Colorado, on the other hand, is in the grips of Prohibition. Even so, a certain broad latitude sometimes governs the application and enforcement of the antiliquor law. Every now and then, in the cool of the day, you see a small group of the native yeomanry going home, stepping high upon the heaving and tossing sidewalk, and pausing occasionally, with arms intertwined and heads inclined toward a common center, to give three rousing hiccups for the resident constabulary. It is the close of a perf-hic day.

Along here we traversed a district that once belonged to the Utes. When it came to choosing places of permanent residence the Utes were certainly careless little pickers. In white, scrofulous-looking patches the alkali spots the earth with scabs. The stunted sagebrush stretches away mile upon mile to where the mountains rise bluish and bleak. Upon the crest of the rise lies the cadaver of a long-dead beef critter. Its bones are bleached by the sun and scrimshawed with fine-carved lines by the wind, and the breeze of the evening croons mournfully through its naked ribs. Of flowers there are none and of birds there are few. Only the prairie dog and the jack rabbit provide a touch of animate life—the prairie dog sitting up on his haunches to watch the train whiz by, and the jack rabbit racking away into the distance. You behold this panorama, and you picture the original proprietor, standing in the vast and dismal midriff of it, communing with himself thus:

"The paleface has done me much dirt. With his rifle he has destroyed the buffalo and thinned out the antelope, so that I go hungry and my ribs show through my hide. He has introduced his fancy white-man's diseases into my midst. He has given me the thirst for rum and now he refuses to furnish me the rum with which to gratify the thirst. His brogan shoes pinch my once wild, free feet. His debasing blue flannel shirt hides my erstwhile proud bosom, and my legs, which formerly were bared to the climate, are now hampered by his blue cotton overalls, so that I cannot even scratch myself with the old-time satisfaction. He has carved wooden effigies of me to advertise his accursed five-cent cigars, and he has permitted J. Fenimore Cooper and others to write fairy stories about me. In short, he has made a perfect sucker of me—dog-gone him again and again, and forevermore! But now my opportunity for revenge has come. I shall get even. I shall unload these, my tribal lands, upon him!"

So he did it; and it was a low-down, mean thing to do. But there are other spots hard by where man has extended to Nature a helpful hand, and Nature has repaid the kindness a millionfold—spots where the cottonwoods and the willows line the bottoms of the draws; where fat herds browse on the aromatic wild hay along the river's marge, and beyond the nestling ranchhouses the alfalfa grows purplish and rank, springing up again in the track of the clashing blades as fast as the mowing machines shear it down; where the clear, cold little mountain creeks come hurrying down to the river, talking to the aspens as they come, and on far beyond the pitch pines and the jack pines stand up like green spires upon the sides of the peak whose pow—like John Anderson, my Jo-John's—is white with the everlasting snows. And the air that blows down from those heights brings with it the smell of the blossoming sage and is as a balm to the nostrils and a cordial to the lungs.

This is the real, the typical West of to-day—here is where Harold Bell Wright and the man who compiles the mail-order catalogue are favorite authors at every fireside, and a homestead mortgage is so rare a thing that people will drive in from miles round just to see one. And some of these days, when they get their irrigation projects and their reclamation schemes fully worked out—as, for instance, they have down in the Imperial Valley of California—all this land, instead of just parts of it, will blossom in a way to make the Garden of Eden look in comparison like a Jersey real-estate development in its early stages.

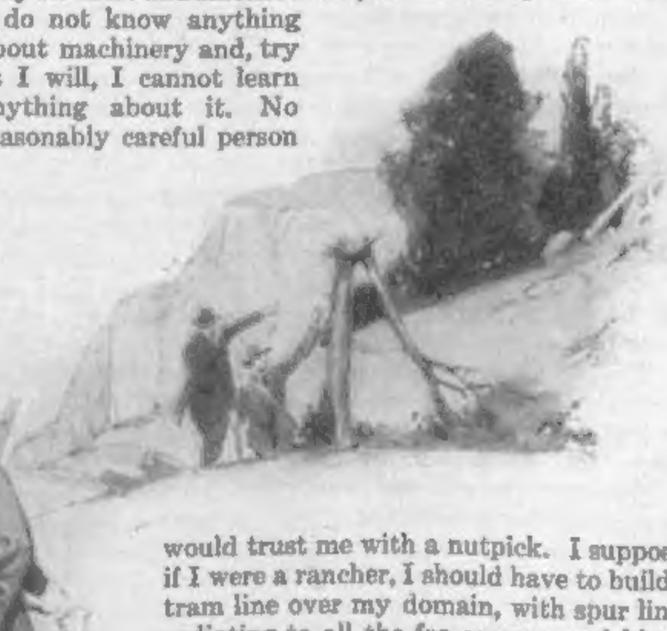
It was in one of these Eden spots that we landed when the journey was done. A mixed train of a little jerkwater road, which we boarded at its junction with the main line, carried us and our regalia southward to a plank-built town on the North Platte. And oh, the cozy little hotel in that town! And oh, for the fried rainbow trout they had for dinner at that hotel! And oh—double-oh—for the old-fashioned, American-plan, deep-dish, cross-kivered pies that they served for dessert!

We were right in the heart of the sage-grouse belt. So they bade us put away our bear guns and our dreams of black-tailed deer and bighorn sheep, and get out our twelve bores and go after the chickens. The season had opened the day before our arrival and birds, they said, were being shot in the edge of the town.

So after chickens we went—in a jitneybile. The jitney has taken a firm grip upon the Great West. It is to be found wheresoever one may turn. Even the ranchman uses it. His little motor car will take him almost anywhere that the old-time cow-pony would take him, and do it faster. To the eyes of the Easterner it is a highly disillusionizing spectacle—the first time or so—to see a ranch-owner put on his leather wristlets and his big hat, and tie a handkerchief round his neck and give his broad riding belt a hoist over his hips, and then climb aboard a little single-lunger and go curving off over the range to ascertain the whereabouts of a strayed herd of white-faces or to round up a bunch of horses playing hooky in the high hills. Gasoline is certainly becoming our national perfumery.

Personally I cannot imagine what I should do for transportation if I were a rancher. When it comes to going anywhere on horseback I am not what you would call a fancy rider. I am no Cossack in the saddle. If it came to a pinch I could ride like Mazeppa, but only for the reason that Mazeppa rode. Mazeppa, you will recall, was tied on. As for driving a car about single-handed, in a section far remote from garages and repair shops, I feel that here, too, I should not excel. Wheels and cogs and ratchets and cams, and such things, are to me unfathomable mysteries.

If the engine ever broke down—which it would—I could only sit there and shriek for help to the unresponsive wilds. I do not know anything about machinery and, try as I will, I cannot learn anything about it. No reasonably careful person would trust me with a nutpick. I suppose, if I were a rancher, I should have to build a tram line over my domain, with spur lines radiating to all the far corners, and hire a regular motorman; and that, undoubtedly, would cut in on the profits. To garner our first bag of sage grouse we fared forth under the able leadership of the Honorable Baldy Sisson, who looks like Bill Nye and shoots like Bill Cody, and enjoys other local distinctions too numerous to mention. The Honorable Baldy is the unofficial but recognized guardian of all the sage chicks in the lower part of Carson County, Wyoming. There is a law in the sage-grouse country that only the young birds, birds of the present season's hatching, may be killed. The old ones must be left intact to breed and replenish the land with future generations. It is an unwritten law, but Baldy attends to its enforcement. He can tell the approximate age of a bird by one swift glance at its vanishing tail feathers a hundred yards away—and does.



Observing the Result, We Understood Why This Kind of Rifle is Called an Express. It Makes No Local Stops

With Baldy at the wheel of his car, we laid a course across the flats and up the slopes. We took no bird dogs along. Unless he has been trained to hunt sage grouse, the best quail dog is a total loss in these parts. And besides, the native experts, such as Baldy, do not follow the traditions of bird shooting as laid down by the sharps who write for the Eastern sport periodicals. They need no notes to guide them. They hunt by ear.

We ran through a prairie-dog village, and then through a gopher colony, and then through a place where a troupe of jack rabbits were giving a leg show, until we came to Loco Bottoms, high up on the sloping withers of the Great Divide. We had scaled the eaves and were right under the gable of the hip roof of this hemisphere. We slowed down here, progressing by jerks and bumps, until presently we

(Continued on Page 53)

THE WATER CURE

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN it comes to makin' matches I hand it to the women. When it comes to breakin' 'em leave it to the handsomer sex.

The thirteenth o' June didn't light on a Friday, but old Tuesday come through in the pinch with just as good results. Dear little Sister-in-law Bess blew in on the afternoon train from Wabash. She says she was makin' us a surprise visit. The surprise affected me a good deal the same like the one that was pulled on Napoleon at Waterloo—Iowa.

"How long are you goin' to light up our home?" I ast her at the supper table.

"I haven't made up my mind," says she.

"That's all you've missed, then," I says.

"Don't mind him!" says my Missus. "He's just a tease. You look grand and we're both tickled to death to have you here. You may stay with us all summer."

"No question about that," I says. "Not only may, but li'ble to."

"If I do," says Bess, "it'll be on my sister's account, not yourn."

"But I'm the baby that settles your sister's account," I says; "and it was some account after you left us last winter. With your visit and our cute little trip to Palm Beach, I'm not what you could call cramped for pocket space."

"I guess I can pay my board," says Bess.

"I guess you won't!" says the Wife.

"The second guess is always better," says I.

"As for you entertainin' me, I don't expect nothin' like that," says Bess.

"If you was lookin' for a quiet time," I says, "you made a big mistake leavin' Wabash."

"And I'm not lookin' for no quiet time, neither," Bess says right back at me.

"Well," says I, "about the cheapest noisy time I can recommend is to go over and set under the Elevated."

"Maybe Bess has somethin' up in her sleeve," the Missus says, smilin'. "You ain't the only man in Chicago."

"I'm the only one she knows," says I, "outside o' that millionaire scenario writer that had us all in misery last winter. And I wouldn't say he was overardent after he'd knew her a week."

Then the Wife winked at me to close up and I didn't get the dope till we was alone together.

"They correspond," she told me.

"Absolutely," says I.

"I mean they been writin' letters to each other," says the Missus.

"Who's been buyin' Bishop's stamps?" I ast her.

"I guess a man can buy his own stamps when he gets ten thousand a year," says she. "Anyway, the reason Bess is here is to see him."

"Is it illegal for him to go to Wabash and see her?" I says.

"He's too busy to go to Wabash," the Wife says.

"I don't see how a man could be too busy for that," says I.

"She phoned him this afternoon," says the Missus. "He couldn't come over here to-night, but to-morrow he's goin' to take her to the ball game."

"Where all the rest o' the busy guys hangs out," I says. "Aren't the White Sox havin' enough bad luck without him?"

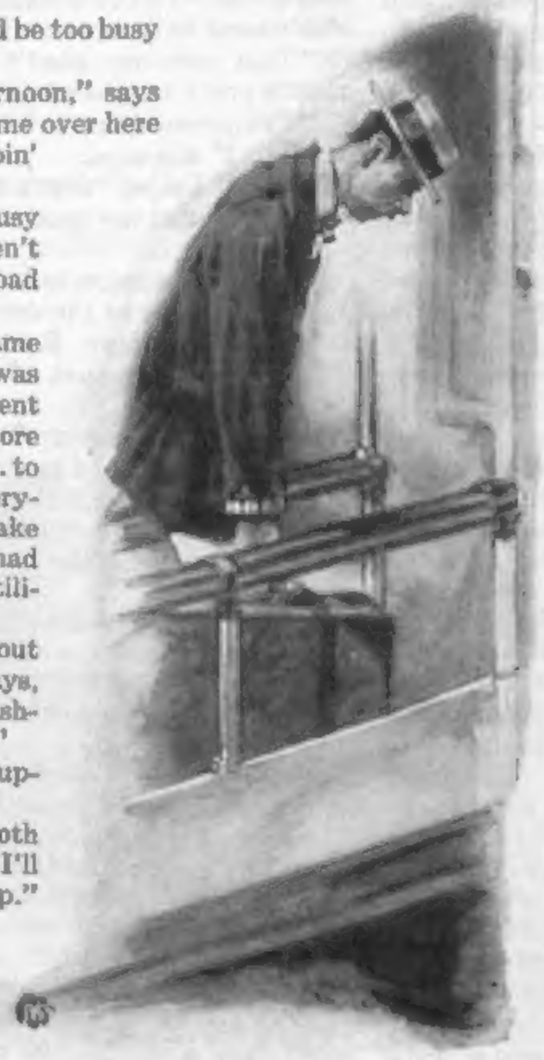
That reminded me that I'd came home before the final extras was out; so I put on my hat and went over to Tim's to look at the score board. It took me till one A. M. to memorize the batteries and everything. The Wife was still awake yet when I got home and I had enough courage to resume hostilities.

"If what you told me about Bishop and Bess is true," I says, "I guess I'll pack up and go fishing for the rest o' the summer."

"And leave me to starve, I suppose!" says she.

"Bishop'll take care o' the both o' you," I says. "If he don't I'll send you home a couple o' carp."

"If you go and leave me it's the last time!" she says. "And it shows you don't care nothin' about me."



He Looked Just as Pleased as if They'd Lost His Laundry

"I care about you, all right," I says; "but not enough to be drove crazy in my own house."

"They's nothin' for you to go crazy about," she says. "If Bess and Mr. Bishop wants to tie up leave 'em alone and forget about 'em."

"I'd like nothin' better," I says; "but you know they'll give us no chance to forget about 'em."

"Why not?" she ast me.

"Because they'd starve to death without us," I says.

"Starve to death!" she says. "On ten thousand a year!"

"Now here!" I says. "Who told you he got that trifle?"

"He did," says the Wife.

"And how do you know he wasn't overestimatin'?" I ast her.

"You mean how do I know he wasn't lyin'?" she says.

"Yes," says I.

"Because he's a gentleman," she says.

"And he told you that too?" I ast.

"No," says she. "I could tell that by lookin' at him."

"All right, Clara Voyant!" I says. "And maybe you can tell by lookin' at me how much money he borrowed off'n me and never give back."

"When? How much?" she says.

"One at a time, please," says I. "The amount o' the cash transaction was a twenty-dollar gold certificate. And the time he shook me down was the evenin' he took us to hear Ada, and was supposed to be payin' for it."

"I can't believe it," says the Missus.

"All right," I says. "When he brings Bessie home from the ball game to-morrow I'll put it up to him right in front o' you."

"No! You mustn't do that!" she says. "I won't have him insulted."

"You would have him insulted if I knowed how to go about it," I says.

"You stayed over to Tim's too long," says the Wife.

"Yes," says I, "and I made arrangements to stay over there every time Bishop comes here."

"Suit yourself," she says, and pretended like she was asleep.

Well, the next mornin' I got to thinkin' over what I'd said and wonderin' if I'd went too strong. But I couldn't see where. This bird was a dude that had got acquainted with Bessie on the train when she was on her way here to visit us last winter. He'd infested the house all the while she was with us. He'd gave us that ten-thousand-dollar yarn and told us he made it by writin' movin'-pitcher plays, but we never seen none o' them advertised and never run into anybody that had heard of him.

The Missus had picked him out for Bess the minute she seen him. Bessie herself had fell for him strong. To keep 'em both from droppin' cyanide in my gruel, I'd took him along with us to see The Loves o' Three Kings, besides buyin' his groceries and provisions for pretty near a week and standin' for the upkeep on the davenport where him and Bess held hands. Finally, after he'd went six days without submittin' even circumstantial evidence that he'd ever had a dime, I bullied him into sayin' he'd give us a party.

Then they'd been an argument over where he'd take us. He'd suggested a vaudeville show, but I jumped on that with both feet. Bessie'd held out for a play, but I told her they wasn't none that I'd leave a young unmarried sister-in-law o' mine go to.

"Oh," Bess had said, "they must be some that's perfectly genteel."

"Yes," I'd told her, "there is some; but they're not worth seein'."

So they'd ast what was left and I'd mentioned grand opera.

"They're worse than plays, the most o' them," was the Wife's cut-in.

"How Long are You Goin' to Light Up Our Home?" I Ast Her at the Supper Table

"But all the risky parts is sang in Latin and Greek," I'd said.

Well, Bishop put up a great fight, but I wouldn't break ground, and finally he says he would take us to opera if he could get tickets.

"I'm downtown every day," I'd told him. "I'll have 'em reserved for you."

But no; he wouldn't see me put to all that trouble for the world; he'd do the buyin' himself.

So Ada was what he took us to on a Sunday night, when the seats was cut to half price. And when I and him went out between acts to try the limes he catched me with my guard down and frisked the twenty.

Now Bess had tipped off the Wife that her and Bishop was practically engaged, but the night after Ada was the last night of her visit and Bishop hadn't never came round. So Bessie'd cried all night and tried to get him by phone before she left next day; but neither o' them two acts done her any good. It looked like he was all through. On the way to the train Bess and the Missus had ruined three or four handkerchiefs and called the bird every low-down flirt they could think of. I didn't say a word; nor did I perfume my linen with brine.

Here, though, was Bess back in town and Old Man Short makin' up to her again. And they'd been correspondin'. The second time was li'ble to take, unless outside brains come to the rescue.

If I'd thought for a minute that they'd leave us out of it and go away somewhere by themself and live—the North Side, or one o' the suburbs, or Wabash—I wouldn't of cared how many times they'd married each other. But I had him spotted for a loafer that couldn't earn a livin', and I knowed what the maritile nuptials between Bess and he meant—it meant that I and the Missus would have all the pleasures o' conductin' a family hotel without the pain o' makin' out receipts.

Now I always wanted a boy and a girl, but I wanted 'em to be kind o' youngish when I got 'em. I never craved addin' a married couple to my family—not even if they was crazy about rummy and paid all their bills. And when it come to Bishop and Bess, well, they was just as welcome to my home as Villa and all the little Villains.

It wasn't just Bishop, with his quaint habit o' never havin' carfare. Bess, in her way, was as much of a liability. You couldn't look at her without a slight relapse. She had two complexions—A. M. and P. M. The P. M. wasn't so bad, but she could of put the other in her vanity box for a mirror. Her nose curved a little away from the batsman and wasn't no wider than a Julienne potato, and yet it had to draw in to get between her eyes. Her teeth was real pretty and she always kept her lips ajar. But the baseball reporters named Matty's favorite delivery after her chin, and from there down the curves was taboo.

Where she made a hit with Bishop was laughin' at everything he pulled—that is, he thought she was laughin'. The fact was that she was snatchin' the chance to show more o' them teeth. They wasn't no use showin' 'em to me; so I didn't get laughs from her on my stuff, only when he or some other stranger was round. And if my stuff wasn't funnier than Bishop's I'll lay down my life for Austria.

As a general rule, I don't think a man is justified in interferin' with other people's hymeneal intentions, but it's different when the said intentions is goin' to make your own home a hell.

It was up to me to institute proceedin's that would check the flight o' these two cooin' doves before their wings took 'em to Crown Point in a yellow flivver.

And I seen my duty all the more clear when the pair come home from the ball game the day after Bessie's arrival, and not only told me that the White Sox had got another trimmin' but laughed when they said it.

A Boy Set at the Piano Playin' Sweet Cider Time in Moonshine Valley

"Well, Bishop," I says at supper, "how many six-reelers are you turnin' out a day?"

"About one every two weeks is the limit," says Bishop.

"I'll bet it is," I says. "And who are you workin' for now?"

"The Western Film Corporation," he says. "But I'm goin' to quit 'em the first o' the month."

"What for?" I ast him.

"Better offer from the Criterion," he says.

"Better'n ten thousand a year?" says I.

"Sure!" he says.

"Twenty dollars better?" I says.

He blushed and the Wife sunk my shin with a patent-leather torpedo. Then Bishop says:

"The raise I'm gettin' would make twenty dollars look sick."

"If you'd give it to me," I says, "I'd try and nurse it back to health."

After supper the Missus called me out in the kitchen to bawl me out.

"It's rough stuff to embarrass a guest," she says.

"He's always embarrassed," says I. "But you admit now, don't you, that I was tellin' the truth about him touchin' me?"

"Yes," she says.

"Well," says I, "if he's so soiled with money, why don't he pay a little puny debt?"

"He's probably forgot it," says she.

"Did he look like he'd forgot it?" I ast her. And she had no come back.

But when my Missus can overlook a guy stingin' me for legal tender, it means he's in pretty strong with her. And I couldn't count on no help from her, even if Bishop was a murderer, so long as Bess wanted him.

The next mornin', just to amuse myself, I called up the Criterion people and ast them if they was goin' to hire a scenario writer name Elmer Bishop.

"Never heard of him," was what they told me.

So I called up the Western.

"Elmer Bishop?" they says. "He ain't no scenario writer. He's what we call an extra. He plays small parts sometimes."

"And what pay do them extras drag down?" I ast.

"Five dollars a day, but nothin' when they don't work," was the thrillin' response.

My first idea was to slip this dope to the Wife and Bess both. But what'd be the use? They wouldn't believe it even if they called up and found out for themself; and if they did believe it, Bessie'd say a man's pay didn't make no difference where true love was concerned, and the Missus would take her part, and they'd cry a little, and wind up by sendin' for Bishop and a minister to make sure o' the ceremony comin' off before Bishop lost his five-dollar job and croaked himself.

Then I thought o' forbiddin' him the hospitality o' my abode. But that'd be just as useless. They'd meet somewheres else, and if I threatened to lock Bess out, the Wife'd come back with a counter proposition to not give me no more stewed beets or banana soufflés. Besides that, strong-arm methods don't never kill sweet love, but act just the opposite and make the infected parties more set on gettin' each other. This here case was somethin' delicate, and if a man didn't handle it exactly right you wouldn't never get over bein' sorry.

So, instead o' me quarrelin' with the Wife and Bess, and raisin' a fuss at Bishop spendin' eight evenin's a week with us, I kept my clam closed and tried to be pleasant, even when I'd win a hand o' rummy and see this guy carelessly lose a few of his remainin' face cards under the table.

We had an awful spell o' heat in July and it wasn't no fun playin' cards or goin' to pitcher shows, or nothin'. Saturday afternoons and Sundays, I and the Missus would go over to the lake and splash. Bess only went with us a couple o' times; that was because she couldn't get Bishop to come along. He'd always say he was busy, or he had a cold and was afraid o' makin' it worse. So far as I was concerned, I managed to enjoy my baths just as much with them two stayin' away. The sight o' Bessie in a bathin' suit crabbed the exhilaratin' effects o' the swim. When she stood up in the water the minnows must of thought two people was still-fishin'.

It was one night at supper, after Bessie'd been with us about a month, when the idear come to me. Bishop was there, and I'd been lookin' at he and Bess, and wonderin' what they seen in each other. The Missus ast 'em if they was goin' out some place.

"No," says Bessie. "It's too hot and they ain't no place to go."

"They's lots o' places to go," says the Wife. "For one thing, they're havin' grand opera out to Ravinia Park."

"I wouldn't give a nickel to see a grand opera," says Bess, "unless it was Ada, that Elmer took us to last winter."

So they went on talkin' about somethin' else. I don't know what, because the minute she mentioned Ada I was all set.

I guess maybe I better tell you a little about this here opera, so's you'll see how it helped me out. A fella named Gus Verdi wrote it, and the scenes is laid along the Illinois Central, round Memphis and Cairo. Ada's a big wench, with a pretty voice, and she's the hired girl in the mayor's family. The mayor's daughter gets stuck on a fat little tenor that you can't pronounce and that should of had a lawn mower ran over his chin. The tenor likes the colored girl better than the mayor's daughter, and the mayor's daughter tries every way she can think of to bust it up and grab off the tenor for herself; but nothin' doin'! Finally the mayor has the tenor pinched for keepin' open after one o'clock, and the law's pretty strict; so, instead o' just finin' him, they lock him up in a safety-deposit vault. Well, the wench is down in the vault, too, dustin' off the papers and cleanin' the silver, and they don't know she's there; so the two o' them's locked up together and can't get out. And when they can't get away and haven't got nobody else to look at or talk to, they get so's they hate each other; and finally they can't stand it no longer and they both die. They's pretty music in it, but if old Gus had of seen the men that was goin' to be in the show he'd of laid the scenes in Beardstown instead o' Memphis.

Well, do you get the idear? If the mayor's daughter had of been smart, instead o' tryin' to keep the tenor and Ada from bein' with each other she'd of locked 'em up together a long while ago, and, first thing you know, they'd of been sick o' one another; and just before they died she could of let 'em out and had the tenor for herself without no argument.

And the same thing would work with Bishop and Bess. In all the time o' their mutual courtship they hadn't been together for more'n five or six hours at a time, and never where one o' them couldn't make a quick duck when they got tired. Make 'em stick round with each other for a day, or for two days, without no chance to separate, and it was a cinch that the alarm clock would break in on Love's Young Dream.

But, for some reason or other, I didn't have no safety-deposit vault and they wasn't no room in the flat that they couldn't get out of by jumpin' from a window.

How was I goin' to work it? I thought and thought, and figured and figured; and it wasn't till after I'd went to bed that the solution come.

A boat trip to St. Joe! I and the Missus and the two love birds. And I'd see to it that the chaperons kept their distance and let Nature take its course. We'd go over some Saturday afternoon and come back the next night. That'd give 'em eight or nine hours Saturday and from twelve to sixteen hours Sunday to get really acquainted with each other. And if they was still on speakin' terms at the end o' that time I'd pass up the case as incurable.

You see I had it doped that Bishop was afraid o' water or else he wouldn't of turned down all our swimmin' parties. I wouldn't leave him a chance to duck out o' this because I wouldn't tell nobody where we was goin'. It'd be a surprise trip. And they was a good chance that they'd both be sick if it was the least bit rough, and that'd help a lot. I thought of Milwaukee first, but picked St. Joe because it's dry. A man might stand for Bess a whole day and more if he was a little blear-eyed from Milwaukee's favorite food.

The trip would cost me some money, but it was an investment with a good chance o' big returns. I'd of been willin' to take 'em to Palm Beach for a month if that'd been the only way to save my home.

When Bishop blew in the next evenin' I pulled it on 'em.

"Bishop," I says, "a man that does as much brain work as you ought to get more recreation."

"I guess I do work too hard," he says modestly.

"I should think," I says, "that you'd give yourself Saturday afternoons and Sundays off."

"I do, in summer," says he.

"That's good," I says. "I was thinkin' about givin' a little party this comin' week-end; and, o' course, I wanted you to be in on it."

The two girls got all excited.

"Party!" says the Missus. "What kind of a party?"

"Well," I says, "I was thinkin' about takin' you and Bishop and Bess out o' town for a little trip."

"Where to?" ast the Wife.

"That's a secret," I says. "You won't know where we're goin' till we start. All I'll tell you is that we'll be gone from Saturday afternoon till Monday mornin'."

"Oh, how grand!" says Bessie. "And think how romantic it'll be, not knowin' where we're headed!"

"I don't know if I can get away or not," says Bishop.

"I pay all expenses," says I.

"Oh, Elmer, you've just got to go!" says Bess.

"The trip's off if you don't," I says.

"If you don't say yes I'll never speak to you again," says Bessie.

For a minute I hoped he wouldn't say yes; but he did. Then I told 'em that the start would be from our house at a quarter to one Saturday, and to pack up their sporty clothes. The rest o' the evenin' was spent in them tryin' to guess where we was goin'. It got 'em nothin', because I wouldn't say aye, yes or no to none o' their guesses.

When I and the Missus was alone, she says:

"Well, what's the idear?"

"No idear at all," I says, "except that our honeymoon trip to Palm Beach was a flivver and I feel like as if I ought to make up to you for it. And besides that, Bessie's our guest and I ought to do somethin' nice for she and her friend."

"I'd think you must of been drinkin' if I didn't know better," she says.

"You never do give me credit for nothin'," says I. "To tell the truth, I'm kind of ashamed o' myself for the way I been actin' to'rd Bishop and Bess; but I'm willin' to make amends before it's too late. If Bishop's goin' to be one o' the family I and him should ought to be good friends."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk," says the Wife.

"But remember," I says, "this trip ain't only for their benefit, but for our'n too. And from the minute we start till we get home us two'll pal round together just like we was alone. We don't want them buttin' in on us and we don't want to be buttin' in on them."

"That suits me fine!" says the Missus. "And now maybe you'll tell me where we're goin'."

"You promise not to tell?" I ast her.

"Sure!" she says.

"Well," I says, "that's one promise you'll keep."

And I buried my good ear in the feathers.

At twenty minutes to two, Saturday afternoon, I landed my entire party at the dock, foot o' Wabash Avenue.

"Goody!" says Bess. "We're goin' across the lake."

"If the boat stays up."

"I don't know if I ought to go or not," says Bishop. "I'd ought to be where I can keep in touch with the Criterion people."

"They got a wireless aboard," I says.

"Yes," says Bishop; "but they wouldn't know where to reach me."

"You got time to phone 'em before we sail," says I.

"No, he hasn't," says Bessie. "He ain't goin' to take no chance o' missin' this boat. He can send 'em a wireless after we start."

So that settled Bishop, and he had to walk up the gangplank with the rest of us. He looked just as pleased as if they'd lost his laundry.

I checked the baggage and sent the three o' them up on deck, sayin' I'd join 'em later. Then I ast a boy where the bar was.

"Right in there," he says, pointin'. "But you can't get nothin' till we're three miles out in the lake."

So I went back to the gangplank and started off the boat. A man about four years old, with an addin' machine in his hand, stopped me.

"Are you goin' to make the trip?" he ast me.

"What do you think I'm on here for—to borrow a match?" says I.

"Well," he says, "you can't get off."

"You're cross!" I says. "I bet your milk don't agree with you."

I started past him again, but he got in front o' me.

"You can get off, o' course," he says; "but you can't get back on. That's the rules."

"What sense is they in that?" I ast him.

"If I let people off, and on again, my count would get mixed up," he says.

"Who are you?" says I.

"I'm the government checker," he says.

"Chess?" says I. "And you count all the people that gets on?"

"That's me," he says.

"How many's on now?" I ast him.

"Eight hundred-odd," he says.

"I ast you for the number, not the description," I says. "How many's the limit?" I ast him.

"Thirteen hundred," he says.

"And would the boat sink if they was more'n that?" says I.

"I don't know if it would or wouldn't," he says, "but that's all the law allows."

For a minute I felt like offerin' him a lump sum to let seven or eight hundred more on the boat and be sure that she went down; meantime I'd be over gettin' a drink. But then I happened to think that the Missus would be among those lost; and though a man might do a whole lot better the second time, the chances was that he'd do a whole lot worse. So I passed up the idear and stayed aboard, prayin' for the time when we'd be three miles out on Lake Michigan.

It was the shortest three miles you ever seen. We hadn't got out past the Municipal Pier when I seen a steady influx goin' past the engine room and into the great beyond. I followed 'em and got what I was after. Then I went up on deck, lookin' for my guests.

I found 'em standin' in front o' one o' the lifeboats.

"Why don't you get comfortable?" I says to Bishop. "Why don't you get chairs and enjoy the breeze?"

"That's what I been tellin' 'em," says the Missus; "but Mr. Bishop acts like he was married to this spot."

"I'm only thinkin' of your wife and Bessie," says Bishop. "If anything happened, I'd want 'em to be near a lifeboat."

"Nothin's goin' to happen," I says. "They hasn't been a wreck on this lake for over a month. And this here boat, the City o' Benton Harbor, ain't never sank in her life."

"No," says Bishop; "and the Chicora and Eastland never sank till they sunk."

"The boats that sinks," I says, "is the boats that's overloaded. I was talkin' to the government checker player downstairs and he tells me that you put thirteen hundred on this boat and she's perfectly safe; and they's only eight hundred aboard now."

"Then why do they have the lifeboats?" ast Bishop.

"So's you can go back if you get tired o' the trip," I says.

"I ought to be back now," says Bishop, "where the firm can reach me."

"We ain't more'n two miles out," I says. "If your firm's any good they'll drag the bottom farther out than this. Besides," I says, "if trouble comes the lifeboats would handle us."

"Yes," says Bishop; "but it's women and children first."

"Sure!" I says. "That's the proper order for drownin'. The world couldn't struggle along without us ten-thousand-dollar scenario writers."

"They couldn't be no trouble on such a lovely day as this," says Bess.

"That's where you make a big mistake," I says. "That shows you don't know nothin' about the history o' Lake Michigan."

"What do you mean?" ast Bishop.

"All the wrecks that's took place on this lake," I says, "has happened in calm weather like to-day. It's just three years ago this July," I says, "when the City of Ypsilanti left Grand Haven with about as many passengers as we got to-day. The lake was just like a billiard table and no thought o' danger. Well, it seems like they's a submerged water oak about three miles from shore that you're supposed to steer round it. But this pilot hadn't never made the trip before, and, besides that, he'd been drinkin' pretty heavy; so what does he do but run right plump into the tree, and the boat turned a turtle and all the passengers was lost except a tailor named Swanson."

"But that was just an unreliable officer," says Bessie. "He must of been crazy."

"Crazy!" says I. "They wouldn't nobody work on these boats unless they was crazy. It's bound to get 'em."

The Bell Boy Had Got Him Somethin', and it Wasn't Poison, Neither

"I hope we got a reliable pilot to-day," says Bishop.

"He's only just a kid," I says; "and I noticed him staggerin' when he come aboard. But, anyway, you couldn't ask for a better bottom than they is right along in here; nice, clean sand and hardly any weeds."

"What time do we get to St. Joe?" ast Bishop.

"About seven if we don't run into a squall," I says.

Then I and the Wife left 'em and went round to another part o' the deck and run into squalls of all nationalities. Their mothers had made a big mistake in bringin' 'em, because you could tell from their faces and hands that they didn't have no use for water.

"They all look just alike," says the Missus. "I don't see how the different mothers can tell which is their baby."

"It's fifty-fifty," I says. "The babies don't look no more alike than the mothers. The mothers all named Jennie, and all perfect cubes and fond of apples, and ought to go to a dentist. Besides," I says, "suppose they did get mixed up and swap kids, none o' the parties concerned would have reasons to gloat. And the babies certainly couldn't look no more miserable under different auspices than they do now."

We walked all round the deck, threadin' our way among the banana peelin's, and lookin' our shipmates over.

"Pick out somebody you think you'd like to meet," I told the Wife, "and I'll see if I can arrange it."

"Thanks," she says; "but I'll try and not get lonesome, with my husband and my sister and my sister's beau along."

"It's nice for you to say it," says I; "but you want to remember that we're leavin' Bess and Bishop to themself, and that leaves you and I to ourself, and they ain't no two people in the world that can spend two days alone together without gettin' bored stiff. Besides, you don't want to never overlook a chance to meet high-class people."

"When I get desperately anxious to meet high-class people," she says, "I'll be sure and pick out the Saturday-afternoon boat from Chicago to St. Joe."

"You can't judge people by their looks," says I. "You haven't heard 'em talk."

"No; and couldn't understand 'em if I did," she says.

"I'll bet some o' them's just as bright as we are," I says.

"I'm not lookin' for bright companionship," she says. "I want a change."

"That's just like I told you," says I. "You're bound to get tired o' one person, no matter how much they sparkle, if you live with 'em long enough."

We left the deck and went downstairs. They was two or three people peerin' in the engine room and the Missus made me stop there a minute.

"What for?" I ast her.

"I want to see how it works," she says.

"Well," says I when we'd started on again, "I can drop my insurance now."

"Why?" says the Missus.

"I don't never need to worry about you starvin'," I says. "With the knowledge you just picked up there, I bet you could easy land a job as engineer on one o' these boats."

"I'd do as good as you would at it," she says.

"Sure; because I didn't study it," I says. "What makes the boat run?" I ast her.

"Why, the wheel," she says.

"And who runs the wheel?" I ast her.

"The pilot," says she.

"And what does the engineer do?" I says.

"Why, I suppose he keeps the fire burnin'," she says.

"But in weather like this what do they want of a fire?"

"I suppose it gets colder out in the middle o' the lake," she says.

"No," says I; "but on Saturdays they got to keep a fire goin' to heat the babies' bottles."

We went in the room next to the bar. A boy set at the piano playin' Sweet Cider Time in Moonshine Valley and some Hawaiian native melodies composed by a Hungarian waiter that was too proud to fight. Three or four couple was dancin', but none o' them was wry-necked enough to get the proper pose. The girls looked pretty good and was probably members o' the Four Hundred employed in the Fair. The boys would of been handsomer if the laundry hadn't failed to bring back their other shirt in time.

A big guy in a uniform come by and went into the next room. "Is that the captain?" ast the Wife.

"No," I says, "that's the steward."

"And what does he do?" she ast me.

"He hangs round the bar," I says, "and looks after the stews."

(Continued on Page 105)

They'd Began to Get Restless and We Run Into Them Takin' a Walk

THE POLITICAL PANORAMA

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

EVER see an old-fashioned "horse-trot"? Remember how they score, and score, and score—boring everybody stiff? The trotters come down and are called back; come down and are called back—again and again and again. The people in the stands and along the rails yawn and fuss and fidget, and shout: "Oh, for heaven's sake, get going and give us a run for our money!" But it's all a part of the game; and more a part of the game when the stake is big and the drivers are fighting for the tiniest advantage for themselves and their pool tickets—to say nothing of preventing other drivers from gaining an advantage for themselves and their pool tickets.

Many a person, after the nominations last June, said that this presidential race would be a horse-trot, and the remark was sufficiently bromidic to have wide appeal. It is probable that even these wise persons did not think that a whole three months would be taken up in scoring. That is what has happened, and the spectators—meaning the American people—have been yawning their heads off, and getting their national diversions out of the old-reliable baseball and the movies, with the comic supplements and golf as side lines.

Until the Maine election this campaign was a singularly uninteresting and apathetic national function; likewise an unguessable one. Until that time not one of the regular prophets had dared to go to the cedar chest, get his regalia, shake out the moth balls, array himself in the robes, and with globe and wand, and a political almanac, emit a few prognostications, divinations, soothsayings or auguries. There wasn't anything on which to base even a good, merchantable guess—much less a regular, imposing, solemn prognostication. Nothing!

After the conventions the campaign became perniciously anæmic, and nobody could find a tonic that would bring the flush of life to its pallid cheeks—much less diagnose when it would begin to look virile instead of like the under side of a fish.

The prophets who said anything, said nothing. Their wise remarks were all cluttered up with "buts" and "ifs" and "on-the-other-hands," until they were about as conclusive as a newspaper dispatch telling what the Greek Cabinet has in mind. This wasn't due to lack of endeavor on the part of the prophets, but to lack of that sustaining substance which is known professionally as "dope." There wasn't any dope. There wasn't anything except a large and careless proletariat, all busy and all absolutely refusing to talk politics, think politics or even remotely consider politics. There were plenty of ardent discussions about sharks, infantile paralysis, Chick Evans, crops, stocks, strikes, submarines, with now and then a fight over the war—though that has ceased to be much talked about. But politics—pouf!

Would Mr. Hughes Vote for Mr. Wilson?

PARTY named Hughes is running against party named Wilson. Wilson, it seems, is President at the moment. Both good men! You've got to hand it to those Germans for getting that submarine over here. What do you know about "them sharks," biting legs off of folks—fierce, ain't it? Guess the Allies will win. But, say, I got a forty-one on the second nine yesterday, and if I hadn't dubbed my mashie on the fourteenth I'd have made a forty! Pretty tight race in the American League. And I'm getting ready to trade in my old car for a sixteen-cylinder seven-passenger beaut.

Oh, we were stirred to the depths by this presidential campaign, to exactly the same degree of depth we were stirred when we heard that Rumania had entered the war—late, to be sure, but recompensed. "Seems to me," said a student of politics out in San Francisco after hearing Mr. Hughes speak, and watching him closely—this being the first time he had ever had that eminent personage under observation—"seems to me, after looking him over, that if this man Hughes wasn't running for President himself he would vote for Wilson."

Well, that practically sized up the public interest. Both good men. We should worry! To be sure, the professional politicians were beating their tom-toms, and Mr. Hughes was hopping from crag to crag out West; but the commonalty, which will

decide this affair one way or the other, refused to be stirred, interested, concerned or excited. There was only one way to figure it: Normally, there are about a million and a half or two million more Republicans in this country than Democrats. Wherefore, if all the Republicans vote for Hughes, and all the Democrats for Wilson, Hughes may win. But will all the Republicans vote for Hughes? And will all the Democrats vote for Wilson? All the Republicans are not telling. Neither are all the Democrats. It was like guessing what the weather will be a year from next Thursday.

Meantime the Democrats—especially the Washington, D. C., Democrats—had hypnotized themselves into a state of ecstatic belief that to win with Wilson was a cinch. Look at his record! Nothing to it—not a thing! Meantime, also, the Republicans gradually woke from the dream they dreamed immediately after the Chicago Convention, wherein they saw Hughes carrying all the Northern States, and Kentucky and a few others for good measure, and had gone into a decline of doubts and fears. Hughes boomed after his convention and then began to slump. Wilson came to his highest effulgence along late in August. But that was the professional political view. The esteemed proletariat said nothing and gave no sign.

At this point came the election in Maine. At this point, in a presidential year, always comes the election in Maine. The Maine folks are prudent and thrifty folks. The fact that their election comes in September makes them politically important, and they thus preserve that political importance and derive much sustenance from the antiquated political managers, who fall year after year for the barometer fiction. If you should find out how much money was spent in Maine this year, by both political parties, in the endeavor to push the barometer one way or the other you would be surprised—perhaps shocked.

However, the amount of money spent was as nothing to the amount of political hot air that was misspent. Maine became intensely important. And Maine performed. Then the returns were scrutinized. Scrutinizing Maine returns is one of the best things editors, professional politicians and political prophets do. The difficulty with the various scrutinies applied is that none of them is nonpartisan. They are all biased. Maine elections are a good deal like the Constitution of the United States; you can read anything into them you want, or you can read anything out of them you want—if you are a good reader.

"Fine!" said the Democrats. "Inasmuch as the Republicans didn't equal the very highest majorities they ever had, the result in Maine shows incontestably that Wilson will win. Besides, Maine is a rock-ribbed Republican state. Also, too much importance is attached to Maine. Furthermore, we didn't expect to win. In conclusion, we are not disappointed. Excellent!"

"Marvelous!" shouted the Republicans. "The Republican state of Maine has gone Republican! What does this show? It shows that Hughes will carry the standard of the G. O. P. triumphantly to victory. It presages a united party in November. It is a beacon light. It is an inspiring evidence of the return to sanity of the people. It is a tribute to the immortal principles of the Republican party. It is the stuff!"

Pish!

Suppose it had happened the other way round.

"Tremendous!" the Democrats would have proclaimed. "Here we have a Republican state that has discarded Republicanism, and has given evidence that the people are behind Wilson, the greatest statesman and wisest President——[Fill in the rest of it yourself.] It augurs his triumph in November. It makes his election certain. It is a wonderful testimonial by an enlightened people to his splendid ——"

And so on.

"Not at all conclusive!" would have been the Republican comment and claim. "Means positively nothing as affecting the general result. No indication whatsoever. Maine has been a doubtful state for years. Its present state government is Democratic. It merely continued as it has been. We are much encouraged and have no fears of the result in November."

Tush!

Forget the remarks of V. McCormick, the official spokesman of the Democrats, and the chortles of the Republicans, including the throaty chuckles of Mr. Hughes himself. The significance of Maine, in the broad aspect, is thus double-barreled and not otherwise:

The result woke the Democrats who were dreaming of a victory already won in a Fool's Paradise of their own making, and convinced them that the election of Mr. Wilson, instead of being a cinch, is a conjecture.

These Weeks of Uncertainties

LIKEWISE, the result pulled the Republicans out of a Dismal Swamp into which they had fallen, and gave them the confidence they lacked after the first flush of it had died away.

The result was a dose needed on each side. It allayed the fever of the Democrats, and it raised the temperature of the Republicans. It reduced the Democratic swelling, and it fattened the emaciated Republicans. It put the campaign where it should be—made a horse-trot of it—inspired confidence and reduced overconfidence; helped both sides by enabling them to get money. It was a good thing for all concerned. Now it is quite likely that there will be a real campaign, and that the man elected will be the real choice of the people, and not the product of a both-good-men-I-should-worry spirit.

Things are moving very rapidly these days. What might have been true about Maine four or eight years ago, barometrically, isn't necessarily true this year, when conditions are unique. Let us, for the sake of old times, give the result in Maine to Mr. Hughes as a most potent augury of victory in November. It isn't hard to make it that.

Now then, the Maine election was held on September eleventh, and the presidential election will be held on November seventh—almost two months later. Concede that that election holds out rosy prospects to the Republicans—which, on the basis of former presidential years, it does.

Then look back over the past two years and note the variety of unprecedented things that have happened, mostly with a direct or semidirect bearing on the politics of the United States. All precedents have gone into the dustheap. It isn't safe to say now that a thing will not happen because it never has happened, or that it will happen again because it has happened.

Therefore, suppose in the ensuing two months something happens that will put Mr. Wilson forward into the limelight again, either as a patriot or a palterer. Suppose, for example, he could in some way engineer or start a big peace movement and become the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Or, looking at it conversely, suppose we might become involved—and eight weeks is ample time for that, or eight days—then what? Suppose there should arise a real crisis. Suppose a crisis that seems real should be conjured or contrived. What would the Maine result amount to as a presage? Or any other result?

This election will not be over until it is over, dearly beloved brethren. The professional politicians may yammer as much as they are able; but the big fact facing both parties is that the mind of the people, as the case stands on the day this is written—September twelfth—is fluid, and not fixed. There isn't a person in these United States who knows who will be elected in November—not one. There are plenty of claimers to know, but one man's claim is as good as another's. It is a horse race.

Anything might happen during the time between the closing of the Maine polls and the opening of the presidential polls to change any result that may seem to be apparent at any stated time intervening. With conditions, both nationally and internationally, in the state of flux they are in, any twenty-four hours might bring forth a circumstance that would make the election of Mr. Wilson inevitable or his defeat as inevitable. The result is on the knees of the gods.

It is true enough that great pains will be taken by the managers on each side to prevent or minimize any such untoward event; but in forecasting this coming election the world circumstances must be taken into consideration. Though our presidential contest is a domestic enterprise, this year, for the first highly important time, it also is a foreign enterprise in the sense that foreign events may have a determining effect on it.

Of course the few remaining weeks of the campaign may go dingdonging to a conclusion that shall have no untoward events of interference or effect. But they may not. There wasn't one in a million of us who believed a general railroad strike would ever get so imminent as a general railroad strike seemed late in August; but there it was. And—which is more to the point—the American people are a volatile people. It doesn't take them a week to change from one side to the other. They can do that over night.

The professional political observers have hopes, but no convictions, really. They say they have, but they haven't. The Republicans are entitled to the comfort they can get out of Maine. That result was a cheerful indication for them. The Democrats need not despair, either; for this election will be settled in the Middle West and by New York, and no person has yet determined what will happen in either territory.

"Of course," the Republicans say, "the Progressives are all back, and that means we outnumber the Democrats and will win."

What No Man Knows

"THERE will be a great independent and Republican vote for Mr. Wilson," the Democrats assert, "based on the general prosperity, his settlement of the railroad strike, the excellent record of the Democratic Congress, his preparedness measures, and on the big outstanding fact that he has kept us out of war."

Those claims are moonshine, so far as basic and reliable information is concerned. They are founded on hope, not on actuality. They are conjectures from past performances, not from contemporaneous knowledge. The Republicans hope they will poll all Republican votes, and, therefore, think so and say so. The Democrats hope they will get a big indorsement for Wilson from Republicans, and a big support, and, therefore, think so and say so. Neither side knows.

Once in a long time a politician may be found who will tell the truth for publication—if he thinks he will not be caught at it. On these rare occasions such a politician will admit that he is all at sea. He may be "encouraged" by this or by that; but encouragement and certainty are two different states of mind. The Republicans were encouraged by the result in Maine; but that didn't give them any specific knowledge of how New York is going or how Indiana is going. They claim that both states are surely Republican; but they don't know, nor does anybody else. Nor do they know how the great Middle West will swing. Anything is likely to happen. Something will. There is the only safe prediction to be made in these early days of September.

However, two or three things have happened that are still interesting, albeit not conclusive. One was the transcontinental trip made by Mr. Hughes. Another was the railroad strike affair and the part played in it by Mr. Wilson. The third was Maine, as set forth above. These are now historical, but worthy of remark. Also, they are co-related. They had their effects, one on the other.

The vast hurry to parade Mr. Hughes across the country was a mistake, and it may be a big mistake. It was the outcome of the pitiful lack of knowledge as to the real feeling of the people concerning Hughes and the estimate they had made of him. The real flesh-and-blood Hughes is a far different person from the Hughes of the popular imagination. The reason for this is simple. The people—the Republicans, that is—wanted to get back into power. Having held all the offices and had most of the pork most of the time since the Civil War, the Republicans had come to think they were guaranteed perquisites and pork by our form of government. They wanted their legitimate rights, as they viewed them. They were ardent to get back into power.

They realized that Mr. Wilson had a large hold on the affections of the people and had gained large admiration from them. He had kept a luxuriously peaceful people out of war. He had done various other things. He was held to be a man of great intellect. Hence, the job of the Republicans was to find a candidate to oppose him who should be of sufficient equipment to defeat him—greater than Mr. Wilson. There were few such in the Republican party—not any. So the people, using Hughes as the raw material, created an imaginary Hughes. They made a Superman of him in their own imaginations. They endowed him with qualifications that he does not possess. And Mr. Hughes, thus held in the popular imagination, was nominated.

Now if the managers of Mr. Hughes had had the strategy to send him down to Long Island and keep him there, allowing him to emerge from time to time and emit a few well-chosen remarks, the illusion might have prevailed to the end; but they didn't. Instead, they sent him traipsing across the country.

The people came in great numbers to see Hughes. They expected much. They had built pergolas and porte-cochères and balconies and turrets and towers on the original Hughes; and when they discovered that, instead of being a grand, towering Gothic structure, Hughes is a rather unimposing human three-story-and-basement affair, they said "Oh, shucks!"—and sat fairly stolid under his speechmaking.

Poor Hughes! Demosthenes, Cicero, D. Webster and Edmund Burke, rolled into one, couldn't have filled the popular requirements. The people turned out in great numbers to see him, and that was all. He disappointed them because he isn't the Superman they had figmentized him as being. Then, too, Hughes had no concrete issue—no cause. He was forced to speak in generalities. And, in addition to that, the pussyfooting Republican managers had told him to beware of this and beware of that, until his speeches bore no more resemblance to his virile telegram of acceptance than a clap of thunder bears to Murray Crane when imparting the confidential information that it is a fine morning. He was denaturized. It was a pale blond version of the Hughes who made the best campaign speeches in the campaign of 1908, who went across the country and back again.

Moreover, his managers felt that he must be "protected." In addition to winding him up in a ball of soft and fleecy yarn, so far as his speeches were concerned, they sought to protect him from the very people to whom he was supposed to be appealing. An advance agent with credentials preceded him, and made it imperative that there should be no demonstrations at railroad stations when Hughes got in; that he should be hurried to his hotel in a closed limousine; and that his reception committee must be as exclusive as his appearances were, made up of the "leading citizens" of each community—that is, the richest men, mostly corporation persons and such. Fancy that program for a popular candidate for President!

The Hand-Out

An Issue at Last!

HUGHES struggled along. He didn't make good speeches in the sense of rousing speeches, because he had nothing concrete. Frankly, viewed as a candidate who was expected to rally the boys, he was a frost. I heard him in San Francisco. Old San Franciscans tell me he had the largest and the coldest political audience ever assembled in that town of enthusiasms and spontaneity. It was so elsewhere.

If he had remained at home the popular imaginary, powerful, super-Hughes would have persisted with the people. Instead, he was in an impossible situation. However, that's all over.

While he was on tour the railroad strike became imminent. The President is no slouch of a politician. Of course, viewed in a Democratic sense, it is rank heresy to intimate, even, that politics had anything to do with the President's eagerness to settle the railroad strike. But let that pass. Whatever the President may have had in mind, his supporters and managers were not unaware of the political end of what was transpiring, nor unaware of the political benefits that might accrue. So the strike was settled, as it was settled, by going to Congress. Now it is well enough known that when the original strike maneuvers were begun there was no Washington idea that Congress would be taken into the settlement. But the railroad presidents refused to perform as they had been scheduled to perform, and Congress was the last and desperate recourse.

It was quite impossible to criticize Mr. Wilson because there was no railroad strike, but eminently possible to criticize him because of the manner in which that highly desirable situation was brought about. This gave Hughes his chance. He jumped at it. He became the old Hughes, and went to it. This was the first concrete issue he had had. The rest had been vague generalities. He had something tangible here—a real issue. Do the American people relish the holdup of their Congress, in control of the Democrats, as Mr. Hughes and all his partisans said Congress had been held up? Hurray! He was off, finally, to a good start.

In addition to that, it was contended that here was the chance not only for the candidate but for the party as well, for it was and is held that the outcome of the strike business in Congress wasn't an eight-hour-day question at all, as the Democrats claim, but in reality a wage question; and that all that was accomplished was to get "the aristocrats of labor" higher wages, while the rest of labor got nothing. The education of the people to this belief will be the principal enterprise of the remainder of this campaign unless some more important issue crops up.

In reality it vitalized Hughes. He used it with good effect in Maine.

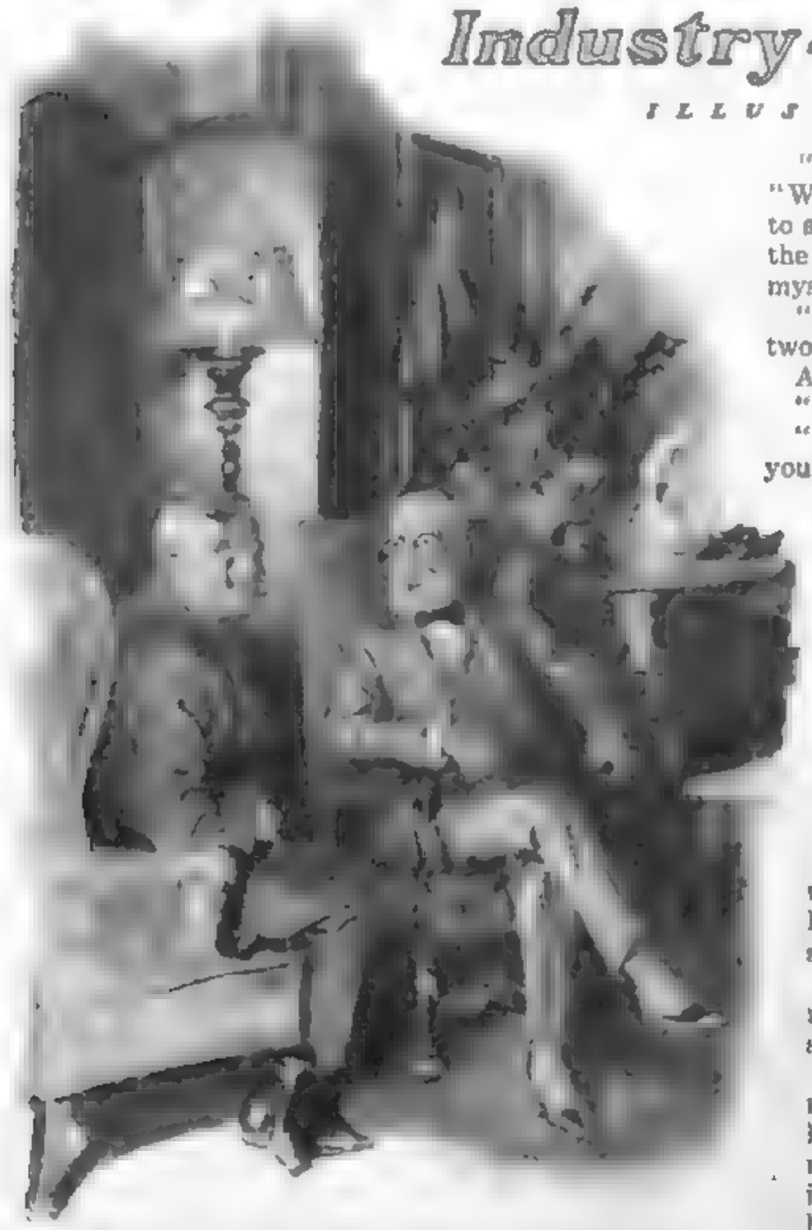
A great campaign will be made on that—that the settlement of the strike, as it was settled, doesn't mean anything at all in an eight-hour-a-day sense, but is merely a holdup that secured a wage increase. The Democrats will do their protesting. A live issue has finally seeped into the dreary struggle.

(Concluded on Page 64)

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BE IT

Being the Story of an Adventure in the Upper Realms of Industry—By Cameron Mackenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL



Judge Baily Said He Would Have to Place the Order Only in Accordance With the Strictest Business

IV

NOW, my dear," John Hadden was saying to his wife with a protesting gesture, "there's nothing, absolutely nothing, to worry about; not a thing!"

"Oh, I'm not worrying, John," she hastened to give him back. This was mid-January and they were at the dinner table. "Was he pleasant or unpleasant?" she asked.

"He wasn't either. He was simply Harry Anable."

"Well?"

"Merely the human reflection of a balance sheet."

"He couldn't have objected, then, could he—much?"

"No, not much; and I voluntarily explained some of the difficulties I'd been up against—the disjointed, loose-ends organization that I'd found Simms had left, and so on. I told him, as I'm telling you, that everything's all right; and it's all going to be a good deal righter still."

"Oh, I'm sure it will, John!" declared Louise Hadden. "But it's been funny this time, hasn't it? Not like the other times."

"What other times?"

"Oh, the other positions you've had; and ——"

"Yes; it's been different," acknowledged John. And then, after a pause: "Some of it's been due to that prize sophist of the world, Tyler Wrenn. I wasted three good months hanging fire on those fool ideas of his—and look what I've got for it! No more Tyler Wrenn stuff! I'm going about my own game in my own way."

"That's right, John!" vigorously asserted Mrs. Hadden.

"What's one man's meat," continued Hadden, "is another man's poison. Some fellows may be able to run a business as Tyler suggests; but I can't. I'm not built like that. Besides, somehow it doesn't seem honest to take fifty thousand dollars a year and not do a lick of work."

"It isn't honest!"

"Well, I'm going to rig myself up properly. No more of these high-strung, temperamental, spoiled darlings for me! I'm going to have some regular fellows—real implements that you can get a good, stout grip on and do something with. They're my kind."

"Of course they are."

There was a short silence and then Hadden spoke again: "What do you suppose Wrenn's been telling me now?"

"What, John?"

"He said," returned John slowly, "that I'd ruined the efficiency of the Consolidated, and that now the Consolidated was about to get even with me by ruining my efficiency." Louise Hadden looked alarmed.

"Oh, he just put it that way," added John quickly. "What he meant was that the moment I raised my finger to a piece of real labor I had pushed the organization off the track; and he says that now I'm in a fair way to ditch myself in exactly the same manner too."

"How absurd! Why, you're much better off with those two men gone! They were no friends of yours."

Another pause; then, from Hadden:

"Work never hurt any man."

"Of course not, John. Stick to your principles and you'll get there as certain as sunrise."

"Certainly I will," affirmed John. "Well, as I said, don't worry, and wait till twelve months from now!" He rose from the table. "Got to get through a heap to-night!" And he shook his head.

"Don't stay late."

"No" And Hadden went to the stacks of papers in his library.

It was not long after this that John filled the two vacancies in his department managerships. To Timothy Palsifer's job he promoted Paul Redding, who had been the former financial man's chief assistant. Hadden did not bestow the title of treasurer on Redding, but arrogated that office unto himself. In telling Redding of his promotion he said: "Now, Redding, there's been a lot of nonsense about this shop."

"Yes, sir," meekly acquiesced Redding, who at the moment, John knew, would have agreed to any proposition his superior stated.

"Yes, a lot of it," resumed Hadden; "but there's not going to be any more. What I want from you is help; and help in just one thing—getting my plans, my ideas, my orders, into execution. Your business is to do the thing I want done as nearly as you know how to do it. Then we'll get a little unity here!"

"Exactly, sir."

"And no bucking or objecting or arguing when I've instructions to give. I'm a busy man, and I'm going to be busier and shan't have time for talk. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Hadden," said Redding, inclining his head. "I'll carry out your instructions and do my best to please you."

"That's right," responded the president, and turned to his mass of work.

No such explanation or statement was needed at the installation of the new sales manager. Almost immediately upon Crane's resignation John had bethought himself of Howard Dalton, who was in charge of the selling end and the ablest man then in the Kempner concern, in Wellesville.

Hadden, as soon as he had recovered himself after the events of the first of the year and had finally determined, in defiance of Wrenn's advice, to pursue his own natural methods, promptly sent for his former underling. Dalton took the job with alacrity.

"You understand my ways, Howard," he said; "and I'm looking for someone who'll buckle to and let me get every ounce out of myself."

Dalton nodded; and that was all that was necessary between them.

In the matter of salaries of the new lieutenants John effected a saving. He paid them ten thousand a year apiece instead of the fifteen Palsifer and Crane had each received.

"That'll help," thought John; and by the early part of February Hadden and his repaired organization were in full swing.

It was good, stiff going for John in those days. Less and less did his subordinates attempt to move on their own account. The two new men seemed to live in transit between the president's room and their own offices. Redding did not even have some needed billheads printed without submitting the form of them for approval. Dalton sought John's advice and sanction for the movements of every one of the salesmen he had under him, and supplied him with copies of the reports of their daily activities. Smythe, to whom the recent cataclysm had been upsetting nervously, seemed afraid to make even the most routine purchases without heaping upon Hadden's desk a score or more of estimates; if in buying there was any question of choosing between two or three firms he forced John to make the selection.

"It's like this," Smythe once explained: "Any man in my position—any purchasing agent—has got to be very careful; and I simply couldn't stand it, Mr. Hadden, if you had the least suspicion that my hands weren't clean."

"Oh, come now, Smythe! I'm not objecting to settling these matters with you; in fact, it's what I want; it's the way to run a business. But don't be so touchy. I've never for an instant thought your hands weren't clean, as you put it. You must look at things more sensibly. Remember, Thornton Simms is in his grave and I'm on his job."

"Yes, I know," was Smythe's reply.

Avery Fennell's case, in its effect upon Hadden, was not different.

"Why, boss," he exclaimed on one occasion, "I'm all for this operating scheme of yours! It's fine; and I'd be tickled to death if you'd just come over and live in the plant. If you did I'd be certain to have the finest manufacturing department in the country. Interference? Well, if that's interference I want all I can get of it."

"I like your spirit, Fennell," returned Hadden. "If certain gentlemen who shall go nameless had had the same conception of business procedure, and of the relation of subordinates and chief, they might have spared themselves many uncomfortable hours. But in this connection I should like to add that the Consolidated is a very big concern, and that I have to spread myself over a good deal of ground. There are literally hundreds of demands on me, and it's only the important matters that I want to touch."

"Oh, of course; and in this shop there are no end of important matters. I understand all that. But it's just as well for you at least to know about everything."

"Oh, certainly," agreed John; and paused a moment, regarding Avery Fennell's smooth, good-natured face. It was an odd face, he thought, and just a little inscrutable. A quality in the man's eyes, and his high, intelligent forehead, served somehow to recall that strange remark of Tyler Wrenn's about one of his subordinates exploiting

"Oh, I'm Sorry, Mr. Hadden! I'm the Limit! By Jove, You're Ill, Aren't You?"

Hadden's weakness for work. The thought did not linger long, though, and was succeeded by the reflection that he did greatly wish that his manufacturing man had more of the air of industry. He might have pursued this general thread farther had not a great pile of vouchers, requiring immediate attention, been at that moment dumped on his desk.

Thus matters ran along through the first part of the year. John, up to his neck in work, was far happier than he had been. He began to feel at home in his job and to have the sense he had craved—of tight, hard grip. Also, there was returning to him that wholesome fatigue which, during the years of his climb in the Kempner Company, had been his nightly portion. Somehow that fatigue and triumphant accomplishment had theretofore invariably gone together, and now it operated to lull any small anxieties or uncertainties that may have been in the recesses of Hadden's mind.

His wife caught the note of his more confident spirit and refurbished the only slightly tarnished dreams they had fetched up to Chicago with them. Over one Sunday they made a visit to Wellesville to see Old Man Kempner, who was aging fast; and John overheard Louise telling Mrs. Baily—Judge Baily's wife, with whom they stayed—that she never had been prouder of her husband than when he had fought that demoralized Consolidated organization to a standstill. In short, for John at this time the present seemed safe and the future still gleamed; and, with his powers in full swing, he drove his huge mechanism for all that was in him.

April came, and with it a problem. At a corresponding date in the previous year the Cinapex order had been safely tucked away, and the annual specialty, with its calculated contribution of profit, disposed of. During the first quarter of the second year nothing in the nature of a big contract had presented itself. Though nine months still remained for the finding of something, none the less John felt that it was time the Consolidated should begin to cast about. He spoke to Dalton of the matter and bade him use his ingenuity and be on the alert to see whether he could not turn up some big, fat piece of extra business. He promised his sales manager his help, and simultaneously resolved that he himself would, in his own thinking, keep the unfilled requirement very much to the fore. It was not long, however, before John discovered that it was difficult for him to accomplish much; the rush of his daily routine kept him too busily occupied. The matter began to worry him, and worried him more when weeks slipped by and Dalton had been unable to strike a spark.

"Oh, come now!" he exhorted his henchman. "Get down to this thing and give it some real thought. Set your imagination to work and devise something."

"Yes, sir," returned Dalton. "I'll try to give you a memorandum on it soon."

But the memorandum, when it came through, was, for John's purposes, an arid waste, painfully recalling some of the sickly later efforts of Ralph Crane.

"Oh, have a flash of some sort!" Hadden urged; and his uneasiness over the matter was growing when his ever-busy attention was abruptly distracted by a menace of another sort.

The Northwestern Jobbers' regular annual order, usually placed about the first of May, had not come through. If that failed there would be an ugly gap in John's half million; and, dropping everything, he himself raced to see their former customers.

It was very heavily in John's mind that it was he who had reduced the credit of the Jobbers that Palsifer had arranged. Of course that act of his was now playing its part. Still, Hadden was unshaken in his conviction that his order to his treasurer had been sound; in long credits there was peril.

At the time the reduction had been made the Northwestern, so far as John was aware, had manifested no resentment. Because of that, Hadden had almost forgotten about the matter and had left the resecuring of the order to Dalton and his force. They had failed, and there seemed no other course for the president but to take the problem up himself—particularly when the loss of the Northwestern account at that juncture, with no annual specialty yet in sight, would be doubly disquieting; and besides, he reminded himself, it might be necessary in resecuring the business to shift the credit about; and anything of that sort was too delicate for other hands than his own.

The president of the Consolidated reached St. Paul and found a mad scramble in progress. Word had got out that the Jobbers might break away from Hadden's concern and eager hunters were on hand. Among these John promptly encountered Ralph Crane. He felt a little cheapened, standing for the time being on the same level and competing with a man who had so lately been his subordinate. But it could not be helped, he remembered; Dalton was not up to this problem. Crane and he greeted each other affably enough, and the only real significance Hadden took from the meeting was that he had in Palsifer & Crane rivals who were certain to keep nibbling at the sources of the Consolidated's revenue.

For more than a week the president remained in St. Paul. His nights and days were not made any easier by a poignant realization hourly of what his plight would be if he both lost the Jobbers' order and failed to light upon another Cinapex affair. He found himself under a tremendous handicap because of the credit reduction of a year ago. Nor was his peace of mind exactly relieved by a discovery: He had carefully appraised the gentlemen of the Northwestern's management and had found them, in point of character, all that Palsifer had reported them to be.

This caused him to curse himself roundly; but he was not certain, if he should have the same issue to meet again, whether he would gamble to the extent of a hundred thousand dollars on his financial man's single judgment, or would tear himself from his desk long enough for a trip to St. Paul. He dropped the past, however, with the comment that he had not foreseen what he was getting into, and that under the circumstances he had done the best he could, and had followed the course which his personally obtainable knowledge had made seem wisest. Anyhow, now, in his immediate extremity and in hopes of saving the day, he unflinchingly put into the balance for his advantage an offer to restore the Jobbers to a ninety-day credit basis.

The appeal was insufficient: the Jobbers thanked Hadden, but said they had reasons for making a change. Hadden could not blink the fact that beneath a thousand reasons lay pique. He tried further arguments, driving them with the full power and intensity of his nature and with something not very far from a panicky fear; but to no avail. He returned to Chicago harrowed in mind and a little unsteady in soul. Personally he might at this special time have been worse off if he had not found his desk inundated with a vast accumulation of the corporation's affairs. These could not wait a day; and he hurled himself against the avalanche, ushering in a new period in his incumbency of the presidency.

This period lasted four months. It was a cruel time for Hadden. Whereas previously he had been merely loaded with work, now he was literally crushed beneath the weight he sought to carry. Also, he had to keep up his battle with worry, and his stout courage was all but drained in meeting blows which kept falling in relentless succession.

In addition to all this he continued to be frightfully at sea in his own mind. He felt the universe and himself both askew; and yet his life was perfectly ordered, it seemed to him, in accord with every law of his earlier successful experience. His mental and spiritual state complicated his difficulties, for he constantly conjured up fresh anxieties for himself.

One of the worst of these was that which had first taken form in St. Paul. The glimpse he had had there of Ralph Crane had raised a specter which would not down, and he saw that flaming young man attacking him all along the line with the Consolidated's customers. It was probably an exaggerated fear, because there were still very definite limits to the amount of business that Palsifer & Crane were able to handle. But the dangerous and deplorable condition into which the big corporation and John's career seemed to be drifting frightened Hadden so that he visioned perils where there were none; and then, visioning them, he set out to safeguard against them. He resolved to put himself into personal relation with all the important firms to which the Consolidated sold.

No matter how much he desired to trust Dalton, he did not dare to do so. It was impossible for him to accept his subordinate's assurances that this account or that account was in no jeopardy; the hole left by the Northwestern yawned hourly before his eyes; and, as soon as the heaviest bulk of accumulated work, after the St. Paul absence, had been shoveled aside, John began a series of flying visits to one part of the country and another, endeavoring to tie his customers more tightly to him. These trips themselves were wearing, and after each of them he had to meet, on the instant he had reseated himself at his desk, battalions of problems and troubles.

Besides, at night, when he was alone upon some dreary sleeper, from which he would have to creep forth into an early tasteless dawn, there was little to distract him. He fumed and fretted. Some small matter in one of the departments would come to him, and he would let himself be seized with a conviction that it was not receiving proper attention. Worse, he would know of some big matter that had to be held up while he was away.

Then the old question of the annual specialty would present itself and he would set to conjuring his tired brain on that score, and keep conjuring fruitlessly until his thoughts trailed off to that other riddle, of how to replace the Northwestern contract. None of his subordinates solved these major problems. Indeed, it seemed to John that they did not take them properly to heart or really grapple with them.

So matters progressed and the first half year closed. It was a stern hour when John got his figures. The Consolidated in six months had earned less than two hundred thousand dollars. A glimpse into Hadden's soul at that moment would not have been pleasant. He was thinking of the surprised, dismayed look there would be in his wife's eyes, and of the contemptuous satisfaction that would reveal itself in Palsifer's smile; he remembered years and years of unsparing toil behind him; he saw what dreary and dispiriting wastes there could be ahead. At one second he shuddered at the thought of his career, so headlong, so triumphant up to that time, coming to an abrupt and inglorious stop; and at the next he tried to brace his mind to the incredible fact that he was not making good.

Mr. Harry Anable's dispassioned countenance rose before him, and it was like a piece of parchment upon which a death warrant was written. With a choke he pulled himself

"It Doesn't Seem Honest to Take Fifty Thousand Dollars a Year and Not Do a Lick of Work"

together and sought to take stock in his situation. The one great, outstanding thing was that there still remained six months in which he might redeem himself and his fortunes.

Thereafter John Hadden redoubled his exertions. He increased his working hours and went at every task not only with intensity but with desperate intensity. Almost piteously he called upon his subordinates to get more and more out of themselves, to contribute more generously to the vast reservoir of effort that was needed to keep the Consolidated going. But somehow there was not a response. On the contrary, it began to seem to John that they lifted his burdens less and less. A sense grew with him that not one of his lieutenants was developing or gaining strength. They all had powers, he felt, but refused to use them; they made him do little things as well as big things, whereas he had planned and wanted to do only big things.

He acknowledged his department managers to be excellent tools, but they had no momentum or spin of their own. Every act of theirs was performed under motive force that John had to supply. Not only did that in itself take it out of John but, in his extreme plight, fired him to even more frantic endeavors. So severe were his exactions upon himself that even when Old Man Kempner, his friend and employer in Wellesville for twenty years, died, he did not tear himself from his tasks long enough to attend the funeral.

"Heavens!" he once cried to his wife during this period. "I didn't know there was so much work in the world!"

"My poor, poor John!" she said, more and more often at this time.

"Wait! Wait!" he would plead, trying to buoy her hopes and confidence, even while he fought to keep his own. But the fear that haunted his eyes was growing. Wrestle and tussle, sweat and strain as he might, his problems did not yield. There came hours when his spent and driven mind created a fantasy of the Consolidated as a great brute rising up to strangle him, to hurl him to the ground in order that a merciless knife, in the form of the cold, spare Harry Anable, might descend upon him. His thick brows pulled more tightly together; those tremendous shoulders of his hunched more than before; and that nervous trick he had of rapidly opening and closing his hands grew to an affection that was painful to see. And then John Hadden's affairs suddenly commenced to move toward a swift climax.

September had come. Nothing had been found for the annual specialty; the Northwestern account had not been replaced. Harassed in soul, driven in mind and body, John was sure there was not another atom of effort in him to give, when abruptly—almost overnight—Mortimer Smythe, sick and discouraged, resigned.

"It's all right, Mr. Hadden," he explained; "but you make me fidgety and get me all flustered up. I can't work if someone's always after me."

"Well," rejoined John, "if matters are attended to and put through there's no occasion to keep after you."

"But I can't attend to matters and put them through unless I'm sure I'm doing everything exactly as you wish. Then I come and tell you about 'em, and sometimes you're too busy to more than half explain, or you say you'll attend to it yourself; or ——"

"Use your own judgment."

"Yes; but my judgment might be different from yours, and then you wouldn't be satisfied and I'd get to worrying and worrying worse than ever. And besides, I can't get over feeling that you're always watching me or not trusting me or thinking something's wrong. You've got it fixed so you're sure to know of every little thing. That's enough to make a man like me uncomfortable—not because anything is wrong, but because it suggests suspicion.

"Then, when any real money gets involved you never think of letting me handle the thing. You do it yourself. And can't you see how that sort of confirms a fellow in imagining he's under a cloud? No, Mr. Hadden; I've been worrying and fretting myself sick and nothing seems to go right—and it's time I quit."

"Very good," was all John was able, at the moment, to say.

He could not summon courage and strength to argue, and Smythe went out. The interview had been in the president's room; and as the door closed Hadden's big head involuntarily fell forward and rested heavily upon the arm that lay across his desk. Just then he had a childish desire to be petted and mothered and protected. Somehow—not exactly logically—this last blow made him feel that his universe was tottering and about to crash upon him; at the instant he would have welcomed the peace of failure.

He believed he had struggled until he could struggle no more; but here was another difficulty to meet. The reorganization of the purchasing department would take time, and meantime there would be no choice for Hadden but to carry nearly the entire load of the department manager's work. Then would come the anxieties of months concerning the new man when he had been installed. John did not think he had the physical, nervous or moral force to go on.

"No human being has half a million a year in him—no man's that big!" he observed to himself; and the world was at its lowest ebb.

At a sound from the door he raised his head. An office boy entered with a stack of mail, on top of which was a cablegram. Hadden attacked the dispatch first. It was word from London that there was a chance to secure a huge contract from a foreign government. John's heart bounded. Though his tool, Dalton, had not been a man of sufficient caliber to produce another Cinapex order, and though Hadden himself had been too overwhelmed by routine for the particular kind of creative effort needful, sheer luck had come to his aid. If he could now but realize the opportunity, and actually secure the foreign contract, one of the most ominous of his difficulties would cease to exist. His blackness gave promise of lighting a little.

Hadden glanced at the letters the boy had brought. One bore a Wellesville postmark; it was from Judge Baily, who was sole executor of the late Mr. Kempner's will, and the communication, coming from his friend, seemed surprisingly formal and businesslike in appearance. He tore it open, and that which he read caused him further to forget for the moment the heavy threat of his affairs.

Judge Baily, it seemed, in studying over the problems of the Kempner estate, had decided that it would be the part of wisdom to modify somewhat the functions of the business. For a variety of reasons, which the executor said it was needless to specify, he had determined to abandon manufacture and to reduce the activities of the Kempner concern to selling to a group of customers of very long standing. It was his intention, therefore, to arrange for the purchase regularly of a sufficient amount of finished product for the company's trade.

In the fractional part of a second, and with almost a joyous shout, John saw the account of the Northwestern Jobbers replaced. Within the space of minutes his entire world had taken on a new aspect. If Judge Baily gave the Consolidated the Kempner order, and if that foreign contract could be secured, he might—indeed, almost certainly would—come through his year triumphantly after all. Fate was holding out to him a helping hand, which he must somehow manage to clasp.

That afternoon he caught a train to Wellesville. It was impossible for him to leave his desk before five o'clock, and it was the middle of the evening when he was before the fire in Judge Baily's library. They talked half the night. To secure the Kempner business was not quite so simple as John had expected. No preference was to be given the Consolidated; as executor, Judge Baily said he would have to place the order only in accordance with the strictest business; there would be every possible consideration for any bid Hadden might make, but that was all.

Before John crawled into bed, at three o'clock, he realized that here was a matter likely to take time. Months might pass before the transaction could be definitely closed; and meantime he felt that it would require careful, skillful and daily nursing.

That was most awkward. Instantaneously upon receipt of the cablegram from London he had thought not only that someone representing the Consolidated ought to start promptly abroad, but that whoever went should be a sizable person. The competition there would be of the keenest; the men with whom the negotiations would be conducted undoubtedly would be of a high order of ability. Also, influence would have to be delicately manipulated; scores of fine points kept constantly in mind; definite decisions given without cable delays.

Dalton—well, Dalton was all right, but he was only a good salesman and implement; his experience had been limited and so was his horizon. A man of ambassadorial proportions was required and Dalton fell short. There was no one in the great Consolidated to whom such a mission, with its tremendous personal and business stakes, could be intrusted, and Hadden had been reluctantly settling to the conclusion that, at any cost, he would have to go abroad himself.

In dashing to Wellesville it had been his hope that by one swift stroke he could complete the Kempner transaction, and thus render himself free to make a flying trip to the other side. Judge Baily's attitude had rendered the first part of John's program impossible and added perils to the second; he did not dare to go away and leave the watching of the account that was to fill the gap of the Northwestern Jobbers, and which could be made an important factor in the corporation's revenues for years to come, to anyone less adept than himself. And besides, his own friendship with Judge Baily ought to be turned to a distinct asset now; and none could so well utilize that as himself.

John got wearily out of bed at five o'clock, wishing for omnipresence. He caught the earliest train for Chicago, for there were a thousand matters that at nine o'clock would be pressing; and all the way up he considered his dilemma. He would have given much then for a second Ralph Crane; but no Ralph Crane was immediately in sight. Had there been he would have hustled him off to London on the moment. He himself would then have been clear of the complications with which he was confronted, and could have remained at his desk, managed the Consolidated's daily affairs, kept an eye upon the Kempner order, and have set about putting the purchasing department into shape.

Realizing all that was to be done in the office Hadden believed that, in any case, the trip abroad was an utter impossibility; and yet he remembered that over there in London the entire issue of his fortunes apparently was to be decided. The fact was that the issue of his fortunes was to be decided in two places, some four thousand miles apart, at the same time, and the question was what to do about it.

Entirely uncertain as to what course he should take, he arrived at his office a little after nine. The hurried, arduous journey to Wellesville and back, and his two hours of sleep, had left him fatigued, brain-heavy and nervous. As he came bumping and lumbering into his room, carrying his small traveling bag, he was gnawing at his cheek; his free hand opened and closed in rapid twitches, and within him there was a gone feeling. Also, an annoying, vaguely alarming, small triphammer pulse was pounding away just about half an inch above the back of his collar.

He would have given much if he could have had that day out upon pleasant sunlit fields, beneath the calm blue skies; but it was laughable even to think of such a blessing. He had everything to fight for—his place, his career, his future, his hopes, his wife's dreams, and more besides. There was the big, urgent problem of how to seize his heaven-sent opportunities, not to mention the hundred other affairs

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John and His Friend Lay in Steamer Chairs and Roved Into the Theories of Success

OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

Cinderella Silver Comes Back for Her Slipper

Silver Plume, Colorado, Where Mines are 12,000 Feet Above Sea Level

By James H. Collins

THREE wondrous fairies showered the West with riches last year, and at the moment of writing are still pouring bounty from their horns of abundance.

First and most potent was the Fairy Queen Cupra, with her tawny Indian skin and quick-running red blood, altogether lustrous and lovely. Her gifts to the West ran to a round million dollars a day. The second fairy was Zincuma, who had a shady past and nothing like Cupra's power of attraction—indeed, for many years the West did not consider Zincuma a fairy at all, but a mischief-making earth sprite, created to annoy. However, her real character became apparent when she brought gifts amounting to a quarter of a million dollars daily. And, finally, there was the Fairy Plumbuma, the blue-lipped one, heavy-lidded and slow in all her ways; yet who bestowed three-fourths of a million dollars weekly on those who sought her out.

These are all fairies of the mineral kingdom. In the markets of the world they go under their commoner names of Copper, Zinc and Lead.

The West prizes them to-day for their bounty of the past year and a half, and from at least one of them expects great things in the next few years to come. The Fairies Zincuma and Plumbuma may lose their magic powers, but Queen Cupra seems to promise a long reign.

This triad so fascinated the mining West during the onset of the new metal boom that many people quite overlooked a fourth fairy who came demurely in their train. Even those who clearly saw the Fairy Argenta ignored her in the belief that her horn of plenty had been emptied long ago; for she was Silver, the Cinderella of the metals, and for twenty-odd years the mining West has snubbed her, and even feared her. She had the evil name of never rewarding anybody who paid her attentions, and of frequently bewitching those who did.

But to-day it begins to look as though this despised Cinderella might become a princess. The Great War brought surprising changes. Among others it has lifted the price of silver above what is regarded as the profit level in every district of the West, and made it worth mining once more; and there are now indications that the price may remain there after even copper has dropped back to normal—wherever that may be.

It was copper that played the most spectacular pranks when war demand set in and occupied the most prominent place in the imagination of the mining West.

The Ups and Downs of Silver

WE PRODUCE sixty per cent of the world's copper in this country and use more than any other nation. If copper is a measure of civilization, then Germany is most civilized after us. The red metal marks modern comfort, at least—electrical development, telephonic communication, and world trade in high-class manufactures. Germany takes nearly half of all the copper we sell abroad in ordinary times and we lost our best customer when she was blockaded.

Germany has sought copper in most ingenious ways. Copper roofs and cornices were stripped off buildings. They say that a speaker in the Reichstag was explaining that the Fatherland had plenty of copper, and his words were lost in the noise made by workmen who were taking off the Reichstag roof. Brass and copper utensils of all kinds were turned in to the government—the housewife's pot; the druggist's mortar and pestle. Copper coins were replaced with iron ones, and Germany drained away much of the copper money in France, Italy, Spain and other countries, paying gold for it through agents in Switzerland. As far away as China and Japan it became profitable to gather up brass coins and melt them for their copper.

Meantime the Allies were taking our copper in unheard-of quantities. On a single day last December, one hundred thousand tons of the metal was sold for export—a full tenth of the world's consumption in normal times. In this large order John Bull figured as a customer for sixty-five thousand tons, and the whole lot was supplied to him by a single copper-mining company in the West. The premium paid for immediate deliveries of copper was such, at some periods, that it was possible to hurry the refined article from mine to seaboard in twenty-five-ton lots by parcel post, the additional price offered more than paying the postage.

With demand and prices like this, little wonder that the West's imagination was closely focused on the red metal. Zinc and lead enjoyed the same prosperity, but their traffic did not run into such big money as copper.

It is generally believed that most of this metal has gone abroad for munitions and that much of it will be destroyed past recovery on the battlefields.

So the West does not look for low copper prices with peace. It figures that Germany will want huge supplies to replace what has been shot away. The Reichstag must have another roof. All the warring countries will need copper for electrical and other peace construction. About zinc and lead there is less confidence, because we have greater foreign competition in mining those metals and not so much is needed. They may drop to prices approximating those paid before the war; but it is expected that copper, though falling from war levels, will still be high enough to yield splendid profits to every Western mine.

Amid all this excitement small wonder that nobody in the West paid much attention to silver or tried to calculate war's effect upon it, or forecast its future. Indeed, the war ran all through 1915 and silver was affected only for the worse. The average price that year fell below fifty cents an ounce, making a record for cheapness; and one quotation in midsummer is said to have gone below any price found in history—forty-six cents and one-eighth.

Moreover, the West did not think that silver had any future. It seemed to be all past! Why not think of something pleasant?

After the metal was demonetized, in 1893, and the price came down from round the dollar point to an average of fifty-five cents, it no longer paid to mine silver for itself, as the West had been doing. Mines were closed, towns became "ghost cities," and population was checked in the silver states—Utah hung almost stationary from 1890 to 1900, and Nevada actually lost people.

When Bryan was defeated in 1896, running for president on a bimetallic platform, the West buried its interest in silver, along with its hopes, and turned its attention to other metals. Gold, copper and lead were made the basis of a new mining industry. Our output of silver remained stationary—about seventy-five million ounces, worth forty million dollars, or not any more than our lead output. The average price for ten years preceding the European war was under fifty-seven cents an ounce. The world's output was steadily decreasing, and the ratio between the value of gold as against silver was steadily increasing. The bimetallists of 1896 fought for a ratio of sixteen to one. It was then thirty to one as a commercial proposition and by the time the Great War began had climbed to thirty-seven to one.

Silver seems to have been the last great staple commodity mobilized for war. Until almost the end of April, 1916, no strength was apparent in its price. Then, within a few days it suddenly rose from fifty-six cents an ounce to more than seventy-seven. At last the warring nations needed it on the battlefield and in the complex industrial organization at home that backs up the soldier.

Everybody remembers how gold disappeared at the outbreak of war. The story of the gambling table piled with gold is typical, each player reaching for his pile and replacing it with silver and paper when somebody entered and announced that war had been declared. People put away gold as the most trustworthy form of wealth, and their governments soon began calling it in and hoarding it for the same reason.

Gold was a commoner form of currency than paper in Europe. When it had to be withdrawn some other kind of money was needed. For the first time in many years the Bank of England issued paper money in denominations of less than five pounds—twenty-five dollars. It is figured that people in even the most civilized countries will accept only a certain amount of paper currency. After they feel that the quantity in circulation is greater than the gold behind it warrants, as a matter of security they demand something of greater intrinsic worth. The only other form of money that meets this popular need is silver coinage.

The Problem of Paying the Armies

AGAIN, as the debts of the warring nations grew to proportions past all precedent, and they were forced to exchange their gold for munitions furnished by other countries, the reserve of gold behind their paper money dwindled in ratio, adding to the popular feeling of apprehension.

On top of that there were enormous armies in the field. The soldier has to be paid in something that will be accepted for money in foreign lands, no matter where he happens to find himself—even if he becomes a prisoner. For this purpose silver was the only medium.

The mobilization of silver seems to have begun when the fighting nations had to meet their army pay rolls. A start was made last year. John Bull coined thirty million dollars' worth then, or six times his yearly average for the previous ten years. He will coin as much this year, it is believed; and France will coin ten times her normal quantity—sixteen million dollars' worth. These two items alone absorb more than our yearly output of silver. Russia is coining large quantities.

When the effect of this new demand showed up in silver prices, last spring, the bankers and mining men sat down to review the whole silver situation from new angles. They found it quite complicated, with many factors that had been overlooked.

For one thing the world has been neglecting silver. There is serious underproduction. After the crisis caused by overproduction during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, people forgot that an economic pendulum pushed too far one way will surely swing the other way eventually. They forsook silver in the belief that it would never be profitable again, and now the pendulum was swinging back, with world forces behind it and new factors in both demand and supply. Europe is remonetizing silver.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

By Frank Goewey Jones

BARTLEY WARD pushed back his chair wearily and stood up. Long staring at the tabulations on his office table had parched his eyes to dry blue glass. He rasped down the hot lids. He tried to shut out the figures from his thoughts as well as from his sight. But the taut muscles quivered under the skin of his cheeks.

Ward admitted to himself, despairingly now, that he had made a fatal error in his original calculations a year ago. When he secured the financial backing of his best friend, John Howell, and they contracted with the inventor for the sole right to manufacture Jensen Automatic Secondary Windings for spark coils, Bartley did not give analytical consideration to one vital fact: A "secondary" was merely part of a spark coil. The market for Jensen automatic windings never could be broad. Howell & Ward might expect to sell their special product only to the few makers of ignition apparatus for gasoline engines. Of these concerns one alone manufactured more than three-quarters of the spark coils produced in America. Unless the immense Consolidated Coil Company, of New York, should buy large quantities of secondaries from Howell & Ward, the little firm in Detroit was doomed to ruin.

Disaster impended just nine days ahead. The partners must forfeit their patent license a week from Friday or pay the inventor five thousand dollars as royalty to hold the exclusive manufacturing rights another year. Their bank balance to-day was $416.29. The firm's only other assets were the special winding machines in the idle shop behind the bare office. Hopelessness shook Ward like a chill while he drooped, unseeing, over the tabulations scattered on his desk. In the past ten weeks his young face had aged as many years. His rumpled brown hair was beginning to gray. His shoulders sagged as though his head had become a leaden weight.

The street door unlatched. Bartley recognized his partner's discouraged step and twisted about toward the entrance. In the moment of turning he wrenched the careworn expression from his face, so that Howell might not suspect that he, too, had lost heart. A forced smile snapped the tight line of Ward's lips. His eyes stretched the pinched corners of their lids. The deep furrows that had bracketed his mouth puckered in a flash to crinkles of simulated cheeriness.

"Hello, John!" Bartley greeted. "Come over here a minute. I'll prove to you that the Consolidated Coil Company simply must buy automatic windings from us."

The tired-looking, middle-aged man who had just entered the office shook his head. He tramped stubbornly to his own desk, instead of walking toward his partner.

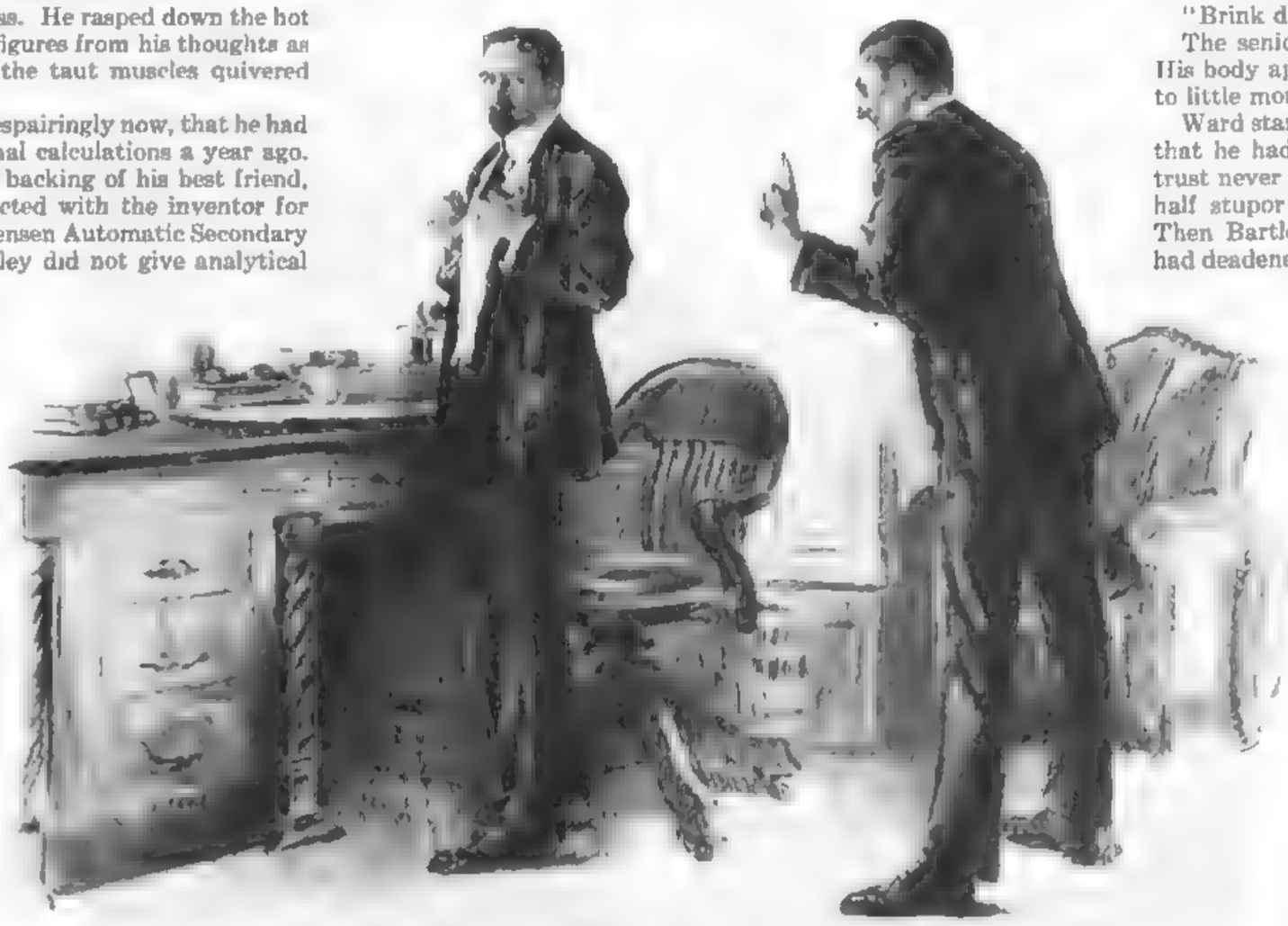
"Damn any more figures on rosy hopes!" he growled as he flung himself into his seat.

Howell creaked about ferociously to confront Ward. In the savage emphasis of exasperation he pounded the arms of his chair with his big clenched hands.

"Bartley, we're in a hell of a fix! We—must—have—five—thousand—dollars—cash—before—next—week—Friday!" A bang of Howell's fist after each word articulated his declaration. "You are up in the clouds with your same old figures on what might happen to make us rich some day! I'm down on dirt earth, looking facts squarely in the eye right now! The Consolidated won't ever give us any orders. Foxy old Stephen Brink has stood us off all these months for the reason that he wants us to forfeit the Jensen patent license so he can grab it himself."

"I understand that, John. But ——"

"But you still delude yourself with the hope that he'll buy from us because the contract we offered him last April would save his Consolidated Coil Company over ninety thousand dollars a year! Suppose it would; can't you realize Brink doubtless has said to himself he'll pocket not only that ninety thousand, but, in addition, the sixty thousand dollars Howell & Ward have planned on making from his orders? You forget he's got a lead pencil and a piece of paper, too, and understands how to use 'em as well as you do. Brink knows he has a strangle hold on our firm, and he won't let up until he's choked that exclusive patent license out of us. We're within exactly nine days of being busted! It's time you quit dreaming and woke up!"



"I'll Bet My Last Cent He'll Bolt With That Proposition We Made Him"

The junior partner winced from Howell's harshness, but he did not recriminate. Ward owed a heavy debt of responsibility to the middle-aged man who never had questioned or whimpered while all his life's savings were being spent by his impetuous younger associate. Howell had ample warrant for bitterness now, though as yet he made no accusations.

Bartley knew that he himself should have conserved half his friend's contribution of over twelve thousand dollars to the business. He ought precautiously to have kept intact the full amount of the royalty payment due to greedy Jensen at the end of the firm's fiscal year. Instead, he had used nearly all their capital to build automatic winding machines, which now stood idle for lack of orders. His partner's indirect reminder of his imprudence wilted the spirit of Ward limp for a minute; but immediately afterward he starched his flaccid courage anew.

"John," he admitted, "those figures of mine are only hopes now; but they're coming true in cash. Brink no doubt thinks he's got us where we can't help ourselves, but we're going to make him save us. I have a plan that I'm confident will work out successfully."

"Based on your calculations again, I suppose?" Howell scoffed.

"Yes; and on ——"

"I won't listen to it!" the senior partner bellowed. He bounded from his seat and raged up and down the dingy room. "I've heard you jingle those fancy estimates for a year. They don't clink like real dollars to me any more, and I tell you so—flat!"

Ward was stung to a snapping retort:

"And I tell you my figures do represent actual money—a lot of money that Stephen Brink is sure of saving for his Consolidated Coil Company if he accepts our contract. He'd like to be a hog and grab our patent rights too. But he's a fox by nature. If we make him believe he is in danger of losing what he has safe in his mouth he'll be afraid to try for more. We've handled him wrongly in just submitting our tender and then waiting for him to make up his mind. I mean now to scare him into immediate decision by withdrawing our offer. I'll bet my last cent he'll bolt with that proposition we made him if we threaten to take it away. There's a yellow streak in Stephen Brink. He's hungry for the Jensen license, but he won't run a big risk to get it. He never will let go of those low prices we quoted."

The street door banged open. The postman bustled in with a single letter, then hurried out. Ward snatched the long envelope and ripped the end.

"It's from the Consolidated!" he cried excitedly.

His heart leaped with the hope of a miracle as he drew from the inclosure the familiar document the firm had mailed a dozen weeks before to the big corporation in New York. He unfolded the paper eagerly. But the dotted line at the bottom was blank. He heard Howell gasp beside him:

"Brink did send it back—unsigned!"

The senior partner slumped into his chair. His body appeared to have shrunk in a second to little more than half its normal size.

Ward stared dazedly at the rejected proposal that he had asserted the president of the coil trust never would surrender. He wheeled in a half stupor and stared at crumpled Howell. Then Bartley rallied from the paralysis that had deadened his brain. He peered expectantly into the open envelope and jerked out a letter that had slipped unobserved to the bottom. He read aloud the single paragraph in a breath:

NEW YORK, July 19, 1916.

Messrs. Howell & Ward,
Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen: We return herewith your tender of April twentieth. We should not feel safe in adopting as our standard the Jensen automatic type of windings without submitting samples of all sizes to practical tests for at least six months under actual service conditions. We will consider the goods when planning for our next season's requirements, provided the sample coils stand up satisfactorily in use. But we cannot enter into an exclusive contract with you at this time.

Yours truly,
CONSOLIDATED COIL COMPANY,
Stephen Brink, President.

Ward dropped his hand. "And I was so sure!" he muttered hoarsely.

The papers fluttered from his insensible fingers to the floor. Howell pounced on them with berserk savagery. He crunched the sheets in his fist and shook them in furious resentment at his partner.

"You've always been sure about everything!" he yelled. "You were sure we'd do a whale of a business this first year with the smaller coil makers, even if we shouldn't get any requisitions from the Consolidated for a while; but we haven't had orders enough to keep one automatic winder going! You were sure of sublicensing the foreign patents to Haenckel & Company, with a royalty guaranty from them that would cover all we have to pay Jensen! Have we seen the color of any Dutch money? A minute ago you were cocksure we could bluff Stephen Brink into saving us by the skin of our teeth, sure he'd hang on to our proposition like a fox to a fat rabbit; then he fires back the contract we offered and as much as tells us he doesn't consider our windings any good!"

Howell stamped frenziedly about the office. Ward groped to his old table and swayed above it, speechless. He had to clutch the wood for support.

"You've had one pipe dream after another!" the senior partner snorted. "I've been skeptical for six months about our prospects; yet I turned over to you every dollar I'd saved in my life, because I believed you knew what you were doing, and I realized I didn't understand much about this business. Now, as a result of trusting your judgment, I'm stuck with a lot of special machinery that will be little better than junk in nine days. That's all I've got to show for my twelve thousand dollars you spent!"

Ward was crushed by his own recognition of his partner's right to upbraid him.

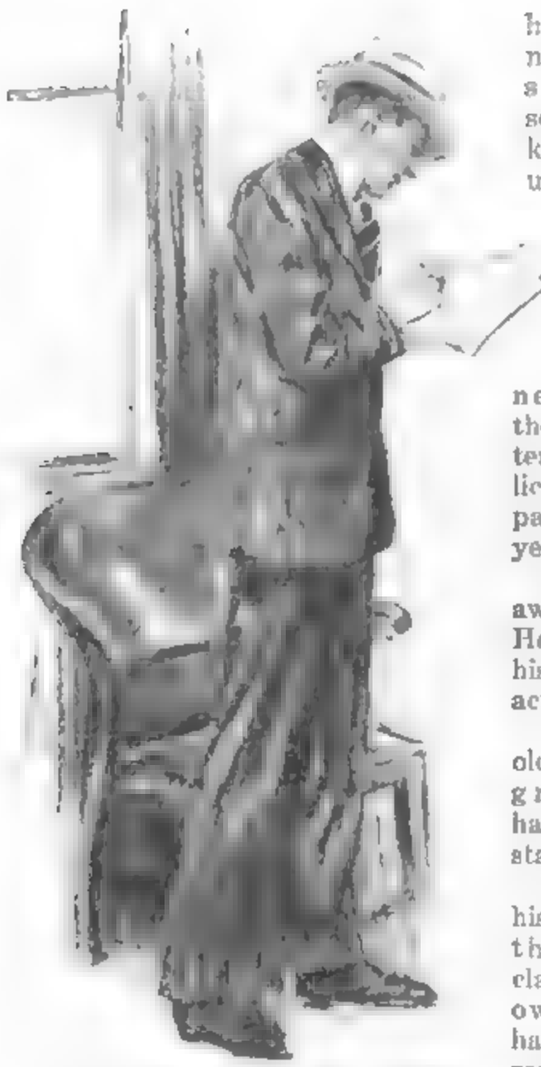
"John," he said, "it's all my fault. I never can forgive myself for risking recklessly everything my best friend had."

Impulsive, quick-tempered Howell was as instant to regret as he had been to vent his rancor. He rushed across the little room to his partner. He caught Ward's bent shoulders and swung the younger man about. He shook him violently, as if determined to loosen from his remembrance every harsh word that had been hurled at his head.

"Damn it, Bartley!" Howell's deepest feelings blurted out. "You know I didn't mean a single thing I said. I was so mad at that cuss, Brink, I just had to blow up whoever was handiest, or bust!"

Ward gripped his partner's stubby fingers hard. By a tremendous effort of his will he lifted his gaze and looked squarely into Howell's abashed eyes.

"I've been such a fool, John," he said. "If only I hadn't built that last lot of winding machines! I was so confident, though! It was rash to take the chances I did without



"You are Up in the Clouds With Your Same Old Figures"

having any business, but"—his shoulders squared—"but I know, this minute, we'd pull through all right if we had the money to pay that wolf, Jensen, next week and thereby could extend our exclusive license under his patents another year."

Howell turned away to his desk. He dropped into his seat, weak in reaction from anger.

"I'm fifty years old, Bartley," he groaned. "I haven't the grit to start all over."

Ward followed his partner across the office. He clapped both his own tremulous hands on Howell's rounded back. For a minute he could not speak.

"John," he said out at last, "we aren't licked yet! We have over a week to raise the money we need. Haenckel & Company's chief electrical engineer was genuinely interested in the tests we made at their Newark factory. I'm sure"—Ward grimaced wryly as he employed the positive word Howell had railed against—"I'm sure there's a very large quantity of ignition coils used abroad, despite the war, and the Jensen process would reduce the costs a lot. It's up to us to show Haenckel & Company the market they could control from Holland. We must fight to the last minute. Let's both go to New York and try to find some way out."

Howell straightened a little.

"Yes," he assented listlessly. "We won't quit"

Courage tingled back through the junior partner like an electric current, which galvanized his anæmic nerves.

"I have a new plan to scare Brink, too!" he began to explain in a fresh rush of optimism.

The older man cut him short half frantically.

"Don't for pity's sake start me hoping again! I can't bear any more disappointments. I want to believe there's still a chance for us," he added; "but I can't. I'm too badly hit now by Brink's letter. I need to be by myself."

The senior partner jammed his shabby hat on his head and started to the door. His knees sagged as he reached his hand for the knob. Then Howell snapped his legs stiff again. Without turning he stalked to the street.

As the latch clicked Ward dropped prone over his table with his arms flung among the futile figures he had compiled. He writhed under the lash of his self-reproach. Then he desperately hardened his courage with resolution. He sat up and forced his eyes to look steadily at the crisis through which the imperiled business must pass in the course of the next few days. Bartley focused his mind on the problem of finding a means of escape as if his thoughts were concentrated rays from a searchlight piercing black dark. For more than half an hour he stared straight ahead. He scarcely moved.

When the street door opened the sound startled Ward so much that he jumped. He strained forward as Howell entered. Then the junior partner relaxed in his chair with a sigh of relief. The step of the man who came back was firm. His lips gripped his teeth in a straight, firm line. Howell had the grimly brave look of a volunteer for a forlorn hope.

"Well, if we're going to New York this afternoon we'd better be getting ready," he proposed abruptly.

Ward sprang up and thrust out his hand. The two palms crashed together and confirmed a renewed compact of grit.

"Don't you want me to tell you my plans?" the junior partner urged.

Howell shook his head in dogged refusal.

"No. Whatever you do, I'll be satisfied."

The gruff words plainly were meant as an *amende* for his recent outburst of bitterness. Ward gripped the stubby fingers tighter as he responded:

"All I've been able to think of is just a bluff, John; with the chances nearly all against winning. My whole scheme is based on our acting rich for a week. It would cost most of your remaining savings. I'd rather not decide this time what we shall do."

"We'll go!" Howell plumped his answer. "We'll fight to the last minute and our bottom cent!"

Their preparations for the journey were soon made. Howell drew four hundred dollars from the firm's bank account of $416.29, handed Bartley half, and went home to pack a suitcase. Ward collected a sheaf of papers, including all his tabulations; then he walked to his bachelor room and put them into his valise. The partners met at the station in time to board the afternoon train for New York.

They talked together only a little, while the Limited bore them east. For the most part they sat side by side in understanding silence until bedtime. Ward was glad he had to explain only the general outlines of his plan, which seemed chimerical even to himself. Next morning, when the partners arrived in New York, they took a taxicab to an expensive hotel and engaged connecting rooms on which the rate was seven dollars a day each. Since they were to remain in the city for a week, a quarter of their entire capital was thus pledged in advance to set a single scene of the extravaganza desperate Ward purposed to stage.

The first strategic move was to be a call on Stephen Brink at once. In the projected meeting the junior partner meant to play the active rôle. Howell had promised glumly to support him with his best endeavors to counterfeit an appearance of reticent content. The two men did not delay at the hotel, but started immediately for the great factory that dominated the spark-coil business of America. They arrived at the office of the Consolidated Coil Company shortly after half past nine o'clock and sent in their cards to the president. They were ushered promptly into his sanctum.

The mummified little man behind the big mahogany desk did not rise to receive his visitors. Nor did he extend his hand in a perfunctory gesture of welcome, or speak. When the partners entered his private office he looked at them keenly, as if pointed, sharp-edged blades were stabbed by his steely eyes at their brains to probe their thoughts.

"Good morning, Mr. Brink!" Ward greeted cheerily; in his tone was the chirrup of a cocky robin at daybreak. "Mr. Howell and I have come to notify you that we feel obliged to withdraw the contract proposition we made you last April."

Brink recoiled from the shock of the initial surprise; but almost immediately a smile twisted his mouth to fit the derision of his riposte.

"You're a little tardy, Mr. Ward."

The president opened a drawer and pulled out a carbon copy of his letter to the firm, dated two days before. He shoved the sheet across his desk, then lunged a suspicious question:

"How long have you been in New York?"

"Oh, for some time," Ward equivocated ambiguously as he reached for the duplicate letter.

He affected to read the typing with surprise. When he had finished he turned at once to Howell and passed him the sheet.

"Look here, John!" he exclaimed in a tone that perfectly simulated satisfaction. "This makes everything all right."

Ward wheeled to the president and leaned at ease over the edge of the desk.

"Mr. Brink"—he amplified his pretense of great relief—"your letter helps us out of an embarrassment. My partner and I felt that it was hardly fair to cancel the very low prices we quoted you; yet, as I said before, we were obliged to withdraw them because of some new business arrangements we have recently made. We knew you had gone to considerable expense in testing our samples. Moreover, we were afraid you had counted rather definitely on our tender. But since you yourself have decided not to adopt our windings at present, it is mutually satisfactory to have our proposition withdrawn."

Ward straightened to the full stature of independence. While he talked he had watched the old man opposite him closely, though he was careful to appear only casual in his scrutiny of the withered face. He knew he had dumfounded Brink by his audacity, but the expression of the president gave no unmistakable indication that he was disconcerted by the unexpected things he had heard. Bartley caught only one sign from the gray-green eyes—a brief flicker of the narrowed lids.

The junior partner, notwithstanding his manner of ease, was strung to such a high pitch of excitement himself that he knew what a nervous strain Howell, too, must be bearing. Ward glimpsed his associate as he finished speaking. Howell held the copy of the letter in hands that did not tremble. He acted perfectly poised, yet reserved—as if he were in possession of a secret. There was the trace of a knowing smile on his mouth. Bartley flashed a glance of appreciation at his trusty ally; then he reverted to Brink, with a new surge of determination. He dared again the piercing stab of the steely eyes.

The three men all had good poker faces; but the president of the Consolidated Coil Company possessed the great advantage of a rich gambler over poor antagonists. The malicious smile which twisted awry the thin lips of Stephen Brink when he spoke was so evidently contemptuous that Ward felt as if he had been wrung dry of all his pretended self-confidence.

"It's satisfactory to me to have your proposition canceled," the president declared raucously. "If I had accepted it I'd have been buying a pig in a poke. That's something I never did in my life!" He bit off the conclusion of his curt speech.

Ward had an inspiration and flashed back banter for satire.

"Buying blind pays pretty well sometimes, Mr. Brink. Howell and I, for instance, took a blundering chance on the Jensen patents in the first place; but it looks now as though they'd made us rich. We're spending money without counting pennies for the first time in our lives. Fools for luck, you know!"

The sneer snapped from the cruel old mouth as if the facial muscles had been slashed by a knife. The president bared his teeth like a vicious dog and barked his reply to Ward's raillery.

"I'm not a fool! I don't believe in luck! I look ahead and plan. And—I—get—what—I—go—after!"

The junior partner laughed, though he never had felt less mirthful. He gazed about the sumptuously furnished sanctum and compared it in his mind with the firm's bare, locked office in Detroit. Then he brought his eyes nonchalantly back to confront the glare from the other side of the big desk.

"Nobody can deny that you've got a good deal, Mr. Brink," he bantered a second time. "I don't know but what I'll quit being a fool, myself; in fact, I think I have quit. I've looked ahead and planned too—lately."

The verbal fencing exasperated Brink. He leaped to his feet and shot a demand that was meant to bring the subtle duel to an end:

"If you've made other arrangements, as you say, what d'you want of me?"

Ward affected astonishment at the question.

"Why, we expect to sell you windings just the same—though our prices next time will have to be a little higher." He picked up the copy of the president's letter, which Howell had laid on the desk after reading it. "And, by the way, what sample coils shall you want in order to make your six months' test under actual service conditions?"

(Continued on Page 66)

"If Brink Had Seen the Way They Treated Me He'd Have Been Convinced I Was Head in Glove With Haenckel & Company"

Human Nature at the Front

My Platoon, About Sixty Strong, in Appearance and Deportment Was Enough to Make the Color Sergeant Weep

By IAN HAY

MOST narratives of military operations present the subject on a grand scale—concentrated bombardments, attacks in mass, the capture of so many hundred yards of trenches, countless prisoners, and so on. That is what I call wholesale warfare. Well, I am going to approach the subject on this occasion from a strictly retail point of view—from the point of view of the man in the trench or the shell hole. Above all, I don't propose to indulge in any tactics or strategy. Second, I want to bring home to my readers, if I can, the effect of military life upon the most unmilitary—unmilitary, not unwarlike—person in the world, the British workingman. This great war has thrown modern civilization, and with it our modern industrial system, into the melting pot. What will come out? Refined metal or a few cinders? Well, possibly a brief survey of human nature undergoing the process at the front will enable us to form some opinion.

What I am about to say refers almost entirely to the new armies, particularly the first installment—the men who did not pause to reason why or count the cost, but went at once—the first hundred thousand. Kitchener's Army! We are proud of that title. Most people are familiar with Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

May we not say with equal truth: If you want a memorial of the great man who, in a few short months, converted Great Britain into a first-class military power, you must look about you—look upon our gigantic training camps at home; at our great outposts on the Mediterranean and farther east; and, lastly, upon that long, battered, indomitable trench line which stretches from Ypres to Albert. You will admit that here, spread across the face of Europe, is the mightiest monument ever raised to the memory of a soldier.

Raw Material for an Army

THE Scottish division, with which I had the honor to serve from its earliest beginnings, was the first of the Kitchener divisions to go to the front. Our godfather inspected us three times. The first time was during the early days at Aldershot, while we stood upon Laffan's Plain in a blinding snowstorm—half equipped, half trained and most unpicturesque to the eye. The second time was just before we set out overseas. The third was in France, after we had found our feet in three months of trench fighting and were on the point of moving south in order to take part in our first big battle.

The second time was the most impressive, for the whole division was drawn up in line on a common near Hindhead—three brigades of infantry, with their first-line transport; artillery, sappers, pioneers, machine gunners, and divisional cavalry—a complete fighting unit, brand-new down to the harness on the pack mules. I wonder what he thought of it all—that towering, silent figure—as he passed up and down those endless, motionless ranks. Probably his most gratifying reflection must have been that this was merely the first wave of the flood which his magic was letting loose to the relief of our allies, the confounding of our enemies and the vindication of our national honor.

To go back to the beginning of things: I don't think history will ever record a stranger sight than the spectacle of the present great army of Britain in its earliest stages. As we know to our cost, during the first few months of the war all that Great Britain could contribute to the struggle was the original expeditionary force of perhaps one hundred and thirty thousand men. This little force was probably the best-equipped, best-led and finest body of soldiers ever put into the field by any power. But, thanks to national sloth and national self-complacence, its numbers were totally inadequate to the requirements of the most fateful struggle for supremacy the world has ever seen.

However, the moment the clear call came there was no difficulty whatever about getting the men. The difficulty was to organize the machinery that would equip them, house them and train them. Possibly you would like me to show you one of Kitchener's earliest legions in the making and introduce you to a few of its most prominent characters. My first platoon, about sixty strong, though their appearance and deportment were enough to make the color sergeant weep, was rich in types of character.

For instance, there was Private A—or McA. He joined us, slightly flushed, in the full regalia of a waiter from a third-class restaurant. Until the first batch of uniforms came along he paraded daily in a swallow-tail coat and a décolleté waistcoat—minus his dickey, which had succumbed early to the rigors of military service. He was distinguished for the beauty of his manners. He bowed from the waist when he ought to have stood at attention, and was with difficulty restrained from taking off his hat to officers instead of saluting them. The correctness of his language may be gauged from the fact that, when brought up before his company commander upon some charge which I have forgotten, his sole defense consisted of the observation: "I beg your pardon, sir; but this gentleman"—I think it was the sergeant major—"is stating a falsehood!"

However, Private A ultimately abandoned his dress suit and lived to fight at the battle of Loos, where he was wounded. I believe he has now returned to his former trade; and I hope he is enjoying the prosperity he deserves.

The Pinch of Martial Discipline

NEXT came Private B. He was an excellent specimen of the free and independent elector, of the aggressive type, before whose frown party candidates hastily bow their heads. We had hundreds of him. He regarded the officers as rapacious capitalists, and the platoon sergeant—or foreman, as he sometimes called him—as a hired bully. As a lifelong trade unionist, Private B considered it his duty to assert his independence—an enterprise that opened his eyes very quickly and painfully to the difference between military and industrial law. He began by absenting himself for forty-eight hours, as he had often done in his previous incarnation, expecting merely to lose a couple of days' pay. On his return he found himself under arrest, on a charge of being absent without leave.

Dissatisfied with his treatment on this occasion, he endeavored to found a small mutual-aid society within the platoon, the aim of which was to have the noncommissioned officers deprived of their despotic powers by constitutional agitation, supplemented by an occasional strike. The penalties for mutiny were explained to him by the company commander and the society regretfully dissolved itself. After this, Private B lost his head a little and embarked upon a series of defiant sprees, which ended in a period of detention and a batch of fines that mortgaged his income for some weeks ahead.

It was this last outrage, I think, which brought home to him, as a Scotsman, the callous brutality of military discipline. He decided on a final and dramatic protest. He came up to draw his pay for the fifth week in succession, and for the fifth week in succession he was informed by the company commander that, beyond a charity dole of sixpence, there was none for him; in fact, he still

I Don't Think History Will Ever Record a Stranger Sight Than the Spectacle of the Present Great Army of Britain in Its Earliest Stages

owed the King five shillings. I think the mention of the King's name cast a rather new light on military finance for Private B. He said: "The King gets it? Do you no' get it yoursel'?" The officer shook his head. This was a staggerer for Private B. In common with ninety per cent of the regiment, he firmly believed that all fines went straight into the pockets of the officers who levied them.

However, he rallied and fired his last shot. "See here, my man," he said, beating upon the table; "if I'm no' going for to get any pay I'm no' going for to go on being a soldier." The company commander, instead of sending the orator to the guard-room, as he was in strict duty bound to do, very sensibly met Private B on his own ground. He said: "You are not a soldier and never have been, and never will be until you take a pull at yourself. I will tell you what you are: You are the right sort of man with the wrong sort of mind. Just change your mind and make it up that you are going to become a soldier. Then you will get your pay, and you will be of real use to your King and country."

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Our Godfather Inspected Us Three Times

That was the turning point in Private B's career. He is now a sergeant and one of the best disciplinarians I know.

Lastly, Private C. He was a man of mystery. We picked him out from the ranks during the first parade. There was no mistaking him; he was a young man but an old soldier. There was nothing in his attestation paper to that effect; but a man does not become an expert at squad drill and the handling of arms by instinct.

Next day we made him a lance corporal and gave him a dozen backward recruits to bring on. In a fortnight he was a full corporal; after two months he was a sergeant; after three months he was a corporal again; a week or two later a lance corporal; at the end of four months he was back in the ranks. He had a failing—just one—and it had been his master for ten years. He told me all about it. He asked me, in confidence, as a personal favor, not to recommend him for promotion again.

Promotion means increase of pay, and money to him spelled only disaster. He had been in two regiments of the line—he told me the names of both. He had fought in South Africa, but he had no medals to show. So we left him in the ranks—the best soldier and the bravest man in the whole company. He died very gallantly last October, during a bombing attack in the salient at Ypres. Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.

The Army of Every Trade

THERE were many other types, of course: miners, the best soldiers in the world for trench fighting; riveters; molders; plowmen; shepherds, and members of smaller and rarer trades. The outstanding feature of K—1 was its ability to provide experts to cope with any emergency. Suppose there was an escape of gas in the officers' mess—I am speaking literally, not figuratively—the word went forth for a plumber; and a plumber was immediately forthcoming, straight from the ranks. Suppose a clerk was required for the orderly room; there was never any difficulty in obtaining a clerk. He was probably a typist and stenographer as well. In fact, it was hardly safe to pose to one's platoon as an authority on anything at all, for fear some lifelong expert should uplift his voice in the rear rank and refute you.

I remember one day sending a man to do a little scouting. I gave him a detailed lecture, before he started, on the points of the compass and the correct way to read a map. What do you think that man turned out to be? A land surveyor! Did he mention the fact? Not a word! To a Scotsman a joke, like a secret, ceases to be a joke as soon as it is revealed to a fellow creature. Later on, in France, we were usually able, by holding a sort of regimental witch hunt, to nose out any species of expert we might require at the moment.

I remember two particularly successful hunts of this kind. One was for a pigeon fancier, wanted to waylay certain local pigeons with a weakness for visiting the Boche lines. Another was for a cinematograph operator required for a recreation hut in a rest camp. We got both out of one company, without the slightest difficulty.

Another kind of expert was a gentleman who acted for a short time as my servant. He was a youth of most estimable character, but he was quite incapable of holding anything breakable in his hands for more than five seconds. After that period he dropped it. Bottles, glasses, mirrors—they were all alike to him. One day, out of curiosity, I asked him his trade. I thought possibly he might have been a conjurer's assistant—a comic one. But I was wrong. He was a glass blower! I thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that there was method in his madness. He was trying to put a little much-needed business in the way of his late colleagues.

However, foreseeing that, in the work which lay before us, we should be called upon in time to handle bombs, and remembering, also, that a soldier-servant goes into action in close attendance on his master, I decided to part with my friend, and I relegated him to a distant platoon.

This gives you some idea of the rough material we had to work on. They were an army of all the talents—except soldiering. They could give you correct and valuable information upon almost any subject in the world—except how to form fours. They could put their hands to almost any achievement—except fixing bayonets. They did not even call them bayonets; they referred to them as "they wee swords."

No one who saw it will ever forget Aldershot during the first few months of the war. Normally the district contains about twenty thousand troops. In October, 1914, I suppose there were one hundred and twenty thousand. They ranged about the streets in droves, attired like tramps who have robbed a third-rate theatrical costumer. On his head a man might wear a woolen nightcap, a tweed cap or a bowler hat; his tunic might be blue, khaki, or the old-fashioned scarlet with slightly decayed facings. Whatever it was, it was seldom buttoned.

The spirit of discipline was hardly born yet. Rules and regulations were regarded, as I say, as forms of industrial tyranny or as pedantic relics of the age of peace. If a man felt disinclined to go on parade he simply did not go, and he was surprised and pained, as I have already mentioned, if the military police on encountering him in the street at ten A. M. brought him home and handed him over to the guard. Of course we must not judge these men by any standard but their own. They had joined the army, to a man, in the sure and certain expectation of being furnished straightway with a uniform, rifle and ammunition, and being dispatched to the front—whatever that might be—to kill the Kaiser.

Final Training for the Trenches

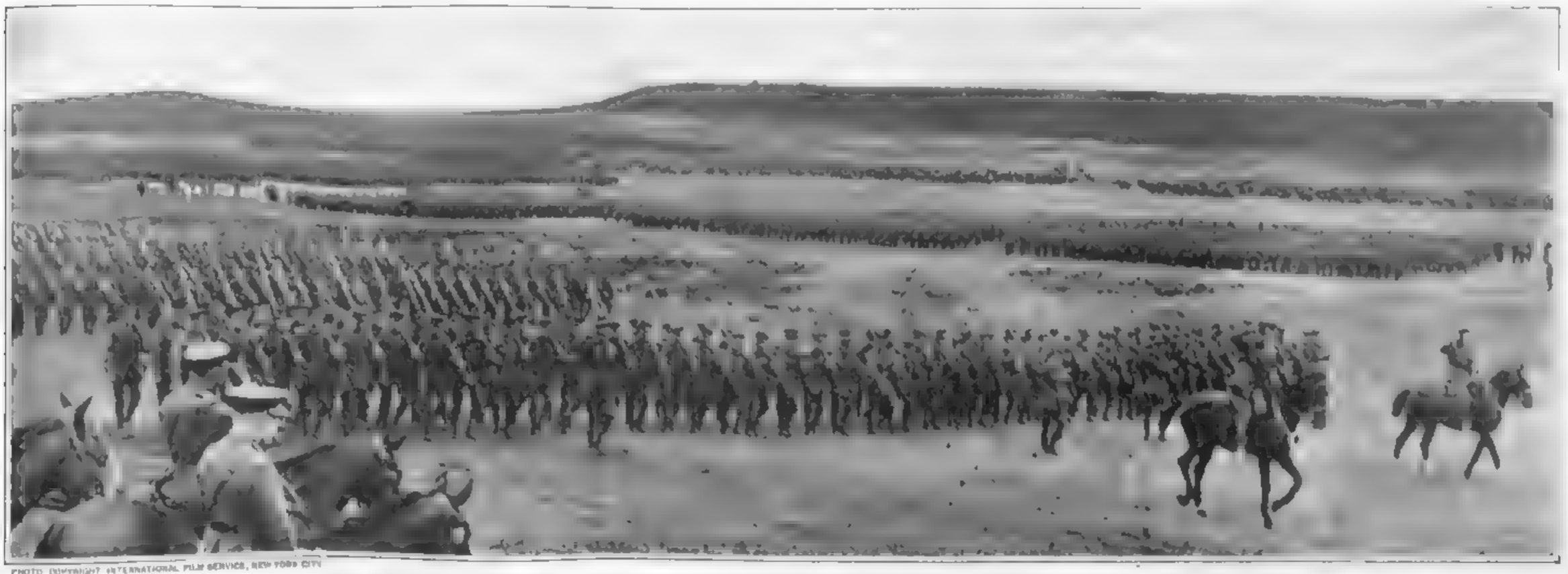
CAN you wonder that they were a little disheartened when the Path of Glory turned out to be a stony thoroughfare eight months long, hedged about with many and unexpected restrictions on the subject of obedience and sobriety? We can't criticize them. But less than a year later I saw those very men going forward, many of them to their death, line upon line, as steadily as the most seasoned veterans, at the opening assault of the battle of Loos. I offer this as an illustration of what can be achieved with rough material if it has the right stuff in it, is trained in the right way and is led by the right officers.

I fear I have been an unconscionable time in getting my readers to the front.

Our division reached France in May of last year, and underwent another month's training behind the line before actually taking over a sector of trenches. During that time we learned a great deal that we could not have learned at home. We were up against the real thing; we were within sound of the guns; we were mingling with seasoned troops. Our men came in contact, for the first time, with the British regular soldier; and no troops in the world could fail to receive a tonic from such an encounter. And, finally, we were an army in the field, depending for our daily supplies upon the complicated and marvelous system of machinery in rear of us.

Briefly the system is this: The Army Service Corps brings all supplies in motor lorries to a certain point in rear; supplies are then taken over by regimental transport and brought right up to the fighting line. And in this connection I should mention that, during a period of more than ten months in the field—however impassable the roads, however dark the night, however severe the shelling—I have

(Continued on Page 56)



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The Whole Division Was Drawn Up in Line—a Complete Fighting Unit, Brand-New Down to the Harness on the Pack Mules

PICCADILLY JIM

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IX

AT FIVE o'clock in the afternoon, some ten days after her return to America, Mrs. Pett was at home to her friends in the house on Riverside Drive. The proceedings were on a scale that amounted to a reception, for they were not only a sort of official notification to New York that one of its most prominent hostesses was once more in its midst, but were also designed to entertain and impress Mr. Hammond Chester, Ann's father, who had been spending a couple of days in the metropolis preparatory to departing for South America on one of his frequent trips. He was very fond of Ann in his curious, detached way, though he never ceased in his private heart to consider it injudicious of her not to have been born a boy, and he always took in New York for a day or so on his way from one wild and lonely spot to another, if he could manage it.

The large drawing-room overlooking the Hudson was filled almost to capacity with that strange mixture of humanity which Mrs. Pett chiefly affected. She prided herself on the Bohemian element in her parties, and had become during the past two years a human dragnet, scooping genius from its hiding places and bringing it into the open. At different spots in the room stood the six resident geniuses to whose presence in the home Mr. Pett had such strong objections, and in addition to these she had collected so many more of a like breed from the environs of Washington Square that the air was clamorous with the hoarse cries of futurist painters, esoteric Buddhists, *sans libre* poets, interior decorators and stage reformers, sifted in among the more conventional members of society who had come to listen to them.

"Who Is That Man Behind You? He Has Been Listening to Us"

Men with new religions drank tea with women with new hats. All over the room throats were being strained and minds broadened.

Mr. Chester, standing near the door with Ann, eyed the assemblage with the genial contempt of a large dog for a voluble pack of small ones. He was a massive, weather-beaten man, who looked very like Ann in some ways and would have looked more like her but for the misfortune of having had some of his face clawed away by an irritable jaguar with whom he had had a difference some years back in the jungles of Peru.

"Do you like this sort of thing?" he asked.

"I don't mind it," said Ann.

"Well, I shall be very sorry to leave you, Ann, but I'm glad I'm pulling out of here this evening. Who are all these people?"

Ann surveyed the gathering.

"That's Ernest Wisden, the playwright, over there, talking to Lora Delane Porter, the feminist writer. That's Clara What's-Her-Name, the sculptor, with the bobbed hair.

"Next to her ——"

Mr. Chester cut short his daughter's recital with a stifled yawn.

"Where's old Pete? Doesn't he come to these jamborees?"

Ann laughed.

"Poor Uncle Peter! If he gets back from the office before these people leave he will sneak up to his room and stay there till it's safe to come out. The last time I made him come to one of these parties he was pounced on by a woman who talked to him for an hour about the morality of finance and seemed to think that millionaires were the scum of the earth."

"He never would stand up for himself." Mr. Chester's gaze hovered about the room and paused. "Who's that fellow? I believe I've seen him before somewhere."

A constant eddying swirl was animating the multitude. Whenever the mass tended to congeal something always seemed to stir it up again. This was due to the restless activity of Mrs. Pett, who held it to be the duty of a good hostess to keep her guests moving. From the moment when the room began to fill till the moment when it began to empty she did not cease to plow her way to and fro, in a manner equally reminiscent of a hawk swooping on chickens and an earnest collegian bucking the line. Her guests were as a result perpetually forming new *ententes* and combinations, finding themselves bumped about like those little moving figures which one sees in shop windows on Broadway, which revolve on a metal disk until, urged by impact with other little figures, they scatter to regroup themselves elsewhere. It was a fascinating feature of Mrs. Pett's at-homes, and one that assisted that mental broadening process already alluded to, that one never knew, when listening to a discussion on the sincerity of Oscar Wilde, whether it would not suddenly change in the middle of a sentence to an argument on the inner meaning of the Russian Ballet.

Plunging now into a group dominated for the moment by an angular woman who was saying loud and penetrating things about the suffrage, Mrs. Pett had seized and removed a tall blond young man with a mild, vacuous face. For the past few minutes this young man had been sitting bolt upright on a chair, with his hands on his knees so exactly in the manner of an end-man at a minstrel show that one would hardly have been surprised had he burst into song or asked a conundrum.

Ann followed her father's gaze.

"Do you mean the man talking to Aunt Nesta? There, they've gone over to speak to Willie Partridge. Do you mean that one?"

"Yes. Who is he?"

"Well, I like that!" said Ann, "considering that you introduced him to us! That's Lord Wisbeach, who came to Uncle Peter with a letter of introduction from you. You met him in Canada."

"I remember now. I ran across him in British Columbia. We camped together one night. I'd never seen him before and I didn't see him again. He said he wanted a letter to old Pete for some reason, so I scribbled him one in pencil on the back of an envelope. I've never met anyone who played a better game of draw poker. He cleaned me out. There's a lot in that fellow, in spite of his looking like a musical comedy dude. He's clever."

Ann looked at him meditatively.

"It's odd that you should be discovering hidden virtues in Lord Wisbeach, father. I've been trying to make up my mind about him. He wants me to marry him."

"He does! I suppose a good many of these young fellows here want the same thing, don't they, Ann?" Mr. Chester looked at his daughter with interest. Her growing up and becoming a beauty had always been a perplexity to him. He could never rid himself of the impression of her as a long-legged child in short skirts. "I suppose you're refusing them all the time?"

"Every day from ten to four, with an hour off for lunch. I keep regular office hours. Admission on presentation of visiting card."

"And how do you feel about this Lord Wisbeach?"

"I don't know," said Ann frankly. "He's very nice. And—what is more important—he's different. Most of the men I know are all turned out of the same mold. Lord Wisbeach, and one other man, are the only two I've met who might not be the brothers of all the rest."

"Who's the other?"

"A man I hardly know. I met him on board ship."

Mr. Chester looked at his watch.

"It's up to you, Ann," he said. "There's one comfort in being your father—I don't mean that exactly, I mean that it is a comfort to me as your father to know that I need feel no paternal anxiety about you. I don't have to give you advice. You've not only got three times the sense that I have, but you're not the sort of girl who would take advice. You've always known just what you wanted ever since you were a kid. Well, if you're going to take me down to the boat we'd better be starting. Where's the car?"

"Waiting outside. Aren't you going to say good-by to Aunt Nesta?"

"What! Plunge into that pack of coyotes and fight my way through to her!" exclaimed Mr. Chester in honest concern. "I'd be torn to pieces by wild poets. Besides, it seems silly to make a fuss saying good-by when I'm only going to be away a short time. I shan't go any farther than Colombia this trip."

"You'll be able to run back for week-ends," said Ann.

She paused at the door to cast a fleeting glance over her shoulder at the fair-haired Lord Wisbeach, who was now in animated conversation with her aunt and Willie Partridge, then she followed her father down the stairs. She was a little thoughtful as she took her place at the wheel of her automobile. It was not often that her independent nature craved outside support, but she was half conscious of wishing at the present juncture that she possessed a somewhat less casual father. She would have liked to ask

"The Little Bit of Work I Shall Do Won't Make Any Difference"

him to help her decide a problem which had been vexing her for nearly three weeks now, ever since Lord Wisbeach had asked her to marry him and she had promised to give him his answer on her return from England. She had been back in New York several days now, but she had not been able to make up her mind. This annoyed her, for she was a girl who liked swift decisiveness of thought and action both in others and in herself. She was fond of Mr. Chester in much the same unemotional, detached way that he was fond of her, but she was perfectly well aware of the futility of expecting counsel from him.

She said good-by to him at the boat, fussed over his comfort for a while in a motherly way, and then drove slowly back. For the first time in her life she was feeling uncertain of herself. When she had left for England she had practically made up her mind to accept Lord Wisbeach, and had only deferred actual acceptance of him because in her cool way she wished to reëxamine the position at her leisure. Second thoughts had brought no revulsion of feeling. She had not wavered until her arrival in New York. Then, for some reason which baffled her, the idea of marrying Lord Wisbeach had become vaguely distasteful. And now she found herself fluctuating between this mood and her former one.

She reached the house on Riverside Drive, but did not slacken the speed of the machine. She knew that Lord Wisbeach would be waiting for her there, and she did not wish to meet him just yet. She wanted to be alone. She was feeling depressed. She wondered if this was because she had just parted from her father, and decided that it was. His swift entrances into and exits from her life always left her temporarily restless. She drove on up the river. She meant to decide her problem one way or the other before she returned home.

Lord Wisbeach, meanwhile, was talking to Mrs. Pett and Willie, its inventor, about Partridgite. Willie, on hearing himself addressed, had turned slowly with an air of absent self-importance, the air of a great thinker disturbed in midthought. He always looked like that when spoken to, and there were those—Mr. Pett belonged to this school of thought—who held that there was nothing to him beyond that look, and that he had built up his reputation as a budding master mind on a foundation that consisted entirely of a vacant eye, a mop of hair through which he could run his fingers, and the fame of his late father.

Willie Partridge was the son of the undeniably great inventor, Dwight Partridge, and it was generally understood that the explosive, Partridgite, was to be the result of a continuation of experiments which his father had been working upon at the time of his death. That Dwight Partridge had been trying experiments in the direction of a new and powerful explosive during the last year of his life was common knowledge in those circles which are interested in such things. Foreign governments were understood to have made tentative overtures to him. But a sudden illness, ending fatally, had finished the budding career of Partridgite abruptly, and the world had thought no more of it until an interview in the Sunday Chronicle, that storehouse of information about interesting people, announced that Willie was carrying on his father's experiments at the point where he had left off. Since then there had been vague rumors of possible sensational developments, which Willie had neither denied nor confirmed. He preserved the mysterious silence which went so well with his appearance.

Having turned slowly so that his eyes rested on Lord Wisbeach's ingenuous countenance, Willie paused, and his face assumed the expression of his photograph in the Chronicle.

"Ah, Wisbeach!" he said.

Lord Wisbeach did not appear to resent the patronage of his manner. He plunged cheerily into talk. He had a pleasant, simple way of comporting himself, which made people like him.

"I was just telling Mrs. Pett," he said, "that I shouldn't be surprised if you were to get an offer for your stuff from our fellows at home before long. I saw a lot of our War Office men when I was in England, don't you know. Several of them mentioned the stuff."

Willie resented Partridgite's being referred to as "the stuff," but he made allowances. All Englishmen talked that way, he supposed.

"Indeed?" he said.

"Of course," said Mrs. Pett, "Willie is a patriot and would have to give our own authorities the first chance——"

"Rather!"

"But you know what officials are all over the world. They are so skeptical and they move so slowly."

"I know. Our men at home are just the same, as a rule. I've got a pal who invented something-or-other, I forget what, but it was a most decent little contrivance and very useful and all that, and he simply can't get them to say yes or no about it. But, all the same, I wonder you didn't have some of them trying to put out feelers to you."

"Oh, we were only in London a few hours. By the way, Lord Wisbeach, my sister——" Mrs. Pett paused. She disliked to have to mention her sister or to refer to this subject at all, but curiosity impelled her. "My sister said that you are a great friend of her stepson, James Crocker."

Lord Wisbeach seemed to hesitate for a moment.

"He's not coming over, is he? Pity! It would have done him a world of good. Yes, Jimmy Crocker and I have always been great pals. He's a bit of a nut, of course—I beg your pardon! I mean——" He broke off confusedly, and turned to Willie again to cover himself. "How are you getting on with the jolly old stuff?" he asked.

If Willie had objected to Partridgite's being called "the stuff," he was still less in favor of its being termed "the jolly old stuff." He replied coldly:

"I have ceased to get along with the jolly old stuff."

"Struck a snag?" inquired Lord Wisbeach.

"On the contrary, my experiments have been entirely successful. I have enough Partridgite in my laboratory to blow New York to bits!"

"Willie!" exclaimed Mrs. Pett. "Why didn't you tell me before? You know I am so interested."

"I only completed my work last night."

He moved off with an important nod. He was tired of Lord Wisbeach's society. There was something about the young man which he did not like. He went to find more congenial company in a group by the window.

Lord Wisbeach turned to his hostess. The vacuous expression had dropped from his face like a mask.

A pair of keen and intelligent eyes met Mrs. Pett's.

"Mrs. Pett, may I speak to you seriously?"

Mrs. Pett's surprise at the alteration in the man prevented her from replying. Much as she liked Lord Wisbeach, she had never given him credit for brains, and it was a man with brains who was looking at her now. She nodded.

"If your nephew has really succeeded in his experiments you should be awfully careful. That stuff ought not to lie about in his laboratory, though no doubt he has hidden it as carefully as possible. It ought to be in a safe somewhere—in that safe in your library. News of this kind moves like lightning. At this very moment there may be people watching for a chance of getting at the stuff."

Every nerve in Mrs. Pett's body, every cell of a brain which had for years been absorbing and giving out sensational fiction, quivered irrepressibly at these words, spoken in a low tense voice which gave them additional emphasis. Never had she misjudged a man as she had misjudged Lord Wisbeach.

"Spies?" she quavered.

"They wouldn't call themselves that," said Lord Wisbeach. "Secret-service agents. Every country has its men whose only duty it is to handle this sort of work."

"They would try to steal Willie's ——" Mrs. Pett's voice failed.

"They would not look on it as stealing. Their motives would be patriotic. I tell you, Mrs. Pett, I have heard stories from friends of mine in the English secret service which would amaze you. Perfectly straight men in private life, but absolutely unscrupulous when at work. They stick at nothing—nothing. If I were you I should suspect everyone, especially every stranger." He smiled engagingly. "You are thinking that that is odd advice from one like myself, who is practically a stranger. Never mind. Suspect me, too, if you like. Be on the safe side."

"I would not dream of doing such a thing, Lord Wisbeach," said Mrs. Pett, horrified. "I trust you implicitly. Even supposing such a thing were possible, would you have warned me like this if you had been ——"

"That's true," said Lord Wisbeach. "I never thought of that. Well, let me say, suspect everybody but me." He stopped abruptly. "Mrs. Pett," he whispered, "don't look round for a moment. Wait." The words were almost inaudible. "Who is that man behind you? He has been listening to us. Turn slowly."

With elaborate carelessness Mrs. Pett turned her head. At first she thought her companion must have alluded to one of a small group of young men who, very improperly in such surroundings, were discussing with raised voices the prospects of the clubs competing for the National League Baseball Pennant. Then, extending the sweep of her gaze, she saw that she had been mistaken. Midway between her and this group stood a single figure, the figure of a stout man in a swallow-tail suit, who bore before him a tray with cups on it. As she turned, this man caught her eye, gave a guilty start and hurried across the room.

"You saw?" said Lord Wisbeach. "He was listening. Who is that man? Your butler apparently. What do you know of him?"

"He is my new butler. His name is Skinner."

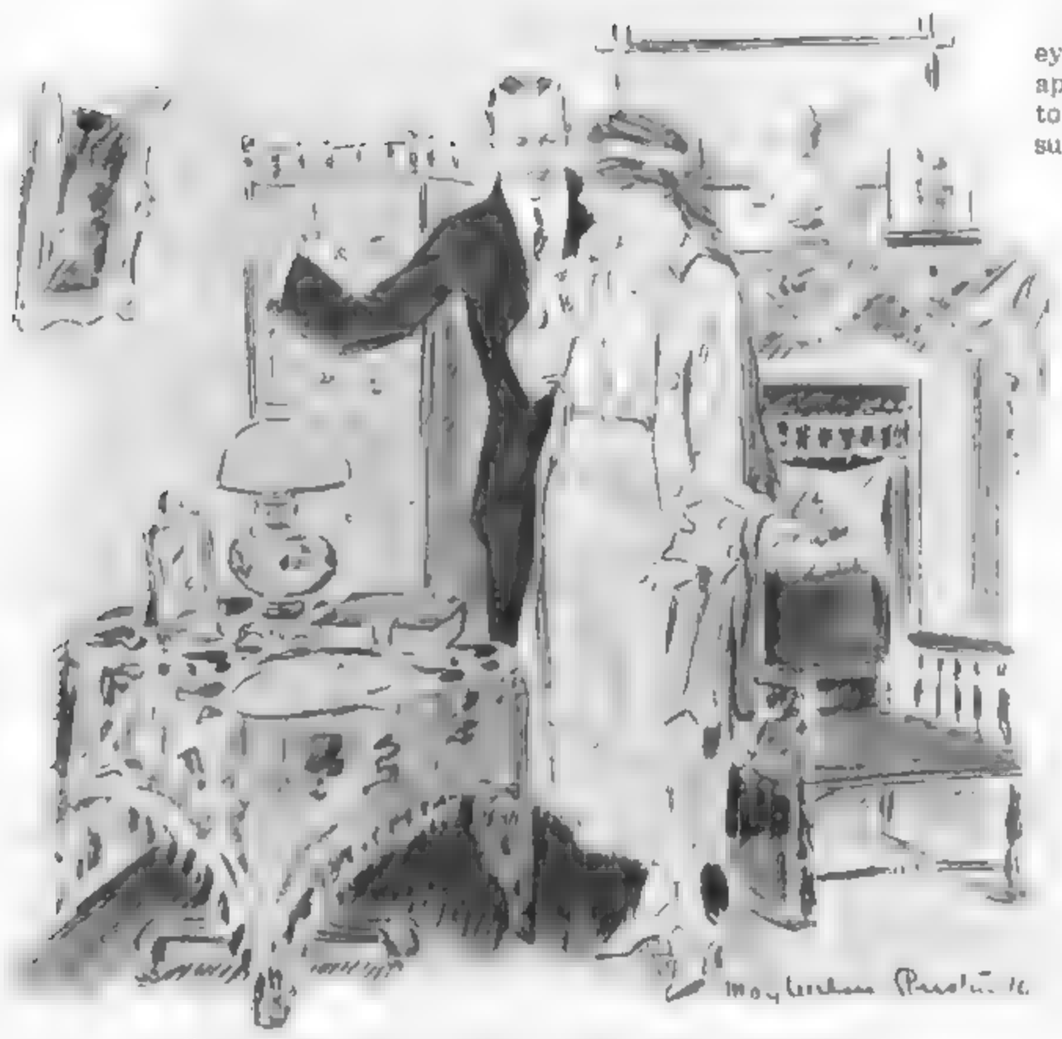
"Ah, your new butler? He hasn't been with you long then?"

"He arrived from England only three days ago."

"From England? How did he get in here? I mean, on whose recommendation?"

"Mr. Pett offered him the place when we met him at my sister's in London. We went over there to see my sister Eugenia—Mrs. Crocker. This man was the butler who

His Education—in the True Sense of the Word—Had Begun



"Attributed to the Landlady's Niece. Said to be Genuine"

admitted us. He asked Mr. Pett something about baseball, and Mr. Pett was so pleased that he offered him a place here if he wanted to come over. The man did not give any definite answer then, but apparently he sailed on the next boat, and came to the house a few days after we had returned."

Lord Wisbeach laughed softly.

"Very smart. Of course they had him planted there for the purpose."

"What ought I to do?" asked Mrs. Pett agitatedly.

"Do nothing. There is nothing that you can do, for the present, except keep your eyes open. Watch this man Skinner. See if he has any accomplices. It is hardly likely that he is working alone. Suspect everybody. Believe me ——"

At this moment, apparently from some upper region, there burst forth an uproar so sudden and overwhelming that it might well have been taken for a premature testing of a large sample of Partridgite, until a moment later it began to resemble more nearly the shrieks of some partially destroyed victim of that death-dealing invention.

It was a bellow of anguish, and it poured through the house in a cascade of sound, advertising to all beneath the roof the twin facts that some person unknown was suffering, and that whoever the sufferer might be he had excellent lungs.

The effect on the gathering in the drawing-room was immediate and impressive. Conversation ceased as if it had been turned off with a tap. Twelve separate and distinct discussions on twelve highly intellectual topics died instantaneously. It was as if the last trump had sounded. Futurist painters stared pallidly at *vers libre* poets, speech smitten from their lips, and stage reformers looked at esoteric Buddhists with a wild surmise.

The sudden silence had the effect of emphasizing the strange noise and rendering it more distinct, thus enabling it to carry its message to one at least of the listeners. Mrs. Pett, after a moment of strained attention in which time seemed to her to stand still, uttered a wailing cry and leaped for the door.

"Ogden!" she shrilled; and passed up the stairs two at a time, gathering speed as she went. A boy's best friend is his mother.

*

WHILE the feast of reason and flow of soul had been in progress in the drawing-room, in the gymnasium on the top floor Jerry Mitchell, awaiting the coming of Mr. Pett, had been passing the time in improving with strenuous exercise his already impressive physique. If Mrs. Pett's guests had been less noisily concentrated on their conversation they might have heard the muffled tap-tap-tap that proclaimed that Jerry Mitchell was punching the bag upstairs.

It was not till he had punched it for perhaps five minutes that, desisting from his labors, he perceived that he had the pleasure of the company of little Ogden Ford. The stout boy was standing in the doorway, observing him with an attentive eye.

"What are you doing?" inquired Ogden.

Jerry passed a gloved fist over his damp brow.

"Punchin' the bag."

He began to remove his gloves, eying Ogden the while with a disapproval which he made no attempt to conceal. An extremist on the subject of keeping in condition, the spectacle of the bulbous stripling was a constant offense to him. Ogden, in pursuance of his invariable custom on the days when Mrs. Pett entertained, had been lurking on the stairs outside the drawing-room, levying toll on the foodstuffs that passed his way. He wore a congested look, and there was jam about his mouth.

"Why?" he said, retrieving a morsel of jam from his right cheek with the tip of his tongue.

"To keep in condition."

"Why do you want to keep in condition?"

Jerry flung the gloves into their locker.

"Fade!" he said wearily. "Fade!"

"Huh?"

"Beat it!"

"Huh?" Much pastry seemed to have clouded the boy's mind.

"Run away!"

"Don't want to run away."

The annoyed pugilist sat down and scrutinized his visitor critically.

"You never do anything you don't want to, I guess?"

"No," said Ogden simply. "You've got a funny nose," he added dispassionately. "What did you do to it to make it like that?"

Mr. Mitchell shifted restlessly on his chair. He was not a vain man, but he was a little sensitive about that particular item in his make-up.

"Lizzie says that you have got the funniest nose she ever saw. She says it's like something out of a comic supplement."

A dull flush, such as five minutes with the bag had been unable to produce, appeared on Jerry Mitchell's peculiar countenance. It was not that he looked on Lizzie Murphy, herself no Lillian Russell, as an accepted authority on the subject of facial beauty; but he was aware that in this instance she spoke not without reason, and he was vexed, moreover, as many another had been before him, by the note of indulgent patronage in Ogden's voice. His fingers twitched a little eagerly, and he looked sullenly at his tactless junior.

"Get out!"

"Huh?"

"Get outa here!"

"Don't want to get out of here," said Ogden with finality. He put his hand in his trousers pocket and pulled out a sticky mass which looked as if it might once have been a cream puff or a meringue. He swallowed it contentedly. "I'd forgotten I had that," he explained. "Mary gave it to me on the stairs. Mary thinks you've a funny nose, too," he proceeded, as one relating agreeable gossip.

"Can it! Can it!" exclaimed the exasperated pugilist.

"I'm only telling you what I heard her say."

Mr. Mitchell rose convulsively and took a step toward his persecutor, breathing noisily through the criticized organ. He was a chivalrous man, a warm admirer of the sex, but he was conscious of a wish that it was in his power to give Mary what he would have described as "hers." She was one of the parlor maids, a homely woman with a hard eye, and it was part of his grievance against her that his Maggie, alias Celestine, Mrs. Pett's maid, had formed an enthusiastic friendship with her. He had no evidence to go on, but he suspected Mary of using her influence with Celestine to urge the suit of his leading rival, Biggs, the chauffeur, for her hand. He disliked Mary intensely even on general grounds. Ogden's revelation added fuel to his aversion. For a moment he toyed with the fascinating thought of relieving his feelings by spanking the boy, but restrained himself reluctantly at the thought of the inevitable ruin which would ensue. He had been an inmate of the house long enough to know, with a completeness which would have embarrassed that gentleman, what a cipher Mr. Pett was in the home, and how little his championship would avail in the event of a clash with Mrs. Pett. And to give Ogden that physical treatment which should long since have formed the main plank in the platform of his education would be to invite her wrath as nothing else could. He checked himself and reached out for the skipping rope, hoping to ease his mind by further exercise.

Ogden, chewing the remains of the cream puff, eyed him with languid curiosity.

"What are you doing that for?"

Mr. Mitchell skipped grimly on.

"What are you doing that for? I thought only girls skipped."

Mr. Mitchell paid no heed. Ogden, after a moment's silent contemplation, returned to his original train of thought.

"I saw an advertisement in a magazine the other day of a sort of machine for altering the shape of noses. You strap it on when you go to bed. You ought to get pop to blow you to one."

Jerry Mitchell breathed in a labored way.

"You want to look nice about the place, don't you? Well, then! There's no sense in going round looking like that if you don't have to, is there? I heard Mary talking about your nose to Biggs and Celestine. She said she had to laugh every time she saw it."

The skipping rope faltered in its sweep, caught in the skipper's legs, and sent him staggering across the room. Ogden threw back his head and laughed merrily. He liked free entertainments, and this struck him as a particularly enjoyable one.

There are moments in the life of every man when the impulse attacks him to sacrifice his future to the alluring gratification of the present. The strong man resists such impulses. Jerry Mitchell was not a weak man, but he had been sorely tried. The annoyance of Ogden's presence and conversation had sapped his self-restraint as dripping water will wear away a rock. A short while before, he had fought down the urgent temptation to massacre this exasperating child, but now, despised love adding its sting to that of injured vanity, he forgot the consequences. Bounding across the room he seized Ogden in a powerful grip, and the next instant the latter's education—in the true sense of the word—so long postponed, had begun, and with it that avalanche of sound which, rolling down into the drawing-room, hurled Mrs. Pett so violently and with such abruptness from the society of her guests.

Disposing of the last flight of stairs with the agility of the chamois, which leaps from crag to crag of the snow-topped Alps, Mrs. Pett finished with a fine burst of speed along the passage on the top floor, and rushed into the gymnasium just as Jerry's avenging hand was descending for the eleventh time.

XI

IT WAS less than a quarter of an hour later—such was the speed with which Nemesis, usually slow, had overtaken him—that Jerry Mitchell, carrying a grip and walking dejectedly, emerged from the back premises of the Pett home and started down Riverside Drive in the direction of his boarding house, a cheap, clean and respectable establishment situated on Ninety-seventh Street between the Drive and Broadway. His usually placid nervous system was ruffled and aquiver from the events of the afternoon, and his cauliflower ears still burned reminiscently at the recollection of the uncomplimentary words shot at them by Mrs. Pett before she expelled him from the house.

Moreover, he was in a mild panic at the thought of having to see Ann later on and try to explain the disaster to her. He knew how the news would affect her. She had set her heart on removing Ogden to more disciplinary surroundings, and she could not possibly do it now that her ally was no longer an inmate of the house. He was an essential factor in the scheme, and now, to gratify the desire of the moment, he had eliminated himself. Long before he reached the brownstone house, which looked exactly like all the other brownstone houses in all the other side streets of uptown New York, the first fine careless rapture of his mad outbreak had passed from Jerry Mitchell, leaving nervous apprehension in its place. Ann was a girl whom he worshiped respectfully, but he feared her in her wrath.

Having entered the boarding house Jerry, seeking company in his hour of sorrow, climbed the stairs till he reached a door on the second floor. Sniffing and detecting the odor of tobacco he knocked, and was bidden to enter.

"Hello, Bayliss!" he said sadly, having obeyed the call.

He sat down on the end of the bed and heaved a deep sigh.

The room which he had entered was airy but small, so small, indeed, that the presence of any furniture in it at all was almost miraculous, for at first sight it seemed incredible that the bed did not fill it from side to side. There were, however, a few vacant spots, and in these had been placed a washstand, a chest of drawers and a midget rocking-chair. The window, which the thoughtful architect had designed at least three sizes too large for the room and which admitted the evening air in pleasing profusion, looked out onto a series of forlorn back yards. In boarding houses it is only the windows of the rich and haughty that face the street.

On the bed, a corncob pipe between his teeth, lay Jimmy Crocker. He was shoeless and in his shirt sleeves.

(Continued on Page 73)

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IF THERE is anything worse for a woman's peace of mind than having something which she cannot tell, it is suspecting something which she does not know.

The criticism Brother Wade had made of the church to me was a breach of loyalty unpardonable in a Methodist preacher. What I thought was that a man can go so far right that, for all practical purposes, he is hopelessly wrong. To have offered this defense would have been to confess that the Christian faith, as taught in the New Testament, is an impossible religion—which is not so. I was torn between the devotion of a lifetime to this little weatherbeaten church in Berton and sympathy with this strange young preacher, who was beginning to show the tension of a hopeless struggle. I could not be with him. I had neither the strength nor the courage to make such radical changes in the habits of my spiritual life, so long adjusted to just the weather of my own human nature.

I doubt that this is a Christian civilization, strictly speaking, or that there ever can be such a civilization. The best of us pass, like Moses, with only the vision of the Promised Land of our souls, which we are not fit to enter. Our institutions are designed to meet the emergencies and desires of human beings—not of immortal spirits. Our immediate salvation depends upon material conditions. The church proves this no less than a business corporation. The ideal may be spiritual, but the active aim is always more and more material. The only difference is in the methods employed.

Men trained to business and worldly ambitions achieve wealth and success by their own efforts and labors. The church proclaims the Gospel of sacrifice and achieves wealth and success. But it never earns! From the earliest days of religious idolatry, when men made burnt offerings to their gods, until now, we are still inspired by faith to give of our wealth and substance to the church—always giving, giving, until the earth is heavily laden with churches and other religious organizations, built and supported by the treasures which we think we have laid up in heaven; while the poor are still poorer and the good not much better.

It may be because I am old and tired, but I cannot see that these conditions can be changed. It is not so bad as it is just natural. Besides, every time the church gets too far ahead in the game the world steps in and cleans it up—which is also right.

What Brother Wade wanted was something supernatural. And no one is equal to that except momentarily. You cannot keep it up and remain sane.

But to have repeated in Berton what he had said would have started a scandal—a very easy thing to do at any time. This gave me a compressed-air feeling every time I met Sally Parks or anyone else who wanted to talk about what a bad fix the church was in.

The thing I suspected gave me even more trouble. Since the night I had seen Lily Triggs talking with that heathen Brother Wade keeps for a servant I could not rest. I became an involuntary spy upon the parsonage. I'd slip across my parlor to the window and part the curtains slyly to see if anything was going on over there that should not go on. This was wrong and gave me a sense of guilt. But the unknown past of Felix Wade seemed to be licking out its tongue at me with deadly fascination.

It is not so easy for a man to live above suspicion, no matter how well he lives. Being a man at all is in itself a very suspicious circumstance. The reputation of the sex is not good. There is a mean but generally accepted theory that, even if he is innocent, he is in imminent danger of one or two temptations. He has never risen above having his virtue conjugated in the subjunctive mood. He may, can or must be good. He might, could, would or should be good. Or, saddest of all, he might, could, would or should have been good! It all depends upon whether accident or association casts him upon the shifting sands of the wrong woman's smile.

I do not hold these views myself, but the strictly feminine serpent in me does. Brother Wade preached an austere Gospel and he lived a consecrated life. My suspicion was that, to be so good, he must have been very bad. He was like one who takes a desperate remedy for a desperate trouble. I doubt that Saint Francis of Assisi would have gone the lengths he did in piety and renunciation if he had not gone first all the gaits in the other direction. I am well acquainted with the ordinary good man, who has never had any vices and who is as confirmed in his virtues as anyone could be in the tobacco habit.

We have had more than one pastor here with only a secondhand knowledge of the wicked world. Every one of them lambasted us with an occasional cat-o'-nine-tails sermon on dancing and other worldly amusements of which we were awkwardly innocent. I do not know why it is, but if a preacher has never seen the inside of a ballroom or danced with a woman he is sure to have an evil imagination about those things. Not, you understand, that there is any question about its being wrong to dance or to enjoy many other diversions which I have often sinfully craved, but there is an awful possibility that this kind of preaching actually nourishes our instincts for these sins which we cannot afford.

Brother Wade was different. He never referred to the iniquities of the world. He showed none of the spiritual fox fire so often employed by the emotional evangelist when he entertains the congregation with lurid descriptions of the "life I once led." If only he had confided something of his past life the church would have been drawn closer to him; but he was the most reserved, self-effacing preacher I ever knew. He asked neither sympathy nor help for himself. He was for binding us all, hand and foot, to the cross of Christ.

September is usually the best month of the year in this church; for by this time we have usually paid most of the assessments, passed through a revival and been furbished up spiritually. But this year we were able to make no such terms with the Almighty. We had the feeling that our salvation rent had not been paid, and that we should like to forgive each other the usual trespasses, as we always do, stirred by a revival. But we did not know how to go about it on a "cold collar." One's spirit must be sweetly holden by some divine illusion before he can walk up to a man he knows has wronged him and say: "Forgive me, brother; the fault was all mine." And this is the accepted way. If you tell the truth and say, "I forgive you, my brother, though you were entirely in the wrong," you have only clinched his hard feelings against you with another year's grip. You must admit that you were the offender—especially if you were not, but the victim of his injustice.

I reckon I have made friends with Charlotte Warren a dozen times this way by telling a lie just for conscience' sake—which is a thing I cannot do unless I've been in the wine press of a revival and had my spirit badly bruised by the Word. But if I do admit that her fault is my fault she is very gracious about it, and says it's all right; and that Christians must forgive one another as they hope to be forgiven. And won't I come round to tea at her house on Wednesday night, just to show the Women's Missionary Society, which is always the bloody sands where we have our difficulties, that we are once more in love and charity with one another? These peace-offering teas of Charlotte are the bitterest pills I've ever had to swallow as a Christian woman. And I always take them during revivals, when I'm unnaturally strong in the faith.

When There Was a Revival He Came Regularly to Our Church

But Charlotte had not spoken to me for three months now, owing to a circumstance I shall relate presently. And we were getting farther apart every day, owing to the lack of the usual religious stimulation.

Sometimes I was indignant with our pastor; then I'd see the situation with a kind of malevolent wit. The church was filled every Sunday with Methodist orphans, listening like strangely chastened children to Brother Wade preaching the gospel of laying down our lives here and now for Christ, hoping hungrily that he'd relent and give us the chance to do the usual superficial things in the name of the Lord.

I cannot remember a time when the members of this church did not groan and complain at the amount we are assessed for Conference collections. The stewards give the pastor to understand that he'll do well if he gets fifty per cent; then the struggle begins to raise them. It is like shoving a heavily loaded team up a long hill—the preacher shouting encouragement or threatening us with a loss of reputation in the Conference. A few old saints behind push for dear life.

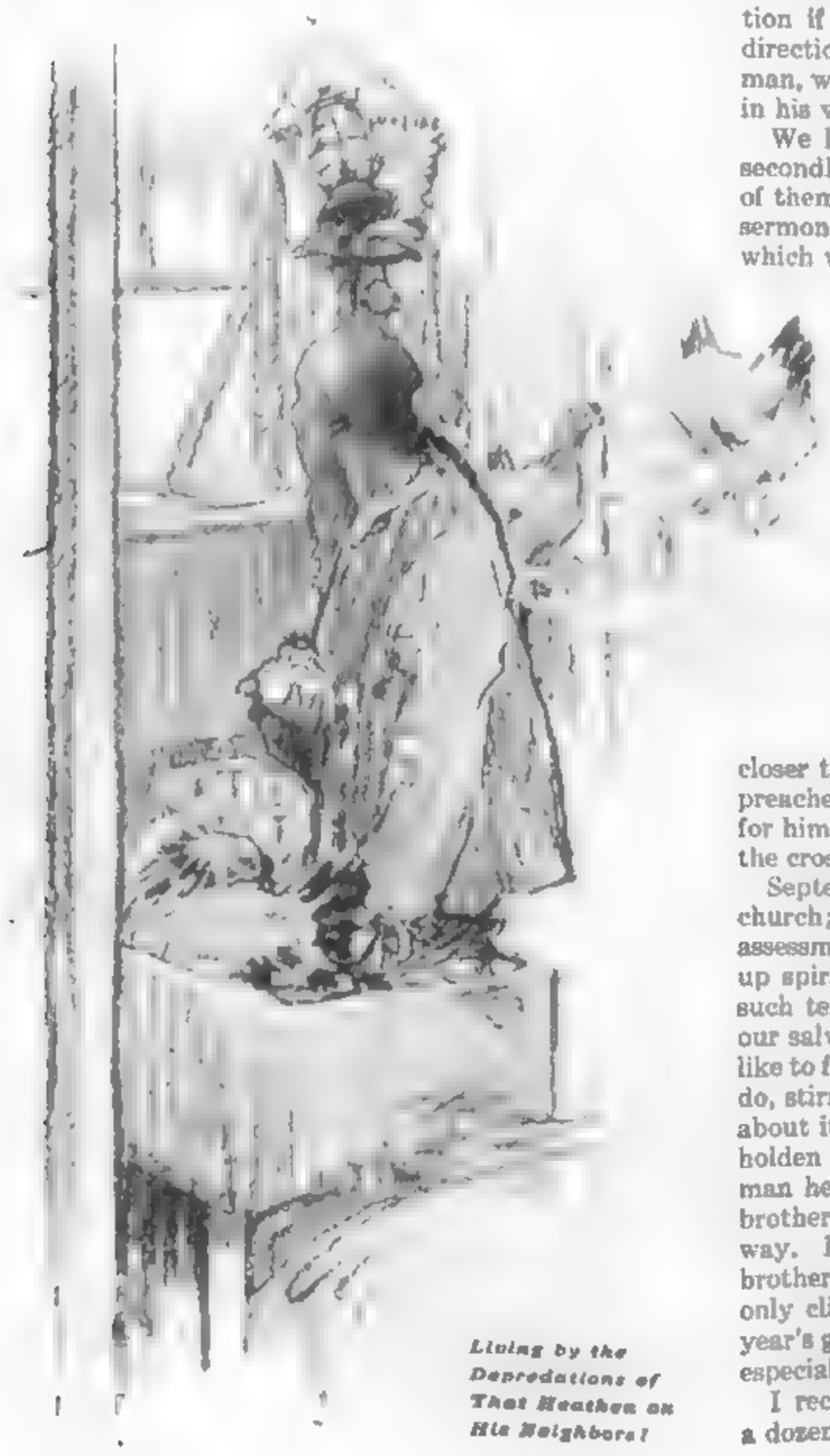
Tom Warren has a way of sucking his teeth with a sort of sibilant wrath at such times. We can always hear him clicking and clucking in the amen corner, because he is our one rich man and our chief stingy man, and he knows everybody is waiting to see what he subscribes. Well, it was funny now to watch him begin to stir angrily in his seat and sick through his teeth as if he were spitting fire at Brother Wade, who would not ask him for his money.

The Baptists held their "protracted meeting," and the Presbyterians had a series of dignified devotional services. The Primitive Baptists at the bottom of the hill had their "foot-washing," and still the Methodists remained dead in their trespasses and sins. We could not measure up to Brother Wade's gospel, but we wanted to be revived. We longed to sing

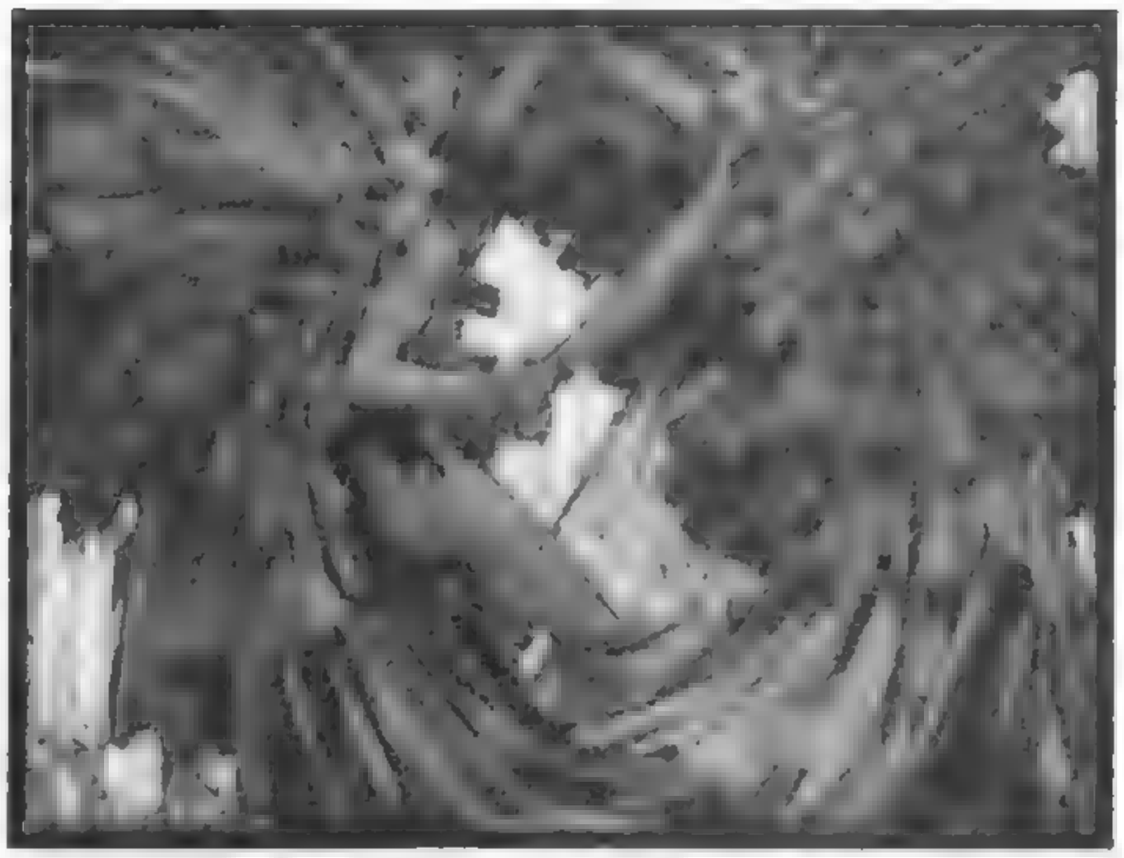
Just as I am, without one plea,
O Lamb of God, I come——

and come to the altar as usual during the singing of the last stanza—and let it go at that, with all our sins and backslidings. But our pastor went on stoning us with the gospel of service and sacrifice. He even cut out the experience meeting we sometimes had on Wednesday night, when the brethren and sisters told what was the matter with them and asked the prayers of all Christian people.

The tragic figure in every church is some man who believes he has committed the unpardonable sin and that the Lord has forsaken him. This is always a man. I never knew or heard of a woman who thought she could do so enormously wrong.



Living by the Depredations of That Heathen on His Neighbors!



David Rivers was the apostate in our church. He lived alone in a sawmill shack in the woods above the town. He was of great stature roughly made, as if he had gotten himself together out of the deeper earth. His beard was black. The hair came low upon his forehead, like a coarse black fringe. His eyes were dark and expressionless. No one knew from whence he came or anything of his history. He was merely the sorrowful shade of a man who had drifted in with a sawmill. His business was the snaking of logs down the hillsides to this mill.

He never came to Berton except to purchase supplies. On these rare occasions he attended to his business and hurried away, looking no man in the face, never speaking if it was possible to avoid speech.

But when there was a revival in our church he came regularly to the night services, sitting far back, like a damned soul, in the darkest corner of the house. He was always the first to respond when penitents were invited to seek forgiveness for their sins, stumbling like a somnambulist down the aisle to the altar. We prayed and wrestled with him in vain. He never received the blessing. Each year he returned to us at this season, always hurrying to the altar, never praying for himself, never confiding his troubles; merely kneeling there and staring straight before him like one who beholds a horrid vision.

Now as the summer waned, with no prospect of a revival in our church, David began to appear every day with the shades of evening in Berton, still silent, but with the animation of a strange terror in his haggard face. He would come striding down the street and halt in front of the church, stare at the windows, then hurry away.

One evening late in September Brother Wade was sitting on my porch when David's great straddling figure loomed in the moonlight on the opposite side of the street. He stood regarding the dark and silent church. Once he raised his hands above his head in a gesture of frenzied despair. At last he turned and walked swiftly toward the parsonage, mounted the steps, and struck heavily upon the door.

"Who is that man?" asked Brother Wade.

"David Rivers," I answered.

"He should have been called Saul," he said, rising to answer the summons rapped so imperiously.

"He has been seeking religion for years. They say he is an apostate," I explained, speaking very low; for the man had caught sight of us and was now crossing the street.

"Come in, David," I said when he reached the steps.

"Is this the pastor of the Methodist Church?" he asked, fixing his somber eyes upon Brother Wade.

"Yes," Brother Wade answered, advancing and offering his hand. "What can I do for you?"

David stood with his long arms hanging, his face lifted.

"When's the revival going to start over there?" he demanded with a motion of his head toward the church.

"I don't know. Why?" asked Brother Wade.

"It must begin! I can't stand it no longer. I want another chance!" he cried, again lifting his arms in that gesture of despair.

Brother Wade went swiftly down the steps and laid his hand upon the man's shoulder.

"I've sinned! Do you understand that?" David groaned.

"Yes," answered Brother Wade gently.

"I've sinned the unpardonable sin," he whispered hoarsely. "All the year I am by myself with it, up there in the woods."

He paused; looked about him as if the thing he had done was visible. Then he went on:

"I'll never be forgiven. But when the meeting's going on over there in the church, and all Christian people are praying for me, it ain't so terrible. That's the only rest I get."

"There is but one sin," said Brother Wade—"the sin against love."

"Yes; that's it. How'd you know?" gasped the man.

"There is but one forgiveness," Brother Wade went on in tones of authority.

"Not for me!" interrupted David.

"That is, to love; to give your life in love," the preacher continued, holding the eyes of the apostate with a stronger gaze.

"I don't know what you mean," David moaned. "And I can't pray."

"To love is to pray," answered the other.

"But not to be forgiven! You don't know what I've done!" he cried.

"That makes no difference. To love is to be forgiven."

"But I can't love. Don't you understand? I'm damned! I can't even hate; I'm dead!"

"To serve is to live!" came the reply.

It was as if I beheld two spirits wrestling upon my doorstep, which is a fearsome sight when one of them thinks he is damned and the other thinks salvation is a life sentence to service and sacrifice.

I slipped quietly into the house, feeling that this was no place for an old woman who takes her religion according to the emergencies of the moment, and maybe trusts the Lord more than her daily deeds warrant.

More than an hour elapsed before they finally concluded that strange argument, and I heard the two men going off together.

My knowledge of worldly churches in cities is limited; but in the villages and country, where there are wide silences, and much home life of the heaven and the earth upon the hills to encompass the brooding spirit of men, these apostates are familiar figures. They usually discover themselves during protracted meetings, and they rarely recover from the horror of the conviction that they have committed the unpardonable sin, though it often transpires that such a man cannot tell exactly what he has done.

Once, many years ago, a famous minister of the Methodist Church in this state was preaching a sermon on apostasy. Suddenly a man, just an ordinary farmer, rose and left the house. That night his body was found within fifty yards of the church door. He had slain himself while the altar was filled with penitents, drawn there by the terror they had of the fate with which they were threatened.

It is all very well to say that a suicide is mentally defective, but the human soul is a very delicate instrument. It never swings so far wrong in a bad man as many suspect, nor so far right in a good one as we are inclined to believe; but let it once incline too much either way and the perfectly normal man becomes a defective. He can be a dipsomaniac spiritually as surely as any other drunkard may be the victim of delirium.

Maybe it is blasphemous to say such a thing, but my belief is that we should pray the Lord to save us from extreme worldliness and from extreme piety, and especially from the extreme darkness of our own rational minds.

A few days later I met Taggy Lipton coming out of Sam Parks' grocery store.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked as we walked down the street together. "David Rivers has professed religion!"

"Well, that's a mercy," I answered, feeling more curiosity than I was willing to show.

"He's sold his oxen, quit the sawmill, and taken the position of orderly in that hospital Brother Wade is running for the factory people with the fever," she explained.

"But how'd he get religion?" I asked.

"That's how—he sold all he had, gave it to the hospital, and then went to work there. John Henry says you wouldn't know David, he's so up in his spirit; ready to laugh and talk like anybody else."

"Brother Wade had better mind what he's doing!" I could not refrain from saying.

"Why, I thought you'd be glad we got at least one convert!" she exclaimed.

"He's put David up to sacrificing the only means he has of a livelihood. What will the man do? That hospital is only a temporary affair," I explained.

"Did you know that Brother Wade sold his car?" she asked.

"I suspected as much," I answered, for we had not seen his fine big car since he roared out of town with it one morning on one of those mysterious trips he took shortly after the fever epidemic started at the factory.

"John Henry says it's just as well he did get rid of it, for the church is not paying enough quarterage to keep him in gasoline. Everybody seems to think he has means of his own," she concluded.

"Which is a poor reason for cheating him out of his salary as pastor," I retorted.

It was about this time that Brother Wade's bulldog began to come to my door every morning and look up at me more agreeably than usual, as if he'd adopted me as a friend of the family and was by the same token entitled to the scraps from the table. I thought nothing of this circumstance, because Lum was in and out of my kitchen every day, pretending to learn my ways of cooking. The dog always accompanied him. I was loath to feed him; but he was very thin and I thought the heathen was neglecting him, so he shared the scraps with the cat. Then I'd take the broom to him and drive him home.

One afternoon I went to see Sally Parks about the missionary program for our society. When I came home, about six o'clock, that dog was sitting out in the yard looking very queer and unsettled in his mind.

"Begone!" I cried, stamping my foot at him.

But, instead of going, he shot round the corner of the house as if he had urgent business in the back yard. I hurried in to get the broom, which is the only weapon I ever keep.

At this moment I heard a door closing softly with a creak. It was the pantry door, because that is the only one in the house which makes a noise. I stood for an instant transfixed with horror.

The woman never lived who did not expect to find a robber in the house. I can no more get into my bed at night without looking under it than I can sleep without saying my prayers. I reckon this is the cave woman's instinct—not for burglars, but just the elemental fear of a strange man; for I never look anywhere else for him. Women never do. But now, after all these years of expecting to find him, he literally was there—not under my poor old innocent bed, but in my pantry, of course.

The floor vibrated beneath the quick slippered tread of feet across the kitchen floor. No power on earth could have drawn me one step forward to defend my things. If I'd had the strength to move I should have fled back out of the front door and left him in undisputed possession.

At this moment I saw Lum glide through the back door, bent double, with his apron covering something. Indignation gave me a swiftness that I have not had for many a year. I rushed out in time to see him dart back toward the kitchen.

He was flying through the hall when I met him face to face, with the broom lifted high over my head.

He made some kind of a mewing heathen sound as he rushed past, merely turning me sidewise to make room for his own greatly exaggerated person, for my hall is narrow and I am two-thirds the width of it.

I can only hope no one saw me chasing that heathen across the street to the parsonage. The transit was made in silence, for I had no wind to spare in futile maledictions; but when he turned at bay in his own kitchen I still had the broom and the will to use it.

I snatched his apron aside and disclosed the parsonage bread tray, filled with an assortment of my household supplies—a pile of flour in one end, with a lump of lard as large as a coconut embedded in it; a pound of butter; a can filled with coffee; and the only jar of raspberry marmalade I had left from our last Quarterly Conference. Wedged in between the butter and the coffee can, I could see the wrapper on a cake of bath soap.

"What does this mean?" I cried.

"Eats," he explained simply, regarding me with a graven-image expression.

I was too much astonished by his mild shamelessness to speak.

"Take a little evly day," he explained after a pause.

"So you've been doing this before!" I exclaimed.

He nodded his head. Then he set the tray down, moved across the room with that slick tread he has, flung the pantry door open, and beckoned me to enter. I did, with a certain feeling of proprietorship, for I had helped many a time to stock this pantry. Every shelf was empty. There was not a dust of flour in the bin; not a scrap of meat. An old cracked rice jar lay yawning sidewise in one corner.

"What—what's the matter here?" I cried.

He merely grunted a curious half sound and spread his palms downward with a listless gesture.

"How long has it been like that?" I demanded, drawing back from that accusing pantry.

"One—mebbe two mont's. No mon. Velly bad!"

"Who else have you been stealing from?" I asked with widening suspicion.

He made a gesture with both hands, spreading them like thin yellow claws in a manner that indicated the whole town.

"From everybody?" I gasped.

"No, no! Not the Baps. Flom the Methodys. Owe my master. No pay. Takee leetle here, leetle there. Do velly well," he explained coolly.

There is an element of the virago in every up-and-doing woman which never is converted to meekness or patience. When things go too far wrong in my house, especially in the kitchen, I always kick the cat, lifting him humanely upon the top of my foot and flinging him furiously across the room. It does not hurt him and it relieves the snarled bobbin of my nerves as "strong language" relieves a man.

As I stood staring at that heathen, flattened against the pantry door like a yellow shadow, I felt the cat-kicking feeling coming on. But he was shaped so little like a cat that I was obliged to seize him by the collar instead.

"Never do such a thing again, you heathen rogue!" I exclaimed, shaking him violently.

"No can starve," he insisted imperturbably the moment I released him.

"What will your master say?" I threatened.

"Know nothing; say nothing," he answered shrewdly.

Well, here was a situation—our pastor keeping soul and body together upon rations stolen by a heathen, while the church owed him several hundred dollars in salary. We have had preachers here who were not above asking for things, even when they received all that was promised on quarterage. Now we had one who would not even ask for what was due him.

I was in no condition financially to provide for another family, but there was nothing else to do until something could be done. I ordered Lum to follow and went back to add a few things that his depredations had not included.

While we filled the basket, Lum, animated by the prospect of proper food, was moved to confidences:

"My master velly lich before we come here. Spend the money fast; have big time. Then much trouble—dam' lady; dam' wine; dam' those politics—evlything! Give all he have to his God. Velly expensive being a Clistian," he squeaked.

"Where'd he live then?" I could not resist asking.

He retreated; he effaced himself. He became the graven image of stupidity.

"In New York?"

Still no reply.

"Where he knew Lily Triggs?"

I had stuck a knife in him; he would die without flinching, but speak—never! So his face told me.

"What did she want the night she talked to you at the back door?" I demanded suddenly.

"Velly dam' lady that; no speakee to her," he returned after considering the question.

"Yes, you did. I saw you both," I said sternly.

"No!" he lied, laying hold of the basket in a great hurry to be gone.

I went out on the porch and sat down to consider what should be done. We have always had donation parties for our pastors when we had reason to believe their domestic ends were not meeting. As many of us as could get together would descend upon the parsonage some evening. A dray would follow, loaded with groceries. The women brought cakes, jellies; even a bedquilt sometimes if it was a very cold winter.

But it was not so easy to get donations for a preacher who had alienated many prominent members of the church and who appeared to be ignorant of this fact. More than that, he was now suspected of being a rich crank. How should I go about telling the people that he was living on their involuntary charity? I recalled a circumstance in this connection that was funny besides being scandalous in the light of Lum's confession.

Charlotte Warren had some very fine fowls -three hens and a rooster—which were her pride, because they laid so many eggs. She was now mystified about these hens. They had not produced an egg in weeks. She told Taggy that she had spent half they were worth buying eggmaking food for them. She said she knew they wanted to lay because they cackled as if they did.

"And would you believe it, Sister Lipton," she concluded finally, "one of those hens went to setting without ever laying an egg! The poor thing thought she had, you know, on account of that high-powered food I'd been giving her."

Taggy, who told me of this, said she thought it must be a thief, because she had missed five pullets from her spring hatchings. She almost knew we had a professional rogue in Berton, because so many people were complaining. Milk delivered at certain houses was taken, the thief alternating from one to the other. The Peterses lost their cantaloupes, and Sam Parks sat up one whole night trying to catch the person who was taking vegetables from his garden.

"He's no ordinary rogue," Sally complained, "for he actually stole the only bloom I had on my Martha Washington bush last night."

When I passed through the parsonage that afternoon I saw this rose languishing in a vase on the dining-room table!

Brother Wade was the only literal believer I had ever known in the Lord's promise to feed the young ravens—and he was living by the depredations of that heathen on his neighbors!

If the Scriptures I do not understand will leave me alone I will not push them too close with experiments. I don't pretend to understand the meaning of "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? . . . or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" My belief is that the Lord always used highly poetic language and that He only meant that we should not give too much ambition merely to the getting of substance; for I have observed that they who make no provision for the future either steal or starve, or live on the charity of those who have been very thoughtful of the future.

What I am trying to say is this: There is no place in the world, as it is now organized, for the austere renunciations that Brother Wade preached and practiced, to the despair of all Christian people. Growth in grace consists chiefly in keeping up the struggle that no man wins.

I had about made up my mind to call up Sally Parks over the phone and tell her I'd been over to the parsonage that day and found the pantry empty, when I saw Brother Wade entering the gate.

He came up, saluted me in his pleasantly exaggerated manner, dropped into the chair beside me, and leaned back. He looked very tired, calm and blessed, as a man does when he's giving all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burned—and has charity besides

We exchanged some remarks about the weather. He thought there was already the edge of autumn in those September days.

"The yellow butterflies have not come yet, so we can't tell when we shall have frost," I said.

"What have butterflies to do with frost? I thought they were the air blossoms of summer days," he commented idly.

"When you see tiny yellow butterflies rising and wheeling low above the grass in the meadows, it is a sign that we shall have enough frost in ten days to turn the leaves the same color," I explained.

He said he hoped they'd come soon. I knew he was thinking of the sick people at the factory who needed the bracing cold weather. I wanted to ask him how he got the money to keep up that improvised hospital, pay the doctor and two nurses. I knew that I should break over presently and ask him one of half a dozen questions that were gathering a kind of speaking force in my mind.

"Dear lady," he said after a thoughtful pause, "do you happen to have any gruel in the house?"

"Gruel!" I exclaimed, staring at him over my spectacles. "Why should I have gruel? I'm never ill."

"That's true," smiling frankly. "You are so marvelously well in the spirit and humanly hardy in the flesh that I could never think of you in a sublimated body with wings!"

"The Lord must make them extra strong, at any rate," I replied, laughing.

He slipped lower in his chair, stretched his long legs, crossed his dusty shoes, and gazed with that narrowing smile at his own thoughts, which was a habit he had, very provoking to me now, when I wanted to know more about the gruel business.

"Ever think of this," he went on without looking up, "that all the angels and saints mentioned in the Scriptures are referred to as he's?"

"That's because the Scriptures were all written by men—the ballots they cast in advance for their own immortality. The prejudices of your sex have laid a sort of spiritual impropriety upon us in the next world," I retorted sharply.

"I don't know," he laughed; "women may be needed so much forever in this world that the Lord can't spare you just to sing soprano in heaven There is so much kindness of light in some of you; so much darkness in others of you. You are like the weather, which is bright to-day and cloudy to-morrow. You, for example, would make a fine, large, round day which might return, like Halley's Comet—only oftener—for thousands of years. You'd come, I imagine, somewhere in the harvest season of summer weather; very kind and golden, with just a cold snap to

(Continued on Page 39)

David Rivers Was Merely the Sorrowful Shade of a Man Who Had Drifted in With a Sawmill

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The Growing Debts of Cities

NOT only does the cost of government in cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants now exceed the cost of the Federal Government, but the net indebtedness of such cities is now at least two and a half times that of the Federal Government. There are two hundred and four such cities at present. The Census Bureau has comparable reports for a hundred and forty-six of them.

In 1903 the indebtedness of these cities was almost exactly the same as that of the nation—a little under a billion dollars. In 1915 it was two and a quarter billion dollars. Population of the cities in that period increased thirty-eight per cent, while debt increased a hundred and forty per cent, now standing at seventy-eight dollars a head of their population.

Undoubtedly a great part of this borrowed money was spent for valuable public improvements and represents a wise investment. Undoubtedly, also, there is considerable waste. And no city has anything to waste. Broadly speaking, the American city is one of the most poverty-stricken institutions known to man—generally living just on the bread line, without a spare dollar to its name. And in many cases citizens must take the expenditure of their money mostly on faith. They have not the means of knowing whether it was economically expended or not.

In view of the size of the expenditure it is worth while to have the means of knowing.

Springs of Nobility

WHEN an illustrious English house traces its descent back to Norman times plebeians may console themselves by reflecting that its founder probably could neither read nor write, and was unacquainted with the Arabic system of numbers. He would have been, no doubt, the sheriff of his county, and therefore collector of the king's revenue from royal lands and forests, and from various feudal uses. When, during the fiscal year, he paid over the collected revenue he would receive from the treasurer of the king's household a long, slim stick, in which were cut notches representing the amounts received.

At the grand Michaelmas settlement he would come up to court with his notched sticks and stand on one side of a big table, which was ruled into columns, while the king's officer stood on the other side, with a Roman abacus in hand for making calculations; and the two haggled over how much was still due the royal treasury. It was so much like a game that the place of settlement took its name from the Latin word for chessboard. In spite of his limited education, he was probably a capable administrator. But the king chiefly prized him for his ability in operations somewhat like those performed at the Chicago Stockyards.

Some painstaking German scholars have declared that later accounts of the Battle of Hastings are fanciful, because neither Normans nor English were capable of the disciplined and united action that strategy requires; they just fell to and hacked away until one side broke. However that may be, it has been shown that the flattering Norman chronicles, which place the number of the foe William vanquished above a million, indulge in the wildest absurdities, because, in the very closest practicable formation, not more than twelve thousand men could stand on the hill Harold's army occupied.

Probably there were five or six thousand on a side; and after a heavy day's work the best butchers won.

Governments and Ships

GOVERNMENTS have aided merchant ships in one way or another pretty nearly ever since there were governments and ships indicating that a special importance has always attached to that form of business enterprise. An ancient and very common form of aid consists in restricting certain profitable lines of ocean carrying to ships flying the national flag—as the coastwise trade, or trade between a mother country and colonies. Preferential import duties, exemption from port dues, abatements in taxation, preferential railroad rates on goods to be carried in national ships, loans for shipbuilding at low interest rates, and reimbursement of canal dues are other common forms of indirect aid. In modern times almost every government has given direct aid in the form of bounties or postal and admiralty subventions.

The United Kingdom, Germany and Holland had, at the beginning of the war, considerably more than half the world's total ocean shipping. These are the countries that in late years have given the least direct or indirect aid to shipping.

Even the coastwise trade of all of them is virtually unrestricted, for Germany and Holland open their coasting trade to ships of nations that grant the like privilege to them, which lets in England, the big carrier, whose coastwise trade is open, with no restrictions.

The United States has long excluded foreign ships from its coastwise trade, which is far more important than that of any other nation. The Department of Commerce calculates that freight tonnage carried in our coasting trade probably exceeds that carried in all the ships of any other nation, with the possible exception of Great Britain. This monopoly, therefore, has been one of the most important of modern government aids to shipping. Our government has also paid fairly liberal subventions.

In directly embarking in merchant shipping, under the new Shipping Law, it practically writes a new chapter in maritime history. It is true that Belgium owns some vessels operating between Dover and Ostend in connection with the state railway. The Russian Government virtually owns three lines that are largely engaged in domestic trade. The Italian Government operates boats between the mainland, Sardinia and Sicily. The Rumanian Government is a shipowner. State railroads in Japan, Sweden and France own some ships. These instances, however, are more nearly comparable to the ownership by this government of the three vessels of the Panama Railroad.

Virtually the new law creates a novelty in the relations of governments to merchant ships. Everybody may hope it will succeed better than have our other experiments in that line.

Bullying Censorship

PROBABLY the public would be surprised to know how much of a censorship there is in these United States. Nowhere else in the world is a journal that possesses considerable influence and resources so little trammeled. Really it can say what it pleases about anything and anybody. But now and then some weak, starveling print is ruthlessly snuffed out of existence because its expressions are obnoxious to authority; though if those identical expressions had been published by a powerful newspaper authority would not have dreamed of intervening.

When a Morgan wishes to import any object he deems a work of art, authority stands by, hat in hand, with a properly admiring expression. Instances are reported where an undistinguished citizen has found his taste in art sternly condemned by the same authority on moral grounds. Authority has been amusing itself by prosecuting some unaffluent citizens for circulating scientific pamphlets on birth control. If half a dozen influential publications should undertake to circulate the same material they would most likely not only do it undisturbed but give authority a vigorous kick if it ventured upon the premises.

It seems to be only the obscure and impecunious who need censoring.

A Change in Fashions

BEFORE the war, a citizen of England, France or Germany won social consideration by lavish expenditure. To maintain an expensive domestic establishment with many servants, several automobiles, prodigal dinners, and so on was the smart thing by which one gained the approval of the élite. Now fashion points in the opposite direction. A man wins social consideration by economy. Giving his motors to the state and going afoot gets him elite approbation, while extravagance is frowned upon in the highest circles. A shabby gown wins a lady more smiles from those whom Providence has placed a step higher on the ladder than a splendid gown would. As the object of lavish expenditure was to gain social consideration, economy is just the old motive operating in a different direction.

A British trade report gives an interesting illustration. It shows that the consumption of butter substitutes has increased since the war, until it now nearly equals the consumption of butter. The substitutes, of course, are much cheaper and equally wholesome; but there was a great social prejudice against them before the war. A wage-earner's wife clung stubbornly to the dearer article because she felt the use of a substitute would be a mark of social decline; neighbors would regard it as a "coming down." Now eating the substitute is a sort of merit. It is part of the national program of economizing to carry on the war. A family which persists in eating butter when its king and country need that extra shilling to the pound must have a very good income, or its patriotism will be brought under suspicion.

No doubt war economy will quickly disappear in better times. The logical way to social consideration is through lavish expenditure, because that is the naturally selective way; only a man here and there can meet the requirement.

On the other hand anybody can economize. Being within the reach of all, economizing is decidedly a vulgar virtue. It will get no élite smiles when the war pressure is removed. Probably even the wage-earner's wife will again regard butter substitutes as a coming down.

An English Example

THEY are having a railroad-wage problem in England also. The men are asking for a war bonus of ten shillings a week. Soon after war began they received a bonus of three shillings. In October of last year this was raised to five shillings. Meantime cost of living has steadily risen; so it is calculated that if a trainman's wage was twenty-five shillings a week before the war, a ten-shilling bonus would hardly put him even. It appears to be generally conceded, then, that the men have a good case; and it is a beautiful illustration of modern humanitarian spirit that when the men do have a good case almost everybody is quick to concede it—provided only that somebody else foots the bill.

That is the English situation. At the beginning of the war, it will be remembered, the government took over the railroads, paying stockholders as rental a sum virtually equal to net earnings before the war. Already the government has increased passenger fares by abolishing all cut-rate tickets. It can grant the men's demands and recoup by raising freight rates, which would be satisfactory to everybody except shippers. It can grant the demands and simply charge them up to operating expenses, which means that the increase would come out of stockholders' funds; and stockholders dividends have already been reduced somewhat—partly because of the former wage increases. This method, then, would be bitterly resented by stockholders. Or the government can grant the demands and charge the increase to the treasury, thereby handing the burden on to the general public.

No doubt the demands will be granted. Over there, as here, a humane public favors wage advances at least equal to advanced cost of living. But wage advances must be paid in real money. It is only when it comes to picking out the set of persons who shall furnish the money that serious trouble occurs.

City Accounting

THE Census Bureau has spent a good deal of effort in devising a model uniform system of accounting for cities. The value of a uniform system is as clear in this case as it was in the case of the railroads when the Interstate Commerce Commission required all of them to keep their books in the same form; for it is only by comparison that a layman can draw any intelligent deductions from the fiscal statement of a city or a railroad. He does not know whether a given bit of work ought to cost one thousand dollars or two thousand. But if its cost is stated in exactly the same way year after year, and in the same way for his city and other cities that are conditioned about like his, he can form an opinion.

But uniformity in city accounting is the rare exception. A good many cities keep antiquated books, which do little more than record the income and outgo of cash. Among those that have adopted up-to-date revenue and expense accounts there are wide differences in classifying the items; so the Census Bureau, to compile comparable statements, has to have its agents go over the original data of vouchers, and so on, and practically construct a new fiscal statement. Of course hardly any two cities receive and expend revenue in just the same way; but certain broad classifications might apply to all of them.

City bookkeeping, on the whole, is no doubt better than it used to be. Various cities present fiscal statements of whose intelligibility they are justly proud. But there should be the greatest possible uniformity.

DIGGING UP THE FUTURE

By William H. Hamby

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

CYRUS ELDON'S face was turned to the car window as the plethoric pickle salesman beside him detailed the gastronomic horrors of the Palace Hotel of Haleyville. As the peeved commercial eater recounted the tough steaks and unleavened biscuits and underdone beans he had paid for but could not consume, the young man counted the telegraph poles—"Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." It was just ninety-seven from the trestle over the creek to the station.

Not for a private car would he have that worldly wise gang of half-artists back at the Institute know of this eagerness to get home. He, as each of the others, thinking all the rest hardened cynics, had kept deeply hidden the homesick feeling that came across a thousand miles with a whiff of clover from the pasture back of town, or a glimpse of the lilac blossoms in his father's yard.

"And I said to the waiter"—the pickle salesman swelled with pride over his wit and indignation at the abuse his stomach had suffered—"'Why didn't you wait until that egg was hatched, and mince it instead of scrambang it?'"

"Eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six." Eldon's eyes ran eagerly ahead to count the poles before they passed his window. How surprised the old doctor would be! He and his dad were friends. Since the boy's fourth year they had been alone together.

"I'm sure glad," he thought between counts, "they never knew in Coalfield I was trying to paint."

It is not nearly so bad to be a failure when nobody at home knows. And even the teachers who are paid a salary to puff a spark into believing itself a flame had admitted to Eldon he would never be an artist.

"I couldn't even paint her," he said to himself, pressing his elbow hard against the car window. And he had tried a score of times to get on canvas that bareheaded, laughing vision he had met in the April fields two years ago.

"I said to the waiter: 'If you call that pudding, what in ——'" The pickle salesman was still running on.

"Ninety-four, ninety-five ——" Eldon was reaching for his grip.

"There Is No Spirit—No Beauty! Only Flesh—and Ugliness!" He Said Harshly

"Hello, Cy!" Ben T. Watts, down at the station to look after a thirty-thousand-dollar express package of currency for the bank, was the first to greet Eldon. "The prodigal has come back for the fatted calf, eh?" The banker smiled. It was a wide, spreading smile but did not appear deeply rooted. "How's the picture business? Come home in the spring to paint posies, eh?"

Eldon blushed to the back of his neck, and hated himself for it. How had they discovered his secret? And why in the dickens did he care? But Watts, even when a big fat boy in school who got the best and most of everything, could always irritate him.

He was five years older than Eldon; and once, when Cy had worked up to the proud position of first baseman on the school nine, Ben Watts had pushed him off the base and taken his place, ordering the little "lean runt" to the left field.

He left Watts abruptly on the depot platform, dodged round the end of the station and cut across the street to the doctor's office.

The thin old man sat in the worn swivel chair as though collapsed, the gray hair straggling across his high forehead. At the sight of his son his mild blue eyes filled with fright which turned to pleading.

"Why, dad," young Eldon asked, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Cy, nothing." In a moment the old doctor had rallied and was clinging to his son's gripping hand. "Nothing"—he tried to laugh—"only you scared me. I thought you were a ghost."

But there was something wrong, and when Cy announced he had come back home to stay, it came out, disconnectedly, pitifully. There had been thirty thousand dollars, which the doctor had saved from his forty years of long winter rides and night vigils with the sick.

"I wanted more money for you—and I had a good chance, I thought, to double it. I went into that new company two years ago. I guess I've lost. I heard this morning the company had failed. I've been uneasy a long time."

Cy got up and closed the office door, came back and sat upon the arm of the doctor's chair. "Dad"—he put his arm over the thin shoulders—"what do we care for thirty thousand dollars?"

But he did care; and as he walked the fields north of town an hour later he was so wrapped in desolation that not even the wild flowers or the green willows by the brook could get a response from his spirit. He was twenty-five years old, and he owned not a dollar—and saw no way to earn one.

There was a little gap in the willows that fringed the stream at the foot of the meadow. Irma Allison was there, bareheaded as usual, but not as he had tried to paint her. Instead of a vision of bird songs and flowers and wind-tossed hair, dancing across an April field, she stood precariously and a little awkwardly, balanced on a rock at the edge of the stream, her walking skirt, spattered with mud, pinned up perilously near her knees, and chucklingly punched a stick at a blinking frog gravely perched on another rock.

She saw Cy, and with a little shout of joy came toward him running. He wanted to run the other way, for he was too sore with defeat for even the touch of a friend's hand to be anything but pain.

"Why, what luck—and on a day like this!" She still carried the stick with which she had been teasing the frog, and there was a mudspot above her left eyebrow. "How does it feel to be a great painter?"

He turned abruptly without a word, climbed the fence, and cut across the meadow, leaving her in hurt bewilderment standing in the lane.

II

MOST trouble is homemade. And it is not made of conflagrations, earthquakes and heartbreaks, but of self-inflicted jabs at the sore spots of one's pride. Cyrus was not half across the field before he knew Irma Allison had meant that reference to a great artist not as a thrust, but as a compliment. The rest of the way he tortured himself for having hurt her.

On the way back to town Eldon came upon Uncle Jimmy Lane boring a post hole with a ground auger, and stopped to listen a few moments. One never chatted with Uncle Jimmy; one listened.

"Sold that half section, Cy, for fifty thousand. Everybody says I'm a fool. Maybe I am. But, Cy, did you ever notice a fellow that is elected a fool this year often has Solomon's seat next year? They think there's about a million dollars' worth of coal on it. There is, but they'll never get it out. There are two veins. One is only eighteen feet deep. But they can't mine it—it's all loose dirt above it, no roof. The other vein has a blamed sight too much roof. It is two hundred feet deep and only thirty inches thick. Every time they pick up ten dollars down there they'll drop a hundred."

"Who is in the company?" asked Eldon.

"A lot of fellows; but I reckon Allison has most stock. I hear he took about fifty thousand. They ain't got the land either. Ben Watts bought the land and sold them the coal rights. Ben's sure a smart one. When they organize a company he always takes the property and lets the other fellows have the stock."

At the corner of Main and Buchanan Streets, Ben T. Watts and two stockholders in the Western Coal Company stood on the steps of the Second National Bank, discussing mining pumps. Watts dominated the group as the four-story, pressed-brick building which he owned and rented to the bank dominated the heart of Coalfield. He was a big man, a little too active to be called fat; yet one wondered if another beefsteak dinner would not make him tip the scales at two hundred.

If Eldon had been less absorbed in his own gloomy problems he would have seen them in time to turn a corner. But Watts, having pronounced the last word on mining pumps, looked up the street and saw him.

"Hello, Cy!" he called, with the cordiality of a sunshine missionary who also sells ice. "Come here." He signaled emphatically with his right hand.

"Ever meet Mr. Allison? And shake hands with Tom Williams, secretary of the Western Coal Company.

"Cy"—he laid a large hand on Eldon's shoulder and turned to Allison—"is our prodigal son. But instead of painting the town red and having a real good time he sneaks off somewhere to some Eastern burg and paints purple cows and lilies of the valley. The sort of thing, you know, you give your old aunt for Christmas."

He grinned, with the tolerant joviality of having made a hundred thousand dollars to the other fellow's nothing.

"It's all right, Skinny." Cy was not really skinny any more. "But let me give you a word of advice." Watts loved to give advice in public and always implied it was badly needed. "Painting posies is all right for a pastime; but it don't buy you nothing.

"Get you a job here in the best town on earth, and we'll all give you a lift now and then until you get some sort of start. Isn't that right, Allison?"

Allison nodded slightly, wondering at the scarlet flame in the young man's face and the look in his gray eyes.

That night at supper Cy inquired for his father.

"He has gone to the country," said the old housekeeper. "He ain't had much practice this winter," she remarked as she poured the coffee. "I don't know what he'd have done if it hadn't been for Ben Watts. He's let him have money when he needed it. Mrs. Jones was saying the other day it was too bad you hadn't settled down to something, like Ben Watts did. Nobody knows how much he's made in the last five years; but he's worth a lot."

Cyrus cut short his supper and went out on the porch. The yard had been neglected, the rose hedge needed pruning, and some pickets in the fence were broken loose. It was nearly dark and the sky was a faded, lonesome red. Down the walk came a girl humming a rollicking little tune, and at each step she seemed to give the brick an extra tap with heel and toe, as though almost ready to break into a dance.

Odd, thought Eldon, that for two years he had been seeing her in his mind every day and she never looked like that. In the picture, if he had succeeded in painting her, she would have walked with uplifted starry face, a twig of apple blossoms in her hand. Now she had a switch which she scraped along the picket fence with a clicking sound. As she approached she walked slower and slower and the rollicking tune ran off into something minor and indistinct. She loitered by rather wistfully, but he did not call to her. For two years he had wanted every day to talk to her again, and the chance to see her had seemed one of the big compensations for his failure and return. But now the dumb devil of torture still held him—and he was silent as she went by.

He waited for his father to return. The new moon went down, and the rose and lilac bushes in the yard were dim in the starlight. With a chill, aching sensation of loneliness he remembered times, when a little boy, after his mother had gone, that he had awakened in the night, got up on his knees in bed and pressed his face against the window to watch for his father's gray horse. The doctor always came in and snuggled him under his fur coat until he went to sleep again.

Cyrus met the gray horse and buggy at the gate.

"Go in, dad, and I'll put him up."

"Thanks, son." The old doctor was tired, and Cy heard him stumble as he went up the steps.

When he returned from the barn his father was already in bed, and sitting down beside him in the dark he patted his shoulder affectionately. "Don't worry about the money, dad. I'll look into it to-morrow."

"All right, son," the father said apologetically. "I really don't know a thing about business. It looked like such a good thing, and I wanted to make a lot of money—for you."

Cy felt a swelling in his throat. He had lived off his father, but he thanked heaven then that he had not squandered any of his father's money for the cheap, shoddy things of life.

"Never mind, dad. It's all right."

"Ben Watts can explain it to you," the doctor said, as though still puzzled over his loss.

III

"CY, I'M glad to see you." Watts leaned back in his solid office chair and lighted a cigar. "Must be some sort of fun to smear paint so it looks something like a lily or a cow—but it never got me. And it doesn't buy you anything, does it?"

"Not much." Young Eldon's clean, smooth lips closed tightly.

"I'm glad you came over." Watts tilted his cigar to within five degrees of a politician's angle, and put his thumbs in his vest holes, crossed his legs, and looked with reflective philanthropy at the soft toe of his eight-dollar shoe swinging up and down in agreeable affirmation to the wisdom of his lips.

"Cy, I've worried a good deal over the old man. Fine old man your dad is, but no business sense. Got into that timber company—lost every dollar. I've been lending him money ever since. Really I ought not to do it. He's pretty old—likely to drop off at any time, and of course you were not in a position to earn any money. I hate to refuse him, but really the way his practice is falling off lately ——" He bit his cigar and shook his head.

"You would be surprised!" His right foot stopped vibrating; he bent the toe up and leaned forward to inspect a scuffed spot on it carefully, "Wonder how I snagged that? As I was saying"—he leaned back and looked toward the window—"you have no idea how many people round this town I help and never say anything about it. It isn't good business, but you know, Cy, how I always was when a fellow wanted anything I had."

"Yes, I know." Cy's grim smile escaped the banker.

"It was about father I came to see you," continued Eldon. "I've been going over his affairs and want to know something of this Carolina Pine Land Company."

Watts looked at his watch and glanced toward the door of the private office.

"Tom Williams, I think, could tell you more about it. He was the secretary. I've been so busy I've paid little attention to it."

"But you were the treasurer?"

"Oh, yes." He smiled. "They elect me treasurer of everything so they can get free safe room for their money and papers."

"You had stock?"

"A mere trifle—just to be a good fellow. I go into most everything to help it along and show I am a booster."

"Tell me what you know of it."

"I believe they bought twenty thousand acres of pine land at five dollars an acre. Paid fifty thousand dollars in cash and gave the owner a mortgage on the land for the balance. They expected to sell the turpentine rights, then mill the timber, and later to sell the land for farms. But it all blew up—and the mortgage was closed the thirtieth of April."

"My father lost thirty thousand dollars?"

Watts nodded.

"No chance to get any of it back?"

Watts shook his head sorrowfully.

"You advised him to go into it, didn't you?"

Watts' red face flamed redder. He lost all the look of a secret helper.

"Now look here! Your father is of lawful age and sound mind, isn't he? My advice to you, Cy, is that no matter what happens to you, don't go round whining that somebody talked you into a thing! Listen to advice, but never take it. Use your own judgment and take your skinnings like a man."

He arose to return to the outer office.

"Perhaps," he added as a parting thrust, "if the son had been at home attending to his business instead of living off the old man the doctor would not have failed."

Cy inquired of another stockholder who had lost heavily.

"It certainly looked good," this man said; "only it did not turn out like it looked." He shook his head resignedly.

"Who organized this company?" young Eldon asked.

"A fellow named Tom Williams—came up from the South somewhere. He is interested in this coal mine now. He lost everything too. Nobody blamed him"

For three days Cyrus investigated the Carolina Pine Land Company. He discovered three or four other companies of different sorts had been organized the last four years, and all had failed. He tried to trace some connection between them, but got nothing more than a vague suspicion.

To his surprise he found himself enjoying these investigations. He had no difficulty in understanding the business end of the transactions. Never having been compelled to do any one thing he had done a number of things. After his failure in art he had come back with two or three big emotions, but no plans. He was eager to be with his father, and longed to see again the girl he never could quite paint. But he had not thought of what he would do next. And now there was nothing to do "next" with. As yet he had not told his father that every possibility of recovering his money was gone. He dreaded breaking the news to him.

Every day he discovered some new interest or activity of Ben Watts'. He was amazed at the rapidity with which the fat boy who stole first base from him had made money. Some said he had a hundred thousand dollars; others made it four hundred thousand dollars. He owned stock and mortgages and rental property everywhere. And the more Cy learned the deeper became his suspicions that someway Watts managed to make money out of every other man's failure.

Saturday morning it occurred to him that Williams was supposed to have been bankrupt by the failure of the Carolina Pine Land Company. He went to a telephone and called up the Second National Bank and asked, without giving his name: "Is Tom Williams' check good for ten thousand dollars?"

"Sure," was the prompt reply.

Cyrus went out across the fields north of town toward the strip of timber along the little creek. The May morning was full of that jubilant life which is so much quieter than stillness, and his internal torment eased down almost to forgetfulness.

Self-torture is like a fine-tooth harrow which drags up a great many dead things that would merely have enriched the soil if left buried. Cyrus for days had hurt himself by raking up every mistake or neglect of his life that had contributed to his father's failure and his.

And Irma Allison! After dreaming of her for two years he had been rude to her on their first meeting, and had not spoken to her since. Although he stubbornly refused to admit it, he was seeking her this morning with the hope of making amends.

He heard her laugh before he saw her. She was sitting bareheaded in the sun on the edge of a sand bar, her white middy blouse open at the neck, her feet tucked under her, leaning over watching with glee some big red ants corralled

"Stop! This Track Does Not Go"

in a stockade made of sticks closely stuck in the sand. She looked up sideways at him and laughed:

"I'm a Nature frivoler."

"What is a Nature frivoler?" With a great sense of relief he sat down on the sand near her. There was nothing to explain, nothing to apologize for after all. Everything was as natural and happy as that week two years before.

"A Nature frivoler?" She uncurled her feet from under her, stretched them out on the sand and rested one elbow on her knee. "A Nature frivoler?" She took her forehead between her thumb and finger and forcibly wrinkled it. "Why, it's an outdoor butterfly. You have heard of society butterflies, haven't you—people who eat and drink and dance and play merely for the fun of it? Well, I'm that sort of person, only I eat and drink and tramp and play out-of-doors."

"There is a big difference." He was looking at her intently. He was still puzzled at the discrepancy between the visions of her he had tried to paint and the girl herself.

She shook her head. "I don't see any difference. I haven't any more purpose than they have. I'm not studying botany or geology, nor am I trying to discover some new use for the soil, or to classify the birds.

"Why, I don't even know the names of the birds. When a nice friendly chap lights near me I always have to say: 'I beg your pardon, sir! Your coat is very familiar, but I don't recall your name.'"

Cy laughed for the first time since his return.

"Anyway"—his gray eyes were full of admiration—"the outdoor butterfly has a much finer complexion and more beautiful wings."

"I don't blame people for just living, if it is fun for them," she said. "It must be awful to be dogged round by a purpose all day. Why, I don't even think out here. I'm just happy."

She drew up her knees and locked both hands round them. A strand of brown hair slipped down over the side of her face.

"I'd hate to be driven to do any one thing." She reached out her right hand and pulled up one side of the stockade. The big, scared ants came bustling out. "And if you happened to hate that one thing in itself, wouldn't it be terrible?"

Eldon's face turned grave. That was exactly what was about to happen to him.

"Of course," the girl continued, "if I liked to do any one thing and chose to do it, I could stick to it until kingdom come."

"Yes, I think you could," he nodded. "I wonder if I could?"

She turned and looked at him with frank estimate in her dark blue eyes.

"I wonder," she said directly.

He bit his lip. The angry hurt came back. He doubted himself, but did not want her to doubt him.

"Cy." She turned squarely, facing him as though suddenly remembering. "What has been the matter? You have been home nearly two weeks, and this is the first time you have spoken to me."

The blood left his face and his gray eyes took on that look of aloof desolation.

"Oh, I know," she said hastily and regretfully; "but really it doesn't matter so much, does it?"

"Ben Watts told you we've lost everything?" Anger and the stinging sense of humiliation made his tone accusing. He had seen Watts and Irma Allison together.

Her face flushed. "He said your father had lost his money. He is awfully sorry, and is going to give you a good job soon. I'm glad, for it will be a good chance for you. He is very generous and influential."

Cy felt every nerve in his body raw. He jumped up, his face set and his teeth clenched

"I'd starve before I'd work for him," he cried.

IV

THAT evening he broke the news to his father that the money was gone without hope of recovery. At first the old doctor stood the blow better than he had feared, but he lived only six weeks to worry over his loss.

One evening during those last weeks Cyrus, after an almost continuous vigil of seventy hours, left the house and followed the street north. The cry of his heart for sympathy had broken down the door of his pride. He would go to Irma Allison and tell her all about his failure, his despair. Then she would understand why he had avoided her.

"Ben Watts Said Your Father Had Lost His Money. He is Going to Give You a Good Job Soon"

The Allisons lived at the north edge of town, near the border of the clover fields and in sight of the derricks of the new coal mines. Cy hastened as he approached the house. More than one person stopped and looked at him, tall, a little too thin, his paleness emphasizing his deep, intense eyes, as he swung eagerly through the early twilight. Half a block from the Allisons' he stopped. The blood came burning to his face. A car was at the gate, and Ben Watts stood by the open door waiting, with a possessive air, as Irma Allison came down the walk.

Eldon turned back, hurt and disappointed. He stopped at the gate of his home. The rose hedge had been shedding its blossoms and the scattered petals showed dimly white on the grass. He entered the house with feet that dragged, and sat down beside his father's bed. The hand he put out to the old doctor's was almost as limp as the one upon which it rested.

Cyrus lingered in the cemetery until all the rest were gone—all but Ben T. Watts, who waited in the shade by the gravel walk. He joined Cy as the latter left the cemetery.

"Too bad," Watts said, catching step and laying his big hand on the young man's shoulder. "The old doctor was a good man." Cyrus' shoulder shrank from under the hand, and he widened the distance between them. "But it's a debt we all have to pay," went on Watts.

They had left the cemetery and were following the quarter of a mile of granitoid walk built by the Daughters of the Revolution and contributed to by the Second National Bank. Cyrus had not spoken. Watts plucked a head of timothy and chewed the stem. He cleared his throat.

"I expect," he spoke in a subdued tone, "you'd better come up to the bank in the morning and fix things up. The old man was in pretty bad, you know. I loaned him nine hundred dollars on his personal note. Oughtn't to have done it; not businesslike. But, well you know what we all thought of the old man. Of course I knew you would want to make it good. If you haven't the ready cash—and of course I suppose you haven't—you can give us a new note and a deed of trust on the old home place."

Cy made no response until they reached the corner where Watts turned.

"At nine in the morning," he said briefly.

A look of relief came over Watts' face. Cy stood at the corner and watched him walk away, plump and sleek, the embodiment of every success Coalfield knew. And in the heart of the young man flamed that passion which through the ages has made men forget even death.

That night Eldon walked the yard. The house was dark. He had sent away all the people who had offered to stay with him. The whitish, ghostly light of the rising moon gave the trees and the fence and the shrubs an air of remoteness.

Irma Allison came swiftly down the walk. She did not pause at the gate but came straight in and stood beside him. Eldon did not look at her, and yet he saw her face turned to the rising moon and the light on her brown hair was not remote, but very near and warm. They stood a moment without speaking, her hand resting on his arm.

"I know it all," she said with quick sympathy. "And I think I understand. It does seem at times that troubles come faster than we can bear, that we are walking a long, dark road and the little scattering candles that light our way go out one at a time before we get to them."

Again she stopped. He did not speak; vague, tangled emotions crowded his heart.

"But Cy"—she drew a long, easy breath, not of sorrow but of hope—"after all, after you have lost everything you could lose, you are still the richest person I know. You have spirit—something the spring has—and the love of beauty." The hand on his arm tightened.

He gave her no answer, but gradually his failure, the loss of his father, the hate of the man he believed had killed him, the love of the girl he was losing, overwhelmed him with a sense of utter and hopeless desolation. He drew away from her, his face set and hard.

"There is no spirit—no beauty—no God! Only flesh—and ugliness—and hell!" he said harshly.

V

THREE days later Cy Eldon was on a ship bound for Panama. He left no address behind. On the Canal he refused a clerical job and sought one as a laborer. That same spirit of revolt that had brought him to Panama now made him seek to inflict bodily suffering upon himself.

Those to whom most has been given often suffer more when it is taken away than those who have earned their possessions. All his twenty-five years Cyrus had been given everything—books, and travel, and schools, and art, and the tender affection of his fine old father. Now it was all swept away and he stood face to face with the crudest of all elemental problems. In a year he was a steam shoveler; and as he sat evenings in the shelter of a screened porch and watched the burning tropical stars things began to look different. After all, it was not what was taken away from a man that counted, it was what was left.

He tried a score of times to write to Irma Allison, but always before he had finished the letter came the thought: "By now she's married to Watts." And so each time he had torn the sheets into fragments. It hurt him beyond any pain he had ever known to think of her as he recalled

(Continued on Page 93)

HONESTLY IF POSSIBLE

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

TERRY AMES didn't own evening clothes, and there was no running water in his furnished room, but every Saturday evening he paid a dollar and a half for dinner, which he always ate alone. He was one of the three hundred thousand solitary and industrious young men in New York. He knew no one except the office force, his dentist and two insignificant "fellows from back home."

This gray-eyed youngster with the waist and shoulders of a half-miler, the thin, firm jaw of a surgeon, and the eager, awkward step of a young poet, this frequenter of offices and movies and beef-stew joints, was facing the blankness of life as somberly as an anchorite in a parching desert cell. If he could only be heroic or tragic or criminal or anything that would make him feel things! Any sorrow rather than row on row of unchanging gray days. He wanted to do high, vague, generous things, and the city told him to attend strictly to his desk.

He was neither a success nor a failure. He was making thirty-two dollars and a half a week with the mail-order real-estate firm of Hopkins & Gato. He wrote advertising copy, dictated correspondence, and occasionally was sent out to close up a prospect. He did have the facts of his job; he knew the difference between a blue print and a second mortgage; but he simply couldn't get the philosophy of the job to hang right. You would have been amused—or touched or impatient or morally edified—to see Terry trying to find out what a good, clean life really meant in the case of a young man whose boss pompously encouraged him to write advertisements that were deliberate, careful, scientific lies. He would have been discharged as dishonest if he had smuggled the truth into a single advertisement of the Terrace Valley Development. Did goodness consist in lying, then? he wailed.

When he had first come to New York Terry had solemnly attended institute lectures that told him to be good and he would be happy, or to work hard and he would be rich, or to study shorthand and he would be famous. But most of the lecturers weren't happy or rich or famous—or interesting. And they always rushed down and shook hands with him. Terry hated damp handshakes.

He saved up his dessert money and bought a large, gilt-edged book called Punch the Buzzer on Yourself, which claimed to give all the latest and best brands of practical wisdom. It was a chatty book. It sneaked up behind you and yelled in your ear in fourteen-point italics. Yet all that it said was to be good and work hard and buy the other books by the same author.

At last Terry took to asking the men in his office what this business world was up to anyway. He had chosen a peculiarly dangerous field for truth hunting, for the Hopkins & Gato office was a cranky one, boisterous and fearful and full of plots. Offices differ as much as bosses, and in about the same way. There are quiet, assured offices filled with pride of achievement. There are offices like that of Hopkins & Gato, where everybody gibes and is nervous about the gibes of others.

Old Hopkins had the habit of damning all your officemates when he was talking to you, in order to make you feel that you were on the inside with the boss, as his most trusted adviser. That was his jolly little way of influencing you to confide all the scandal you knew. If you were aware of the trick and tried to defend Harry or Mac or J. J., Mr. Hopkins would comment on Harry's shambling feet, or Mac's sporty wife, or J. J.'s shiftlessness, with a thin, acid smile that made you feel naïve and absurd, and, first thing you knew, you were trying to prove your shrewdness by giving away every below-stairs secret. The men in the office were good fellows at heart, but they were spoiled by the bitter flavor of Hopkins. They went the rounds of one another's desks, making beastly little jests. And they played jokes, hid hats and arranged humiliating fake telephone calls. After a few years in Hopkins & Gato's fine, solid, prosperous office you were qualified to go right out to the trenches and join the poison squad.

"To-Morrow You Can Fight With Hopkins, But Now—I'm Wet and Cold and Tired"

This was the font of wisdom where eager, fresh-colored, wistful, hard-working Terry Ames fished for the truth about this honesty which sounds so simple in the books and works out so jaggedly in ordinary life. He was always going out to lunch with J. J., with Mac, shrewdest of the salesmen, and with ancient Harry, the bookkeeper, who had detachable cuffs and a preternatural shrewdness in collections. While they all got on a mild coffee drunk, as is the way at business lunches, Terry persistently tried to bring the conversation round to the question of commercial honesty.

The wise elders shrieked at him:

"Oh, give your conscience a rest!"

They gave their consciences a good, permanent rest and fed them soothing sirup if they waked and cried.

Sometimes Terry could get oracles out of old Harry, who defended the Hopkins system of exaggerating in advertisements, using much retouched half tones, hypnotizing old-lady customers, and selling jerry-built houses from which the concrete peeled off during the first winter.

Harry asserted:

"It's all right to talk, but you aren't in business for your health, are you? Besides, everybody does it."

The others would nod approval of Harry's pellucid philosophy and drop into Terry's truth-begging palm such pearls as these:

"This bull about building homes for the future and making suburbs beautiful listens well in a high-school recitation, but how are you going to support the business meanwhile?"

"Why, we're regular angels compared with most of 'em. Look at this free-if-you-pay-for-the-abstract scheme."

"Why, if you did tell the people the truth they wouldn't be satisfied."

"I guess we're as honest as the next fellow."

"Yes, sure, honestly—if possible!"

"When you're as old as I am ——"

"Get the dough first ——"

When Terry declared that other firms—big, reputable, national concerns—must surely have a higher standard of honesty than Hopkins & Gato, the men didn't take the trouble to argue; they merely smiled and made him feel schoolboyishly credulous. By his constant inquiring he was in danger of becoming an office pest; but in nauseated horror he realized that fact, and tried to conceal his restless fumbling for understanding.

In the city's somber corridor of brooding gods, gigantic graven idols with hands on their brutal knees and granite eyes insolently blank above his clerkly questioning, he prayed for guidance, but only an echo answered him, and over the temple brooded the shadow of Pilatus, still asking "What is truth?"

You—philosophers and poets and iron-jawed statesmen, foreign observers of America, and clever ladies of the literary table d'hôtes and soldiers who demand that we take your military training—you know what our offices are—just desks and cigars and rubber bands, and derby hats over a slight baldness. Yes, you know there isn't any grave and quiet nobility or glorious struggle of youth among us who are dollar chasers.

Oh! Oh, you do, do you? Then listen.

II

HOPKINS & Gato were on the jump, booming a new development. They had sold most of their Long Island suburb to unfortunates who had never seen New York State; and now, lest they seem to neglect the suckers in New York, they were taking on Tangerine Springs, "the citrus city, the best orange district in Florida," for mail and direct selling. Mr. Hopkins had a whole pamphlet of affable government figures about the yield in orange groves not more than ten miles from Tangerine Springs, figures so convincing that the Hopkins copy writer, Terry Ames, wondered where the flaw really was as he turned out notices about "Golden fruit and a golden bank account; the way out for the city man who is tired of offices and Northern cold. Own your own bungalow among the palms and hibiscus; easy work and big returns."

"That's me. 'Tired of offices and cold.' Wonder if there's a single darn palm in Florida. Can't be if a Hopkins ad says there is," he grumbled as he viciously jabbed at his typewriter with two thin fingers.

Terry had grown accustomed to lying about the Long Island property, but he couldn't get up much enthusiasm about this new fraud. He wanted to believe in Tangerine Springs as long as he could. But he discovered the facts soon enough.

A Brooklyn man wrote in that he knew Florida, that Tangerine Springs might perhaps be all right for trucking, but certainly was too wet and low for citrus fruits. His letter closed:

"Tell the bright young man who is guilty of your ads that he might catch more fools if he said less about sunshine and bungalows and more about kumquats and mandarins. There's just one thing that saves the public from liars like you people—that is, you don't know how to run your own business. I bet you don't know flatwoods from hammock."

Did Mr. Clyde Hopkins blush at this letter? No, Mr. Clyde Hopkins did not blush. He called in Terry Ames and snapped:

"If you can't put a little more pep and novelty in your Tangerine copy, you better quit. Here, read this letter!"

Terry marveled, as he read, that Mr. Hopkins was willing to show this exposure of his own crimes. He stammered:

"But, uh, how—how about this 'all right for trucking, bum for citrus fruit,' Mr. Hopkins?"

"Rats; always got to have a few kicks. How does he know it ain't good for oranges till he tries it? Now, get a good line about all the different kinds of oranges into your copy. And you might even write this boob, thanking him for the tip. Don't let him think we're sore."

Terry wanted to resign. But, if he did, Hopkins would merely laugh and go on selling Tangerine lots. As he gloomed back to his desk Terry sketched a moving picture of himself as the young hero who would convert the office to truth, single-handed. He saw Hopkins trembling before his denunciations, and even that old cynic Harry weeping down his alpaca coat sleeves and selling his agate scarfpin to get money to refund to Hopkins' victims.

But—Terry wasn't a Galahad; he was about like the rest of us; he wanted to be honest and also to get that little envelope next Saturday. So he studied a bulletin on orange growing till he had an artistic inspiration and was lost in composing a blurb which began:

"Do you know that the orange industry has just started? Do you know what a kumquat is? Do you know that the whole world is begging for the chance to give you money for the kumquats you could grow at Tangerine Springs?"

When the advertisement was glowingly finished, however, Terry gravitated to Mac's desk and complained:

"Say, hang it, I don't like this Tangerine project. Land's no good for citrus fruits. Why not sell it for truck ——"

"Say, Ames, don't you ever give your conscience an hour off? Do you know what's the matter with it? You smoke too many cigarettes."

Then Mac laughed for four minutes and hustled round the office, revealing his new joke to everybody: "So I says to him, 'Do you know what's the matter with you? Why,' I says, 'you're getting smoker's heart in the conscience!"

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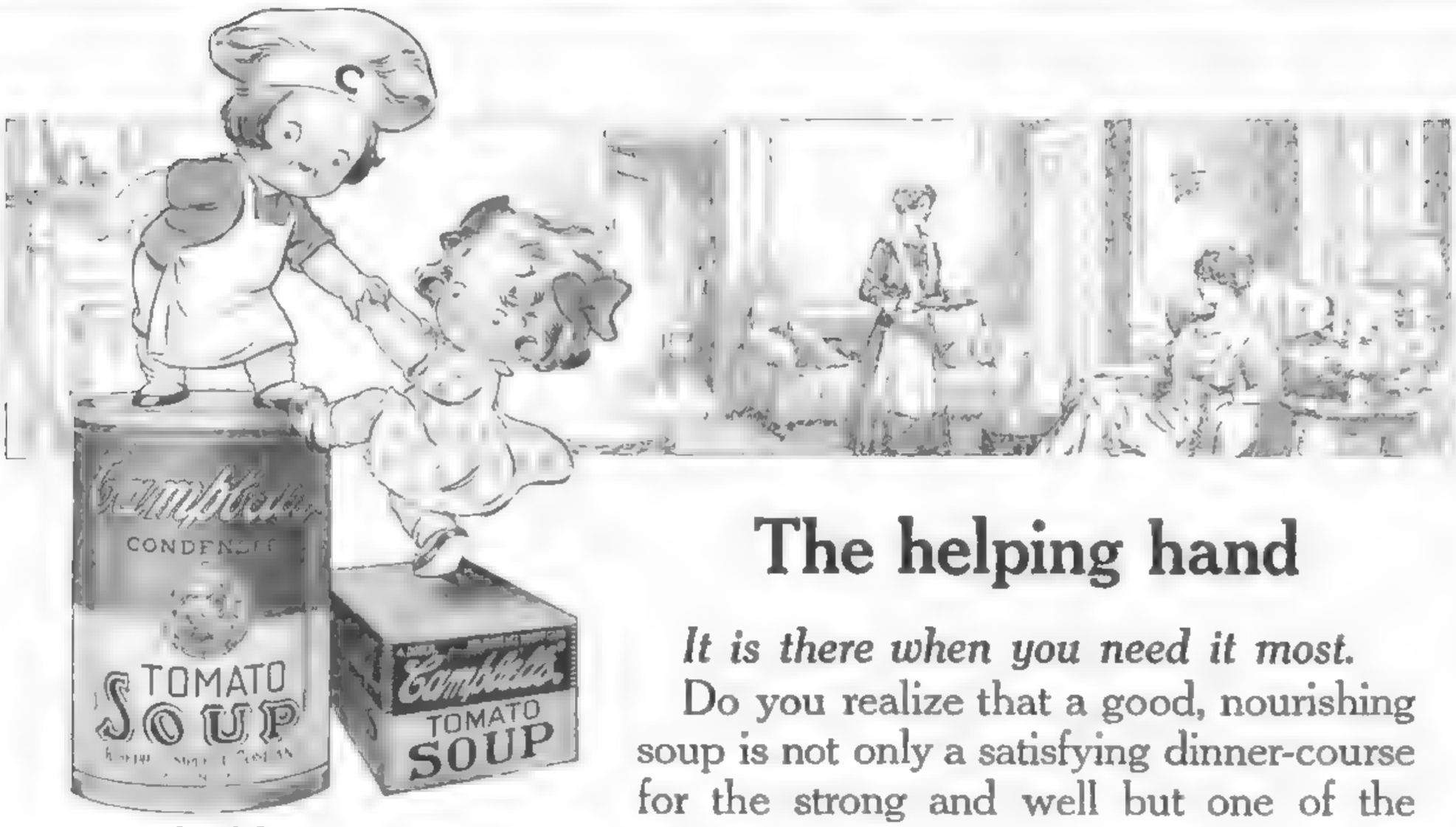

The helping hand

It is there when you need it most.

Do you realize that a good, nourishing soup is not only a satisfying dinner-course for the strong and well but one of the most valuable aids in restoring the delicate and weakly to normal strength and vigor?

Convalescents, invalids, ailing children, nursing mothers—any who are subject to especial demands upon their physical resources—find a gratifying reinforcement in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Its enticing flavor appeals to the most capricious appetite, while its unusual nutritive properties are directly helpful in strengthening digestion and building up an enfeebled constitution.

Physicians, nurses, and dietetic authorities recommend it freely for this purpose. And we receive many appreciative letters describing the benefits derived.

A Virginia lady, for example, writes us that her little boy of four years, formerly quite delicate, has now become strong and healthy through the regular use, as she asserts, of *Campbell's Soups* in accordance with the doctor's instructions.

An Ohio lady describes similar gratifying results in the case of her two children recovering from illness. She declares "they have now acquired the soup habit and are strong and well."

Served as a Cream of Tomato this wholesome soup is particularly appetizing and nourishing. It is as easily prepared as a cup of tea. And we believe that any delicate member of your family will find it peculiarly welcome and delightful.

21 kinds

Asparagus	Chicken	Consommé	Mutton	Tomato
Beef	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Julienne	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Bouillon	Clam Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Pea	Vegetable
Celery	Clam Chowder	Mulligatawny	Printanier	Vermicelli-Tomato

10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

When J. J. sent Terry an office "memo" next morning he headed it:

"To the man with the ingrowing conscience and the outsticking cigarette."

Watkins asked Terry why he didn't smoke cigars, like a man, and Peter had some light, elephantine pleasantries about a pipe. In fact, Terry's general childishness was the office joke, till they had a new topic in the expected arrival of a woman to try to do a man's work.

This gave an almost perfect opportunity for them to dig out all the good old shady jokes about women's foibles. Hopkins was, it seemed, going to get one Susan Bratt to manage the follow-up and circularizing systems—check up the lists, tabulate returns, get out form letters, direct twelve girl assistants. She was to replace Peter. Whenever Peter was out of hearing, everybody insinuated that he was a loafer, a borrower of small sums till Monday; but, even so, Peter was certainly preferable to this Susan Bratt.

Terry pictured her as fat, forty, faded, dumpily industrious and wheezily sniffing, staring dully from behind thick glasses and making a bad precedent by staying late. He joined the others in referring to her as "the brat." The forlorn and lonely seeker of honesty was preparing to make it as difficult as he could for the forlorn and lonely interloper.

On Monday morning Terry woke with the usual Monday-morning shock of discovering that the holiday was over, and groaned:

"Back to the mine! Oh, I can't stand any more rotten chirping little fifty-line ads about kumquats—but I will."

Every day in his life would be just one more dinky page in an endless desk calendar.

He entered the office with Mac, who was the local ladykiller, and who stopped just inside the door to chuckle:

"Hey, Ames, the little Bratt has came. Some dame, kid, some chicken! Me for it! My lit-tle Sue, I could love you-oo."

At Peter's desk was the new office woman. She looked up. Terry caught the flash of her eyes. "Gee!" said he.

A slender, curly-haired girl of twenty three or four, with the untroubled brown eyes of a gallant boy, yet with curving shoulders in a blouse of white silk that looked as though it could never be anything but fresh. A quick-moving, self-possessed girl. Mac turned, as they separated, and winked at Terry, who hated the suggestive wink and the troublesome new girl about equally. He had, at least, grown used to his round of boredom. He had invented ways of pulling through the day—sneaking out for a cup of coffee round the corner, talking to old Harry, standing out in the hall at the mail chute and warning himself to work as though he did like it. Now, this satin-cheeked young Susan Bratt would inspire new jealousies and make the office intolerable.

All day long he watched Miss Bratt smile gratefully at the men who straightened their ties and went to introduce themselves to her. He saw Gato himself call for office supplies for her—even to blue and red pencils and a letter opener, tools which the rest of them had to steal from one another. He saw the bunch maneuvering to find things to explain to her, advice to give her. And she was pleasant to all of them. Terry had to admire her modulating voice, though he hated to hear it respond to the smirking, much married Mac, who leaned over her desk and flashed his diamond ring at her. Terry found that he, too, had the most surprising number of errands that took him up to her end of the office. But he wouldn't introduce himself to her—no, not for anything!

When he left at five-thirty she was putting on a blue linen jacket with impudent white cuffs and collar, and a small toque which sat cockily on her brown, shining hair. All the Sir Walter Raleighs in the shop galloped up to help her, while the old dependables, the stenographers who had been with the firm since Hopkins was a yearling, somehow managed to struggle into their sateen-lined, tabby black jackets without assistance.

"Good Lord, look at them, everyone but old Harry and me and the firm! With J. J. holding her bag! Well, I know one person that isn't going to fall for the Queen of the Rancho stuff," Terry grumbled as he clumped out.

He walked down the Bowery and had dinner in Chinatown. He peered into pawnshop windows, he watched the bums, he chose the noisiest chop-suey den in town, he made much of ordering almond omelet and "sweet and pungent." He wouldn't admit it, but he was trying to flee from loneliness, the loneliness that usually was merely drab boredom but to-night was a tangible, pursuing presence. Fear was creeping into him—fear of himself, fear of the cryptic city. He rushed out of the restaurant. Through streets deserted and foreboding he swung down to the Battery, listening to his own footsteps. Among the derelicts, dark shoddy figures writhing on the benches, he sat, neat and efficient and—a derelict. Beside him sat Fear.

A barge load of immigrants was bound for Ellis Island. One of them struck up on his accordion a wailing folk song, full of the melancholy of wide brown moors, and Terry's frantic restlessness changed to a softer unhappiness in which every memory was tender and hopelessly sad. Then he knew that all this while he had been subconsciously reviewing Susan Bratt. Her harsh name changed to a sound of music. In the mist rising from the river he saw her face. He felt himself kiss her smiling lips.

He sprang up, amazed at the force of his fancy. He exclaimed:

"Why, I've never seen her but just one day—flirt that tries to work everybody. Why, I haven't even met her yet. . . . But, by Jiminy, I will to-morrow! No, I won't either. All this kitten stuff!"

Her luminous eyes went home with him, and he could scarce sleep for longing to see her. Then it was morning again—same old prosaic awakening to the same old raucous alarm clock in the same old room, with the same old office details ahead. He plodded uptown. He already knew that his overnight fervor about Miss Bratt was a dream; that she was merely a business female, not a princess of romance. He glanced at her.

Terry and Sue, Oblivious, Did Not Move Till the Office Had Returned to its Ordinary Indifference to Mere Nature

"Yup. Nothing but a pretty girl. Woods are full of 'em"

She had no relation to the lighted passionate face that had looked at him from the fog of the harbor.

Not till ten or eleven o'clock did he fall in love with her again!

J. J.'s desk was near Miss Bratt's. With J. J., late that morning, Terry had to work out a new form letter to galvanize installment payments. When he was really on the job Terry tried to be crisp, alert, practical, and in such a mood of justice he wondered if Miss Bratt really was looking for flirtations.

She seemed very busy, cross-checking two lists of alfalfa-land inquiries to be used for the Tangerine Springs circularizing.

J. J. and Terry were sitting in one of those familiar poetic abstractions, trying to think of a better phrase to close the letter which they were planning—tilted back, tapping their teeth with their pencils, heads on one side, one eye closed, the other eye screwed up and anxiously regarding the ceiling, looking tremendously wise, and both of them passing the buck and plaintively hoping that the other fellow was going to hurry up and think of the phrase. Perhaps you've done it yourself.

Through the trance Terry heard Mac's voice, honeyed but slightly hoarse:

"I'll Go Home and Play Solitaire—if I Can Get Anybody to Play it With"

"Well, little one, things going better to-day? Sorry I been out this morning. Meant to stick round and slip you some more pointers."

Terry's tilted chair came down sharply, and he stared. Mac was beside Miss Bratt's desk, in his very best lady-killing attitude, as used successfully with waitresses, telephone girls, and young ladies at hotel news stands—hat on one side, both hands in his pockets, his trim feet doing a little private dance by themselves, all very gay and intimate.

Terry was groaning:

"Good Lord, what a simp I am, mooning over this girl, and she standing for Mac. Urgh!" Mac took his hands from his pockets, leaned over her desk, picked up her pastepot and fondled it. To the absurdly squeamish Terry it seemed as though Mac would be taking her hand next. Mac murmured, like a cooing jackass:

"Well, did the girlie get her hooky-wookies into the job pretty good to-day?"

Miss Bratt laid down her list of names, put a paper weight exactly in the center of the desk, straightened the nest of pencils and pens in front of her inkwell, and said with startling clearness:

"Mr. Mac—MacDervish, isn't it?—I'm very busy. I'm obliged to you for your pointers of yesterday, but I didn't really need them. I'm afraid I'm horribly competent. So if you would—how would you say it in your language?—if you would ring off you'd save me lots and lots of trouble. I think that's all."

And she did not smile with a sugary prissy sanctity; she did not look about for applause. She rose rather quickly and stood straight, her fingers on the edge of the desk, while for a second she seemed to look far away, sadly. Then, eyes down, she passed Mac and quietly began to flip through a file of names. As Mac shuffled away she ignored him.

Terry was glowingly happy—that is, till J. J. grated:

"Cranky little hen. . . . Well, have you got that phrase yet?"

During the several million hours that had still to drag themselves past before twelve-thirty, when he would be free to go out to lunch, Terry found the needed phrase, dictated some correspondence, and came back to study the big map of Florida that hung near Miss Bratt's desk. He had convinced himself that he needed to examine that map immediately—so immediately that he left his draft of the big Tangerine circular in the middle of a sentence. As he went up the central aisle of the office he felt kindly toward his fellow workers, toward Harry and J. J. and Gato and Watkins and this new Miss Bratt. What a good, knowable bunch of human beings they all were—all except Mac. And except Hopkins, of course. Then the office changed to a hideous tangle of dead, gaunt trees, a wilderness filled with ambushes that threatened the unconscious Sue Bratt. Mac was talking to Watkins, Mac's rival as office masher. The two men glanced at Miss Bratt and snickered.

While Terry was examining the map near her, Watkins came forward and oozily said:

"Uh, have you, uh, a date for lunch, Miss Bratt? Be glad tuh ——"

"I have!" said Miss Bratt.

This time she didn't flee to the files. She sat still, a slight droop to her shoulders that were so smooth and rosy under her silk waist, and she looked Watkins up and down, quiet, a little perplexed, very cool.

"Well, uh," he went on, "some day, if you could, uh, grace the feast with your charms ——"

"No. Afraid not." Her right hand picked up a list of names. But behind the list, as Terry could see from his station at the map, her left arm pressed anxiously against her bosom, while her eyes somberly kept Watkins in view.

Terry broke in:

"Say, Watkins, come here a second. Where's the head of navigation on the Saint John's River? Let's see how much you know about Florida, old fathead."

Watkins unwillingly came over. Terry generously accompanied him back to his desk. As they passed Mac, Watkins tittered:

"I buy!"

At twelve-thirty, to the second, Terry grabbed his hat and hastened out to Henrico's Chop House to meet J. J. and Harry and Mac and Watkins—and large, solid food with too much coffee. He was rather keen for doing something spectacular and heroic if Mac or Watkins so much as mentioned Miss Bratt. He pictured himself slapping Mac, and he was so exalted with newborn devotion that he might actually have done something of the kind, although office lunches are not commonly the scenes of anything more melodramatic than

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A Fruit-Flavored Toast—

A new treat for brown October morns—sliced from

California RAISIN BREAD
Made with SUN-MAID RAISINS

It must be California Raisin Bread, of course, baked by your baker after a recipe he gets from us. Else you are not sure of plenty of Sun-Maid Raisins—deep-juiced, full-flavored, sugar-laden California grapes. Such raisins are nuggets of energy—a true fruit-food, both good and good for you. Nature stores her best form of sugar in raisins like these. They are her answer to the sweet-tooth problem, for their pure sugar yields the energy that children need.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Sun-Maid Brand Raisins, packed in pound cartons, for home use, are sold by all grocers. Ask for them by name. Such raisins add delightful variety to your daily menu. Their high food value makes them a genuine economy as a part of the family diet—good, and good for you. Call up your grocer now. Write us for a booklet—"Raisin Recipes"—describing many delicious raisin dishes, new to most housewives. Sun-Maid Brand Raisins come to you as Seeded (seeds extracted), Seedless (from seedless grapes), and Cluster (on stems, not seeded).

For many years Toasted Raisin Bread has been a feature of the daily menu of the world-famous Palace Hotel in San Francisco

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 8000 Growers
Fresno, California

This is Styleplus Week from Maine to California!

The price remains the same!

Styleplus Week from coast to coast, the country over! The week when the live-wire, hustling merchants are putting Styleplus suits and overcoats in their store windows for you to admire! The week when the up-and-doing men of the nation are buying their new winter clothes—Styleplus at the attractive and easy price—$17.

The price $17 for such splendid fitting, splendid wearing clothes has always been remarkable. But right now this is an achievement without a parallel. To be able, in the face of present conditions, to buy suits and overcoats of the world-famous Styleplus quality at the price of $17 is an opportunity which every man with an eye to his pocket-book will surely seize.

All wool or silk-and-wool fabrics in the latest attractive shades and patterns. The foundation (canvas and haircloth) is thoroughly shrunk in water for twenty-four hours. Fine substantial linings. Hand tailoring in all the vital parts. Silk thread is used throughout. A corps of famous designers fashions the models. Here are clothes of remarkable style and value, covered by a guarantee that makes you sure your money's safe! Visit the Styleplus store today.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the nation over"
(In other countries duty added)

One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, ask your favorite tailor to order a Styleplus suit or overcoat for you.

Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book"

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Style plus
+ all wool fabrics
+ perfect fit
+ easy price
+ guaranteed wear

(Continued from Page 30)

spearing a toasted roll across the table. He waited, panting, inspired—though not fasting. But the only word of her was Mac's growl at Watkins:

"Stung, all right. Pretty standoffish. Pass us the chutney, will yuh, Wat?"

Thus they dismissed the tale of the weeping fair one and the secret knight.

Terry Ames wasn't always secret-knighting about the office. He really did get out copy and correspondence, you understand. But he contrived to see how, within less than three days, Miss Bratt made a place for herself. She was pleasant to old Harry, who chewed tobacco and collected from widows but did not try to flirt with babes. She was sturdily independent in an argument with Gato. In the murkiness of this cranky, distrustful office she was a clear light that shone into the dark carelessness of former attempts at system. Tenderly he watched her march on.

Terry wasn't trying to pick acquaintance with her. He didn't dare! However, he was careful to be on hand when she took the elevator down, a little after five-thirty, a couple of days later. Just to ride with her, be near her, perhaps feel a casual touch of her magic arm that was of a more silken substance than the busy arms of the stenographers! She seemed unaware of him as she rang the elevator bell and waited. Her face was as serenely gallant as that of a boy crusader—fresh, smooth, rather round. She was so untiring, so incisively interested in her work. She would go far. . . . But wasn't she, he wondered in dismay, almost too inhumanly efficient? It wasn't quite decent to look fresh and competent after five-thirty!

Her hand, which had remained on the iron box of the elevator signal, suddenly slumped to her side. She wiped her other hand across her eyes, which remained closed for a minute, the lids bunchy and trembling with weariness. No, she wasn't too efficient!

It seemed to him, brooding beside her in the elevator, that her little, white, soft linen collar, the blue linen of her jacket sleeve, the line of her cheek, everything relating to her, was enchantment, set off from all the commonplace feminine things in the world, standing out as peculiar and perfect.

Next morning Terry was drawing water at the cooler that served the office as *patio*, garden, village green and memorial fountain when he became agitatedly aware that Miss Susan Bratt was waiting beside him. He heard himself blurting out:

"G' morning, Miss Bratt."

She didn't repulse him. Easily:

"Good morning, Mr. Ames."

"W-w-why, I didn't kn-know you even knew my name."

"I didn't, till you took Mr. Watkins away from me. I was very grateful to you. Then I knew you must be Mr. Ames—I could see what you were."

"Yes, b-but ——" desperately. "But what am I?"

"Mr. MacDervish had given me a chart of the office, and he told me that Mr. Ames wasn't practical; he said you 'seemed to think we were in business for our health—always yelping about honesty.' And it was so very much for my health to lose Mr. Watkins that I knew my Good Samaritan must be you."

"I wonder if maybe you and I don't belong to the same race of people."

"The ——"

"Yes, the cranks, the people that aren't content with just galumphing along and making a living, but have to fuss round and take all the joy out of life by wanting people to be honest or efficient or original, or some darn thing they don't want to take the trouble to be."

She hesitated a little over his youthful confidences. She inspected him—his flush, his lips open with eagerness. Then she nodded.

"Yes," she said; "though I guess I'm a frightful outsider in that race of people—just a hyphenated citizen. But I do like to fight for—oh, I don't know what to call it—sincerity, I guess. Hard to call it anything without getting into some kind of cant."

"Yes, and it's hard to know what the deuce it is. Take me! Oh, I'm a fine, walloping social reformer, I am! All day long I write lies to make poor devils buy swamp land."

"And I send out the lies for you."

"Let's go dig ditches."

"Let's—only we won't."

Miss Bratt was beginning to glance over his shoulder. He realized that he was keeping her out in the middle of the office, to the vast interest of Mac, Watkins and the battery of stenographers. He sighed:

"Prob'ly be a scandal if we go on holding the Society for the Promulgation of Ethics among the Heathen Bosses any longer. I—it's —— Please let me welcome you to this punk office."

She did not answer in words, yet her smile, as she turned away, took him into her friendship.

The babes in the wood, lost in a thicket of useless industry, had recognized each other, and Terry had an impulse to take her hand, to run away with her who had, over two paper cups of water, become his playmate. But with Miss Rheinstein, the boss' stenographer, watching you, you don't take hands and run away. No, you parade back to your desk, you go over every word you have said to Sue, and worry lest you have started out by making a bad impression.

They met again and again. And they didn't talk of office honesty more than reasonably often. Indeed, though Terry invariably took away the impression that they had been conferring on subjects of great intellectual value, their discussions were often limited to a couple of smiles, a couple of nods and "Tired?" "Yes, rather." "Must be a perfectly corking day out in the country." "Yes, must be."

Lingering needlessly over letter files, laughing while he helped her to dig out old lists from the document safe, O. K.ing the proof of a form letter, they came to depend on each other for fire that would kindle the dry wood of routine. He knew her square dimpled hands that hovered accurately over papers; she knew his thin, stained fingers that made amusing manikins out of wire paper fasteners.

III

THE Tangerine Springs circular was out, in its glossy envelope adorned with a sketch of an orange tree and a legend which in ten words conveyed two lies, a financial misstatement and a botanical error. Now, Miss Susan Bratt's corner of the office was filled with scrubby girls rented from an agency. They sat at long tables and blew their noses and chewed gum and addressed envelopes in elegant script all day long. Miss Bratt was mother and drill sergeant and police officer to them. She had to keep them till six-thirty and had to fight Hopkins to get overtime pay for them.

It was six-thirty-one now, and every single addressing girl had already piled into the elevator. Sue sat among the long tables messily piled with circulars and lists.

There was no one else in the office except Terry, who was finishing an advertisement. The yoke of the job was on him. Till he sat back, his work finished, he was not Terry Ames, a person to desire and have dreams, but a little shaggy dog in a treadmill of advertisements. Then, because he had smoked too furiously all day, and the good old family remedy for that is to groan "Oh, I oughtn't to smoke so much," and light another cigarette, he tried that remedy, slouching in his chair, ruefully wriggling his tired fingers. Slowly, as humanness began to flow again into fingers and blurred eyes and beaten-out brain, he became aware that the person who was straightening up the addressing tables was not the executive Miss Bratt, but the golden Sue.

He loafed down the office, too conscious of the stiffness of his knees, which had been rigidly crossed all day while he was typing, to be a secret knight. And Sue showed in her crinkling brow the signs of that persistent, sneaking, office headache which pinches the back of your eyeballs every time you move. Her marvelously trim hair was beginning to be disheveled; her normally unerring movements were slow and pitifully fumbling. With her superiority was gone something of her self-dependence. She looked at Terry with a smile that was worn at the edges, forlornly welcoming his presence.

"All in?" he said.

"Yes."

"Both of us are, I guess."

He sat on the edge of a desk, his feet in a chair.

"Got a good bunch of girls to help you?"

"Punk."

"Yup. Mostly are."

"Poor darlings, we'd be as bad as they are if we worked just one week in a place, addressing circulars to Bazooza, Oklahoma, and Winnepowunkus, Maine."

"Yup. Always said that if I were a day laborer I'd get drunk every Saturday evening to try to forget it. Say, as man to man, Miss Superior Bratt, does this cigarette make your head ache?"

"As man to man, nothing could make it ache more than it does now. If you'll give me one, I think I'll try one myself."

In the muted hours after the office has closed, time ceases to register. There is nothing that must be done for Mr. Hopkins in fifteen minutes. Miss Bratt, who usually went straight home, sighed into a chair. She took a cigarette, lighted it unskillfully, smoked it very badly, with rapid, shallow little puffs.

She crushed it out and grumbled:

"Hang it, now you see why offices wear out women and scrap 'em. They simply can't do some things, though they bluff that they can. I'd be almost a good office man if I didn't wear skirts and if I could learn to smoke. I can't. I detest smoking. Yet whenever I get as tired as this I think I want to smoke. That's how big a little fool your superior Miss Bratt is."

"Poor kid! Guess we're both done up with this office grind, and no fresh air. And the object of it all . . . I ask you, why should we contribute all our youth to getting out these cursed lies about Tangerine?"

"The old worry about honesty?"

"Yes. Always have it. And go on writing the lies. Ain't husky enough to dig ditches. Course, if I were a noble fiction hero I'd beat it to the open and lead a free, untrammeled life; but bein' just folks and not liking to roll my cigarettes, I suppose I'll stick here and go on kicking. But I'll worry, allee samee."

"So shall I, I guess," she said. "Poor tired Terry Ames and Sue Bratt what want to run and play in the meadows!"

"We are just kids, aren't we, dear?"

"Yes, and the worst of it is we can't complain. We aren't picturesque and heroic and romantic, like raggedy vagabonds. Nobody would let us play mandolins and things in nice rose gardens—we're too clean and well paid. Yup. We're just impractical, and any good business man would tell us we don't know when we're well off."

They fell silent, and round Terry was the sweetest spell, the most delicate incantation of his life. Her soft shoulders drooped so pitifully and so near him. He was enveloped by her fragrance, here in the office that usually smelled of paper and typewriter oil and eraser dust. The building seemed incredibly still—the only noises were the jarring of the night elevator and the rustle of distant sweeping. Through the windows they saw a pink glow from the lights of Broadway, the Broadway of theaters and restaurants that had so little to do with the workers who in the silence were letting the wonder of life infuse their drained hearts.

The charm was broken by the rrrrr-ram-slam of the elevator stopping at their floor and voices passing the door.

Nervously prowling about, Terry talked office gossip, and while she put her own desk in order and reached for her hat and coat, she answered him, quietly, frankly—his office mate. The wonder of being man and woman, which had begun to steal over them, was broken. But the comfort of being understanding friends endured.

"Why, it's almost seven!" she exclaimed as she headed for the elevator.

"And I've kept you," he said regretfully. "Terribly sorry—didn't know how late ——"

"Oh, I'm glad we did stay and talk. I feel like a human being again!"

Then the elevator was waiting for them, and the bored, noncommittal face of the old watchman who ran the elevator after six-thirty forbade any more youthful confidences. They were silent in the cage, and at the street door they parted.

And then for five months he didn't get any nearer to her than he had that evening!

So long as he saw Sue only in the office he could never know her much better. She had never invited him to call on her, and though she seemed to have formed an alliance with him against the rest of the office, yet he knew no more of her private life than he did of Mac's or J. J.'s or Gato's—rather less, for these men talked of "the wife" with startling frankness.

One evening he had suggested that he might walk with her to the subway or the elevated. She had refused rather abruptly. After that he had not dared to try again.

IV

A SEPTEMBER day of almost midsummer heat. The office force had perspired all afternoon and secretly had tried to pull down garments which kept stickily and

"Scents-a-bal"

The latest vogue

This sensible way of using perfume is quite the latest thing.

Ladies of fashion no longer sprinkle perfume on their beautiful dresses and chance staining them. A drop or two on the silk sponge inside the "Scents-a-bal" is just enough to waft a bewitching fragrance wherever milady goes.

"Scents-a-bal" will grace the fairest neck. It is made of sterling silver, gold plated and enameled in beautiful colors. (Also in solid gold and platinum.) It is handsome enough for any lady, yet within the reach of all. One may have a "Scents-a-bal" to match each dress and not be extravagant. An ideal present for wife, daughter or sweetheart.

"Scents-a-bal" is made in two shapes—round and acorn. Either in plain colored enamel or flowered as follows: Canary, Lavender, Pink, Turquoise, plain opal with turquoise flowers, canary with lavender flowers. Each has complete chain with ornaments to match pendant.

Solid Gold	
10 k Gold Enameled Ball	$15.00
14 k Gold Enameled Ball	20.00
10 k Gold Enameled Acorn	17.50
14 k Gold Enameled Acorn	25.00
Sterling Silver, Gold Plated	
Ball, Plain Enameled	$3.00
Hand Painted and Enameled	3.50
Acorn, Plain Enameled	3.50
Hand Painted and Enameled	4.00

"Scents-a-bal" is sold by the best dealers, but it is so new all are not yet supplied. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Eisenstadt Manufacturing Co.

Manufacturing Jewelers St. Louis, Mo.

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Chicago's Finest Hotel

THE dining rooms of Hotel La Salle are the meeting places at meal time of Chicago's best people.

The seventy-five-cent luncheon, which attracts a throng at every noon hour, is typical of the splendid La Salle service, which combines the utmost in efficient courtesy with perfection of cuisine, at reasonable prices.

The location—Madison and La Salle—puts you in close touch with the city's activities. Yet home-like atmosphere and quiet attention make possible the utmost privacy and comfort.

RATES

One Person	Per Day
Room with detached bath	$2.00, $2.50 and $3.00
Room with private bath	$3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 5.00

Two Persons	Per Day
Room with detached bath	$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00
Room with private bath—	
Double Room	5.00 to 8.00
Single Room with double bed	4.00, 4.50 and 5.00

Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5.00 to $8.00
Three persons	6.00 to 9.00
Four persons	7.00 to 12.00

1026 Rooms - 834 with Private Bath

Hotel La Salle

La Salle at Madison Street

CHICAGO

Ernest J. Stevens
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The Only Hotel in Chicago Maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on Every Floor

vulgarly crawling up their backs. They had no energy for work. Even Terry, who was becoming ambitious, guiltily put off every possible task. J. J. and Watkins stopped at his desk now and then to gasp, always in the same words:

"Hot enough for you to-day? Going to rain. That'll cool it off."

All day the sky had been a dirty, even gray.

Just before closing time the sky—and, seemingly all the air itself—suddenly turned to a terrifying greenish black. Gusts of wind scattered papers. Everyone leaped to close windows. The roar of the blast was muffled as the windows went bang-bang-bang. They all stood looking out at the storm. It was night dark. A feeling of awe and terror held them.

Terry saw Sue staring out uneasily. He also saw Mac, the irrepressible, moving toward her. He ranged down and joined her, while Mac pretended that he had been heading for another window.

"I'm scared," Sue said.

The air seemed to boil. But no rain came yet. The world was taut, waiting for it.

The city had warded off Nature, but here was Nature trying to recapture her domain. It seemed as though the walls must be beaten flat, and wilderness creep back among the ruins. Angry supernal hands shook the windows. Fear was abroad, and turned the busily insignificant office folk into a more heroic race, more primeval and tragic.

Terry boldly laid his hand over hers as they faced the storm. He pretended that they were in the open together. They stood motionless, their hands stirringly warm to each other, unconscious of the fact that the rest of the office were muttering "Gosh, going to rain fierce," or "Got an umbrella, Mac? Left mine home, dog-gone it," or "Wonder how I'll get to the L," or, very often, "Ames and Miss Bratt seem quite chummy."

Mr. Hopkins stalked out of his office and stared about, whereupon they all guiltily left the windows and got to work—all but Terry and Sue, oblivious, shoulders comfortingly close together at the window. They did not move till the office had returned to its ordinary indifference to mere Nature, with typewriters chattering and desk lights snapped on to combat the abnormal darkness.

The cheerful yellow glow through the office made them all inattentive to the moment when the rain finally smashed down.

Terry's leaving time came fifteen minutes later. But he waited at a window, watching the rain change from a black torrent to a sheet of gray nastiness. The disappearance of the terror of the storm let him down. . . . To-night he couldn't even have a walk. Too wet. And he was inexpressibly tired of movies and of his musty room. The prospect of another evening of boredom palsied him.

She passed him. She did not speak, but her smile was confiding.

He heard himself urging:

"Gee, it's going to be dreary. Please let me come up to your house and see you. To-night."

She pressed her throat. "Why ——"

"Please!"

"Oh, not—not now. Terry, I'm —— I don't like myself at home. Really! I prefer the Miss Bratt of the office. I'd rather have you know her."

"Some time?"

"Oh, perhaps."

She flickered past him, her cheeks colored.

Terry grouchily turned up his coat collar and left. From the lower hall he saw the whole street filled with flashes of rain. Gutters were full and pouring out fanwise at corners of the street. The street doorway was packed with a constantly growing crowd of sweatshop workers, anxious girls and men without umbrellas. They were pitiful. And Terry didn't feel in the least superior to them as he was jammed in among them. He was muttering with inexpressible longing:

"If I could only see Sue to-night. There's nothing to do, if I can't see her. I'm going back up to the office and ask her again. No, I can't do that." He gazed out, mooneyed.

A voice at his ear, a gay voice:

"Why, you poor baby!"

She was beside him.

"Festive city!" he growled. "Munition millionaires. Crowded cabarets. Fine! I'll go home and play solitaire—if I can get anybody to play it with."

"You round-eyed, little bunny rabbit sulking by yourself! Do you really ——"

"Do I want to come up to your house? It scares me to think of how much I want to."

Her eyes turned from his. Her voice, which had always been so clear, was uncertain.

"Oh, do come up then. Oughtn't to let you, ought to leave office behind but—come. Blank East Eighty-seventh Street."

She hastily pushed by him into the crowd.

The secret silver knight sat on a high stool at a lunch counter. He was so excited that he slopped too much catchup on his beans. Also he let the trolley carry him past the right street, in his perturbed worry as to what he should wear, what sort of ménage he would find. Was Miss Susan Bratt of a family poor or well-to-do? Did she have a wholesale family or a spinster flat? Should he wear evening clothes or be cheerful and democratic in a clean shave and just clothes? Incidentally, he didn't own evening clothes. Of course he could hire them, but what was all this stuff about black and white ties, black and white waistcoats? In short, he had a perfectly tremendous and youthful time worrying, then put on the other suit, decided that his umbrella was no good, took said umbrella, and started for Eighty-seventh Street.

He found that she lived on cliffs above the East River, in a model tenement house of tapestry brick and many windows, a hygienic but stern cranny for his flower. He forgot clothes. He was the secret knight again, and he had found her castle. He trudged up several miles of steps, deciding, on alternate landings, that she would let him kiss her at the door, and that she would be icily stately. Then he changed from a romantic lover into a realistic and abashed young man calling on an ordinary girl. The Sue Bratt, in a white frock with a broad blue ribbon filleting her hair, who met him at the door, was not the keen and self-dependent comrade of the office, nor was she any known sort of a lady of dreams. She was just a young lady, who was not so very different from the young ladies he had known back home. She murmured:

"So glad you could come. My mother will be pleased to meet you. And Mr. Meehan. He comes from our town—Wiletta."

"Uh "

"It's almost stopped raining, hasn't it?" she droned as she led him down the hall to a living room that was filled with patent rockers and niceness.

Terry felt smothered as he ducked his head before Mrs. Bratt's creaking inquiries about his respectable health, as he grasped the flabby hand of Mr. Samuel Meehan, a thin, indigestive, baldish business grinder of thirty-eight. . . . "Gee, but I'd like to smoke; nothing doing here though," he groaned. He was piloted to a red plush chair flanked by a large Chinese vase of the department-store dynasty, and they all began to converse. How they conversed! They took up, methodically and thoroughly, the topics of the weather, the church back in Wiletta, the movies, the wave of prohibition, what Mr. Meehan's boss thought about saving money, what Mr. Meehan thought about his boss, what Mr. Meehan's boss thought about Mr. Meehan, vacuum cleaners, Sousa's band, and the nutritious quality of Brussels sprouts.

Sue seemed somewhat absent-minded about it all, but she responded readily—and dully—enough. She carefully divided her smiles between Mr. Meehan and Terry. At first Terry hoped that she was bored, but he gave up the hope. She showed considerable interest in the burning questions of sauce hollandaise and the passing of the tango. He became sulky, and was almost rude in thwarting Mrs. Bratt's desire to know all about his origin, income, habits and church affiliations.

Mr. Meehan was kind enough to go at nine-thirty, after dabbling at Sue's hand and, with a watery smile, bidding her: "Be our nice little Sue now, and don't let the suffering cats make you lose your sweet womanliness—back in Wiletta we don't believe in this shrieking suffrage sisterhood, Mr. Ames. Good-night, Susie, and good-night, Lady Bratt. Pleased metcha, Mr. Ames." Mr. Meehan kept up his chirping for at least five minutes more before he flowed out of the door.

Mrs. Bratt rather unwillingly made excuses to disappear, and the golden children were left alone.

Terry rushed to open a window. He drew a deep breath. He looked to her for an intimate grin that would banish all Meehans to the old ladies' home and make this strange alien room happily familiar. But Sue was at the small piano and was flapping the leaves of thin musical-comedy pieces. She chose The Nagasaki-saki Rag, and started to play it brilliantly. Terry tried to look edified. She struck two false notes, stopped, tried again, then slammed down the lid and faced him.

"I'm too tired to play to-night," she said complacently.

The outward Terry made a polite noise like a kitten sneeze, but a somber inward Terry complained:

"Why the deuce can't she be frank, the way she is in the office, and admit she can't play the thing, no more'n a rabbit."

"Don't you just love music?" she said.

"Why, why, uh, yes—gee, I don't know whether I do or not." Now, she was becoming as strange to him as was the room. He was uncomfortable.

"You ought to. It's so—uh, well, cultured," she went on. "I always thought Mr. Gato would make a good pianist, he has such sensitive fingers."

"He's a sensitive crook!"

"Terry Ames, if you're going to be so disagreeable you can go right home. It's almost time anyway."

"Oh, gee, Sue, I didn't mean to be grouchy!" wailed the metropolitan philosopher, very much like a young man back home. "I just meant —— Honestly, now, you know he's a crook. Sensitive fingers! For picking pockets! Oh, say, speaking of Gato, I just learned yesterday why poor old Harry is going to be fired. Struck the firm for a raise. J. J. told me ——"

"I don't think it's nice of you to talk shop when we've both had so much of it."

"Why, you brought it in yourself—about Gato ——"

"Well—well, I just mentioned Mr. Gato's artistic fingers, and I don't think it's very nice of you to call them pickpocket fingers, when you're always complaining about people in the office knocking. And I do think he's got the strongest chin, he must be quite athletic."

"Oh, I s'pose he's husky enough." Terry gloomily thrust both of his unathletic hands into his coat pockets.

Without providing him with the smallest conversational bridge she leaped to:

"But anyway . . . Oh, you ought to see the Russian ballet and ——"

"Uh, yes—yes—I must go see ——"

"Though I'd almost as soon stay home and read. Oh, Terry, have you read any of Jessica Brentwood Pipp's Southern stories? They're so sweet and optimistic! Oh, I would like to see the Southland and the old plantations! Mrs. Pipp makes them so real, and the old darkies must be funny."

"Why, uh, no, I haven't read her books."

Terry was stunned by this conversational cabaret. He wanted to be frank, but what could he be frank about in all this flood? He was outraged at the empty talk of his goddess. And the amazing thing was that he didn't love her any the less. So he meditated, as she opened the piano again and struck occasional chords while pattering on: "Of course I don't mean Mrs. Pipp is a great writer, but she's so, so optimistic. . . . Oh Terry, do you play tennis? Don't you love Maury McLoughlin?"

She had touched on one topic regarding which he did have enthusiasms, and he brightened up enough to carry them over the questions of golf, the subway, Lakewood, and the charms of Ethel Barrymore.

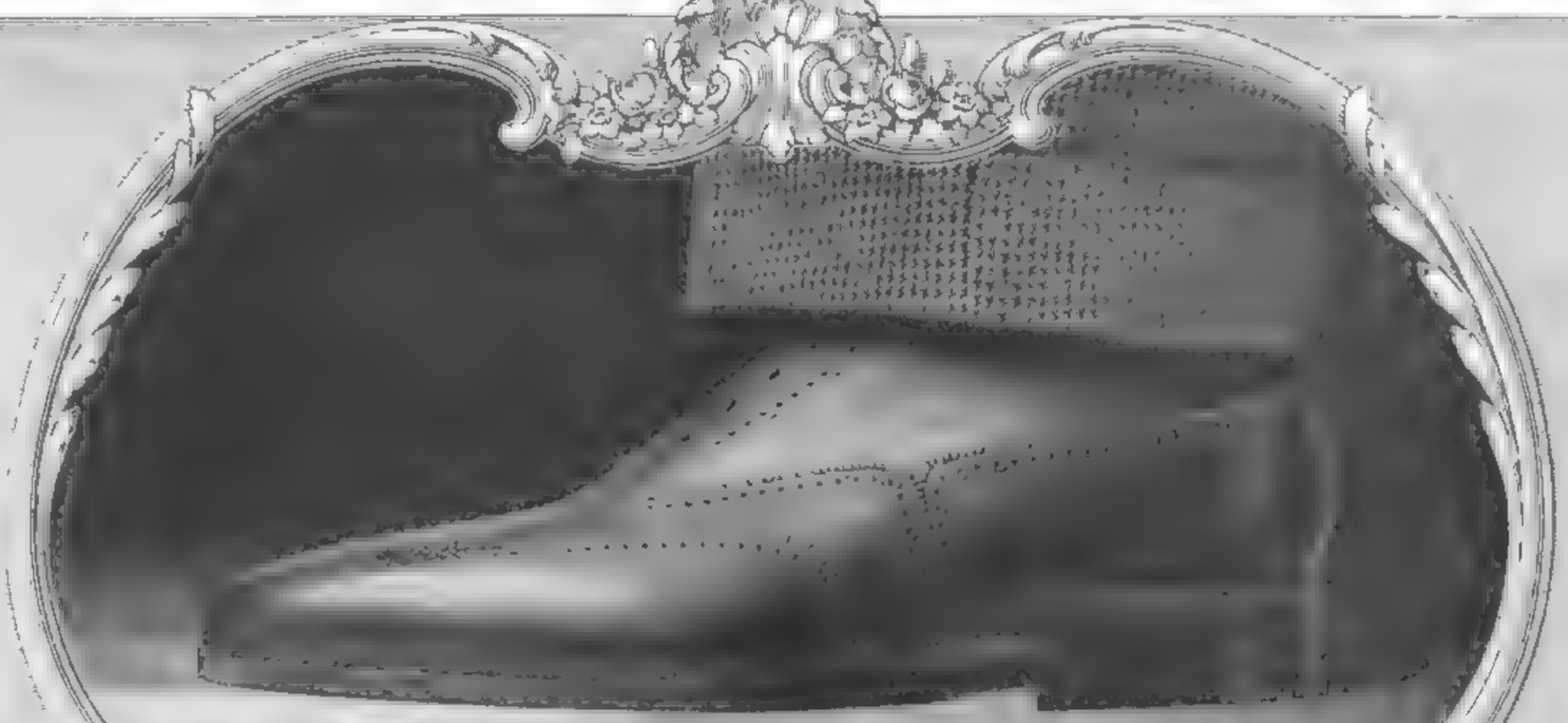
He bobbed up from his chair, pretended to look at a colored photograph of scrubby woods reflected in a second-rate lake, played with the dangles on an idiotic lamp shade, broke one, apologized perspiringly; straightened a sofa cushion; stalked up to her and, snatching her hand from the piano keys, dared to lay a finger on her pulse. He could feel her blood suddenly race, her hand tremble. They were silent. They stared at each other, frightened.

She uneasily withdrew her hand. The hot room was electrically charged with fear, hope, timid understanding. He was again, as in the office months before, conscious of her peculiar magic, which seemed to grow and glow in the spellbound room. It wasn't true; she hadn't chattered like a parrot; surely she hadn't! No, she was perfect, the true goddess, and, like a worshiper, he touched her hand.

Then she jumped up from the piano stool, dragged a photograph album from the table and began:

"Oh, I must show you the pictures we got on our vacation at Long Branch last

(Concluded on Page 37)



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BUYING shoes for one's-self or family these days is no joke! Men are asking each other, "What is the matter with shoes?" You pay more and the shoes look like they used to—but they don't behave as well.

What are the facts? What *is* the matter with shoes?

It might surprise you to know that part of the trouble is with *you*. The average manufacturer is afraid of you—afraid to trust your *intelligence* and *common-sense*. He knows you have always bought shoes by *eye* and he glosses over the facts.

Good leather is scarce: there is not enough to go 'round. The United States grows only three-quarters of the leather she uses.

The price of the higher grades has nearly doubled. Hence so many low-grades, imitations and substitutes; so much use of wax and finish; so many dry, brittle leathers oiled up and dressed up—but that won't stand up as you think they should.

Your shoe-dealer is to blame too. He has great pride of opinion: and there is much about a shoe that only wear will prove.

You both have been looking intently at the shoe and not thinking enough about *what is behind the shoe*—the idea, the principle, the institution.

These are times when you have to think back to that "something" built into the shoe—bigger than the shoe. Call it principle if you like, call it purpose. If it's there, your shoe is right.

That bigger thing, that institution back of it all, is what gives you in Regal Shoes something more than a matter-of-*opinion* shoe. It gives you a matter-of-*fact* shoe—and facts are stubborn things.

The Regal idea from the start was to give the best shoe-value in America for the money. It is the idea back of the Regal business today. That is why we have over *two million wearers of Regal shoes*.

The demand of our trade for better and better shoes led us to the highest grade of shoe-making: $5, $6, $7 shoes.

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There are forty Regal Stores in the Metropolitan Centers. And about one thousand dealers, special Regal representatives, in other towns and cities—all giving you the Regal values. *Price stamped on sole of the shoe.*

Because of our exacting city trade, Regal styles have to be in the very fore-front of the fashion.

We have specialized for twenty-five years in developing the smartest fashion—in lasts that give comfort on the foot.

All our leathers are of special tannage—fresh, selected hides and skins. There is life in this leather. There is no wear in leather that is dry and brittle.

What you want is the "glovey" feeling; pliable but tough.

You can't get it for $4 any more.

We advise you to pay $5, and up—and to get Regal Shoes if you can.

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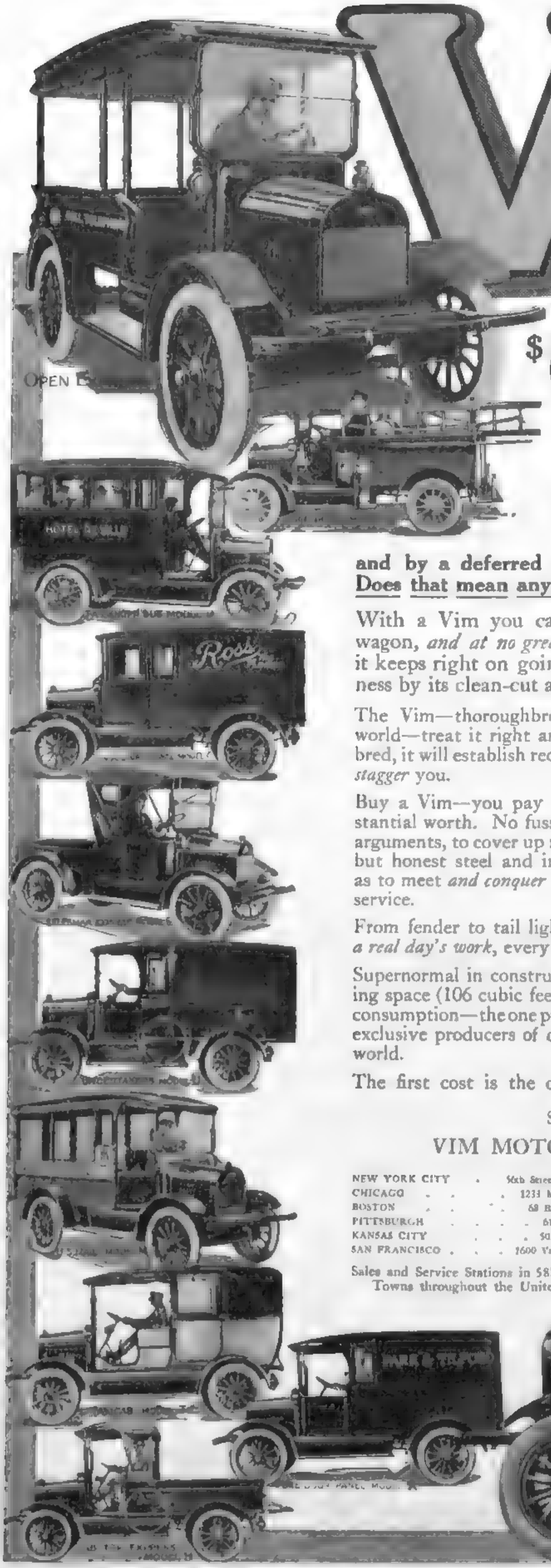

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Buy a Vim—you pay only for solid substantial worth. No fussy fittings—as sales arguments, to cover up real vital features but honest steel and iron, so constructed as to meet *and conquer* the most strenuous service.

From fender to tail light, a car that does *a real day's work*, every day in the year.

Supernormal in construction—big in loading space (106 cubic feet)—low in gasoline consumption—the one product of the largest exclusive producers of delivery cars in the world.

The first cost is the only cost, and the marvelously low price is made possible only by intense manufacturing concentration.

One chassis only—the famous Vim Chassis but eleven standard bodies—each clean-cut—attractive—business-like—one of them perfectly suited to *your* needs.

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Concluded from Page 34

summer. See, here's where we stayed. Isn't it the duckiest house! And here's the bunch on the beach."

They were off again.

The minutes were becoming terrible now. It was growing late. Already he ought to be going. Would he ever be allowed to come again, ever conjure up that spell of silence and love's tense wonder?

"I do adore Nature," she was saying. "I hate to be shut up in this horrid old city. It isn't like Wiletta; there are such pretty maples there and the ——"

"Is that where our friend Meehan comes from?"

"Yes. He's always been such a good friend of the family. So kind to my mother."

"Huh! It's mother's daughter that Br'er Meehan is interested in."

She moved to the dingy brocade settee and hugged a sofa cushion, hid her lips with it, and looked over it with tempting bright eyes as she insisted:

"Well, perhaps I'm interested in him too. I've known him ever since ——"

"Oh, sure. You sat on his knees. I know. And he taught you in Sunday school."

"You shan't make fun of him. Perhaps I'll marry him some day."

"Sue!"

He was stern, somber, no longer boyishly jealous.

"You couldn't do that, Sue! You do want to be big. And you do care, because I want you to be big, not—oh, not Meehany. You make believe you don't know how much I honor you, dear, but you do know, you do!"

She tried to keep up the coquetry. She brushed the silken cord of the cushion with her lips and murmured:

"Well, Mr. Meehan never contradicts me, as you do. I must think about him seriously. He'd be ——"

She stopped. Terry came and stood over her, his eyes hot. A flush came up in her cheeks, slow, painful. He sat down beside her, took the cushion away from her, took her hand and pressed it against his cheek till her fingers curved and clung there. The spell of silence began to fill the room again. Then the windowshade rattled like spiteful laughter and the room seemed close, sordid.

He cried: "Oh, come up on the roof in the mist, where there's air and sky! I don't care if it is time for me to go! I don't care if it is raining! Oh, Sue, Sue darling, we're letting life get dusty. You—you who can fight the whole office alone—you aren't going to go on pretending about love, are you?"

She hesitated, but he put an arm about her, lifted her up, drew her to the door, down the hall, up a flight of stairs to the roof. Below them was the East River, fantastically lighted from barges; and in the distant fog the huge electric signs of a factory were a throne of fire. Above them the pale, rosy sky; about them a misty breeze that blew away pettiness. He put his coat about her, stood holding it close to her shoulders, then kissed her hair, in which the dampness brought out all the fragrance.

"Oh, Terry, you mustn't!" she sobbed.

"I will! I won't go through all this giggling and candy toting and love making and pretending. Leave that for Meehan and Watkins and people that can't make up their minds about love—or honesty, or anything. We've worked together, not just gone to parties. We buck the office together. We'll buck life that way. We will! Come out of Wiletta!"

He cupped her wet cheeks with his two nervous, fine hands. He kissed her eyes.

"You frighten me," she quavered.

"Dear, listen! We agree that in the office we'll be honest—if possible. Now you be honest in love—if possible. I don't know how I know you love me; it's something deeper than facts; it's just the feeling that when we're together here, there's something so intimate between us. And you hide it from yourself by talking of books and vacations and Wiletta! You, the worker ——"

"Oh, Terry, how you talk and talk and talk! I do love you! But I'm afraid you'll talk me out of it again. When I just want to rest!" She pillowed her cheek against his shoulder, his damp, warm shoulder.

Not for many minutes did she say:

"I was honest—as possible. I knew I was talking rot about Jessica Silly Brentwood Pipp and all, but I couldn't think of anything else. I was so excited at having you with me, there in that quiet room. And when I tried to express it, I was so embarrassed that all I could think of was Mrs. Pipp. Only I really do like her piffle. I can have that one fault, can't I, my perfect man?"

"Gee, the way I try to make poor Sue into a little tin god! Gato's right about my being a crank."

"Gato?" She grated out the name savagely. "If he ever dared to tell me you were a crank! My Terry, my boy that wants to be honest!"

"Say! Why shouldn't I leave Hopkins & Gato and start in new, some place else? I've always wanted to, but before you came—just got to drifting ——"

"No. That would be running away. Do you know, I'm going to hang onto my job for a while, even after we're married—I suppose you're going to be so kind and condescend to ask the milkmaid to marry you, sir, when you happen to think of it. And so, my little man, you won't have me depending on you, and you can put on your boy-scout uniform and go tell Mr. Hopkins to change Tangerine from an orange development to truck farming. Do that! Do it to-morrow!"

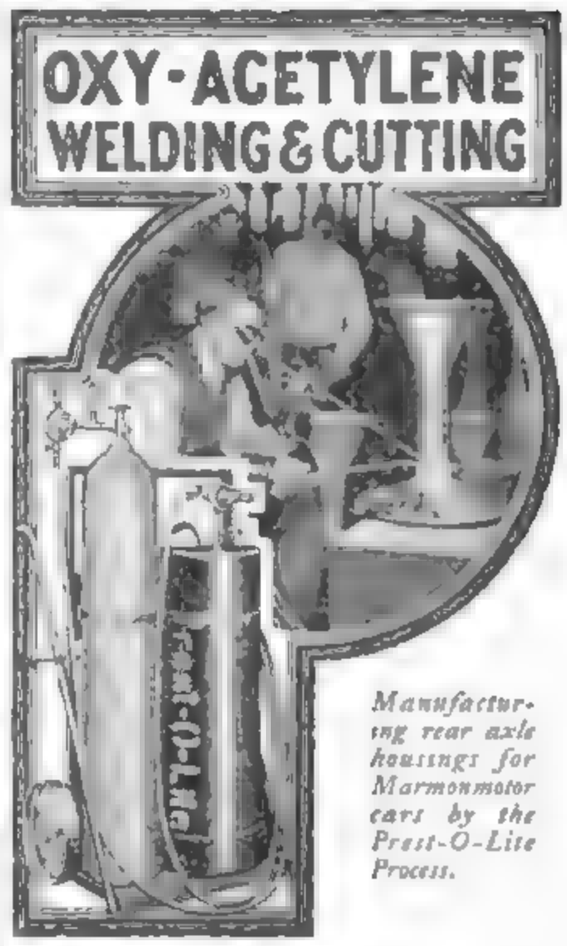
"Um. Maybe I'd dare to buck him now with you backing me. But—suppose he fired me? Now? When I need the job for—for us?"

"Let him! That's why I'm going to keep my job. Oh, you won't be like the others—get cautious when you fall in love! You started me wanting to be honest, and I'm afraid you can't stop that sort of thing, once it's really started. You will fight it out with him! If you don't, I will!"

"Yes. I'll see him to-morrow. Maybe he'd do it now. Tangerine isn't selling anything extra. Might actually go better as a truck proposition. But what a rotten, petty victory—to persuade a boss to be honest because there's money in it for him!"

"I guess there's nothing but petty victories in life, that and the real big thing of going on fighting —— Oh, Terry, Terry, we're talking again! Talking, talking! Tomorrow you can fight with Hopkins, but now—I'm wet and cold and tired. I'm just a bedraggled little girl, and I want to creep into your arms. Is that honest and frank enough for you, crusader of my soul!"

Great tatters of fog shut in the city children on the smug tenement, as though they stood solitary upon the roof of the world, mountain lovers, mates and fellow builders rolling bowlders to make an enduring home.



Manufacturing rear axle housings for Marmon motor cars by the Prest-O-Lite Process.

Let It Lower Production Costs in Your Plant

Wherever bolts, rivets or threaded joints are now being employed in the manufacture of metal products, from railway locomotives down to surgical instruments, oxy-acetylene welding simplifies production and cuts costs. Although you may never have considered welding as a manufacturing process, some place in the construction of your product there is an actual need for the

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Oxy-acetylene welding does not merely cement two pieces of metal. It *fuses* them at intense heat into one piece with all the strength of the original metal itself.

The process is easily learned—any average workman who understands metals can do efficient work quickly and easily. We furnish high-grade welding apparatus for $60 (Canada, $75); acetylene service and special flow pipe for cutting metals at extra cost.

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Thousands of factories, mines, railroads, foundries, machine shops and garages are now employing this profitable process for quick repairs to broken tools and machinery. It not only saves money, but valuable time in replacing broken machine parts or tools.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene, backed by the universal Prest-O-Lite exchange system, insures better welds, quicker work and lower operating costs. It avoids the initial outlay and depreciation incurred in making crude acetylene in carbide generators.

Send for complete particulars on the use of Prest-O-Lite Process in your business.

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Remember to buy it— You'll forget you have it on

Sense and Nonsense

The Shrinking O'Connor

WHEN Richard O'Connor, now a well-known attorney of San Francisco, was a student at the University of California he was also local correspondent for the San Francisco Bulletin. At Commencement he was chosen, following the college custom, to make one of the orations upon the campus. He spoke at the base of the historic Le Conte oak tree. In the next issue of the Bulletin appeared a dispatch mentioning the other orators briefly but paying high tribute to Richard O'Connor for his masterly eloquence.

A few days later Tom O'Connor, also a prominent San Francisco lawyer and an older brother of Richard, met the latter.

"Dick," said Tom, "I gather from your own dispatch that you rather distinguished yourself at Commencement. Was your speech really as good as you said it was?"

"Tom," said Dick, "modesty is the badge of all our tribe; and so I hate to talk about myself. You can judge for yourself the merits of my oration when I tell you it contained just four more words than Lincoln's Gettysburg Address."

A Long-Distance Call

A PARTY of county officials from one of the coal-mining districts of Pennsylvania went to New England upon a junket. Included among the tourists was the newly elected sheriff, a large, solid, self-made man, who hated to walk when he could ride.

When the party reached Portland he was in a state of exhaustion. After a morning devoted to sightseeing the visitors sat in a room at the hotel, planning fresh excursions for the afternoon. The sheriff rested upon the bed. He was favoring his feet.

"I'll tell you what," suggested one of the group. "Henry W. Longfellow was born in this town. Let's go and call at his home."

"Where is this here Longfellow's place?" inquired the sheriff.

"Not far," said the first speaker—"half a mile or so."

"Hadn't we better telephone first, to see if he's home?" suggested the sheriff.

Anointing the Patient

FRANK McINTYRE, the plumpest comedian on this continent, played vaudeville dates last winter. One night after his turn he dropped into a short-order restaurant near the theater for a bite before going to bed. Sitting next to him was a former circus acrobat, who was doing a horizontal-bar act on the same bill with McIntyre.

The acrobat was sawing away at the knee joint of a fried chicken leg. Though the knife was sharp and he was athletic, he was making little headway.

He waved his arm toward a bottle of catchup which stood upon the counter near McIntyre's elbow.

"Say, bo," he requested, "pass the liniment, will you? The sea gull's got the rheumatism."

Definite Identification

THERE are two Coveleskie brothers playing in the Big Leagues. During the past season Harry Coveleskie was pitching a game for Detroit at the Polo Grounds. As Damon Runyon sat in the press stand an attendant handed him a note which had been sent by one of a group of spectators in a grand-stand box.

The note ran as follows:

"To settle a bet, please state which one of the Coveleskie boys this fellow is?"

Runyon turned the note over and wrote his answer on the reverse side of it.

"This," he wrote, "is the other one!"

The Regular Accommodations

A YOUTH of the variety known as Broadway Café Hounds went to a fashionable wedding at a Fifth Avenue church, taking with him one of his lady friends from the chorus.

An usher met them at the door and held out a hand for their cards of admission.

The gilded youth held up a couple of fingers, at the same time slipping a dollar bill into the usher's palm.

"Table for two!" he said.

Simple Curves in Business—By Fred C. Kelly

HUMAN nature is full of curious quirks, and imagination is stirred by trifles. For example, a number of years ago, when William Gillette was appearing in the play Sherlock Holmes, he wore a lounging robe in one scene; and whenever the pley came to a city there was an increase in the sale of lounging robes in that city. It was not because there was any greater need of such a garment than before; but, of all the men who went to see the play, many were impressed with how clever and attractive they themselves would appear if they were to loll thoughtfully about the sitting room, in easy, graceful attitudes, incarcerated in a pretty lounging robe.

On the other hand, a wholesale grocer tells me that some time ago, when the famous "Hand him a lemon" joke was new and going the rounds, there was a noticeable falling off in lemon sales. People actually disliked to go into a grocery and ask for a dozen lemons, for fear the clerk would make some laughing reference to the joke. They got tired of hearing the lemon expression, or else got lemons unconsciously associated in their minds with something comparatively undesirable.

A merchant one day placed on display a show window full of electric toasters and electric irons. With these were neatly lettered cards explaining what the articles would do. Nobody paid any particular attention to the display. Then the merchant chanced to hit on the plan of having some nice, fresh, crisp-looking pieces of toast on the toaster, and some more pieces all buttered, ready for the ultimate consumer, on a pretty plate near by. The electric iron rested on a cute little outfit of French lingerie, such as is worn by beautiful heiresses. This method of display immediately attracted customers into the store. Just as many people knew that the toaster was a thing one could make toast on when there was only a printed card alongside of it, instead of the toast. But the one method stirred the imagination and the other did not.

A merchant must be careful, however, with his window displays or he will attract merely idle curiosity seekers rather than potential customers. If a furniture-store man fills his window with a colony of prairie dogs he is likely to have the sidewalk in front of his place blocked by small boys; and persons walking by, who may have an intention of buying furniture, will be so annoyed at having to walk round the crowd that they will probably buy their goods at some other store.

Department-store managers have a habit, especially in the grocery department, of enticing people to buy new lines of goods either by bargain offers or by free samples. One store holds a big sale of soap, priced at cost or even lower. Eager customers form in line to get to the soap counter. As this line moves slowly along, the customers find themselves face to face with tempting offers of potted ham, olives and other eatables which taste especially good when eaten by a weary shopper in the midst of a bargain rush. They taste so good, in fact, that a certain percentage of the people in line—a percentage which the store managers know in advance—buy some of them to take home. In that way the soap, which is sold below cost, shows a substantial profit. People not only buy groceries while en route to the soap counter, but they get started on new lines of groceries and repeat their orders.

It has not been so many years since concerns manufacturing high-grade brick used

(Continued on Page 41)

ADLER-ROCHESTER Clothes

DRESS Romeo in the costume of Charlie Chaplin and Shakespeare's immortal lover would be far from convincing. A man's attire is his show window, now as always, the promise of what he has in stock, the visible indication of his personality and position.

The men who have left the alarm-clock and early-to-office days behind them, in most cases took full advantage of this fact, and dressed the success they hoped for. To such men is sold the greater proportion of *Adler-Rochester* Clothes, because *Adler-Rochester* Clothes are styled to men of this character, to the men arrived at success or on their way there.

In every *Adler-Rochester* suit or overcoat there is support and encouragement for any man's personality—a sureness of style and quality of finish securing a man's confidence in his appearance and himself.

A book illustrating seventeen *Adler-Rochester* Suits, Overcoats and Evening Clothes free on request.

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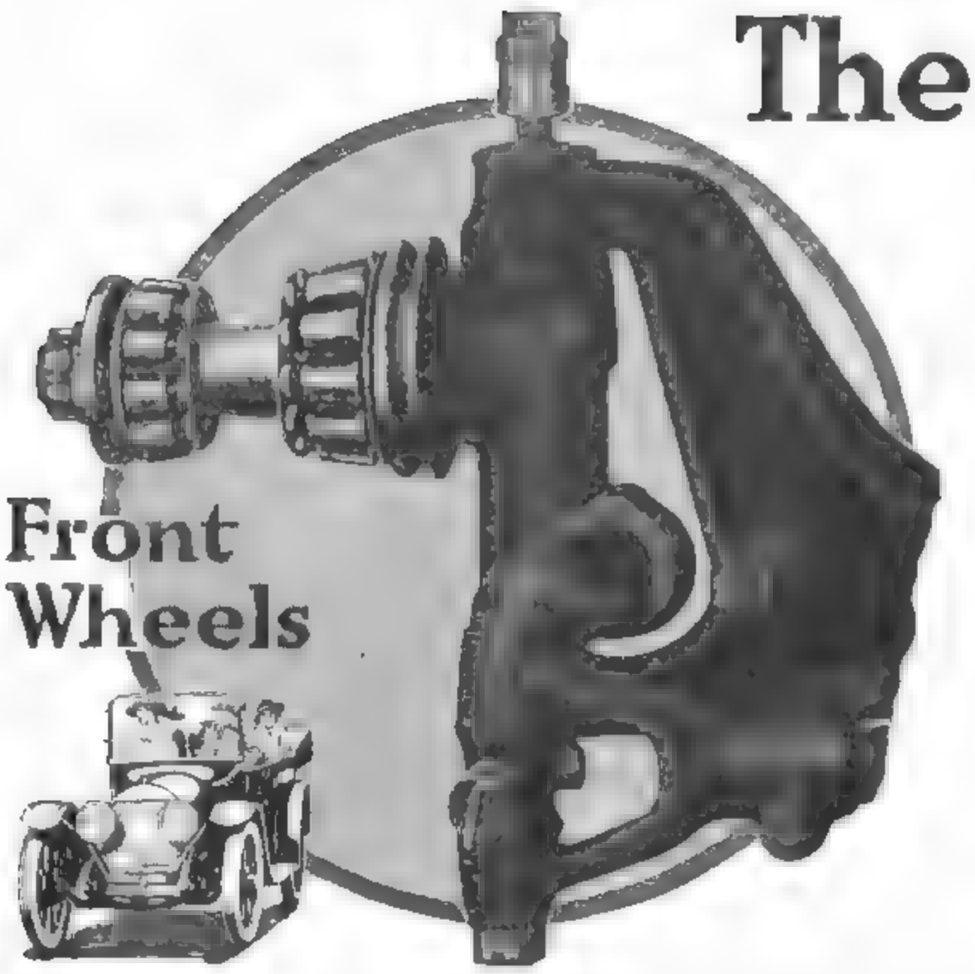

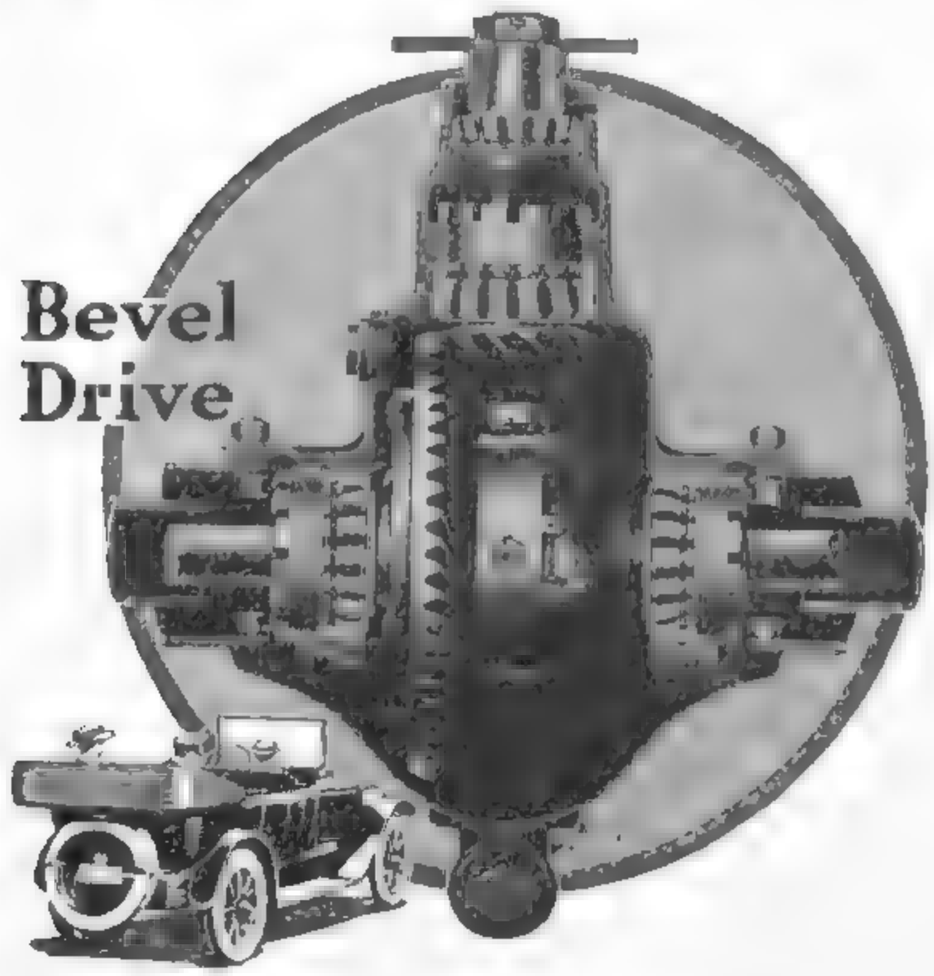

The Three Hardest Jobs

where motor car bearings must stand the acid test of service

In the modern motor car there are many places where anti-friction bearings are used—and in any car you will find at least two kinds of bearings.

Any one of several makes can be said to be used in hundreds of thousands of cars.

How then can you discriminate between them?

By finding out—not what bearings will do the easy jobs—but what bearings are actually being used by experienced manufacturers *at the places where they get the heaviest loads and the hardest knocks.*

And of all such places there are three that stand out as the hardest that anti-friction bearings have ever had to tackle.

On the spindles of the front axle in both pleasure and commercial cars—where the bearings must carry almost half the car's weight and at the same time resist the tremendous side-pressure called "end-thrust."

On the pinion shaft, in the rear axle of a pleasure car where the bearing must combat the constant tendency of the pinion to climb the big bevel gear and resist the end-thrust that results from the teeth of the gears working at an angle.

On either end of the worm, in worm-drive commercial cars, where the bearings must hold in leash the boring end-thrust of the worm and at the same time resist the crushing downward pressure as the teeth of the worm slide into mesh with the curved teeth on the worm wheel.

It is at these three crucial points that you will find the greatest number of Timken Bearings.

Bearings that "stand the gaff" on the front axle, the pinion shaft and the worm can be relied upon to give life-long service at all other hard-service places—in the rear wheels, on either side of the differential, and in the transmission.

Car builders know that Timken Bearings are not built for easy jobs. They are designed to carry the big loads, to resist the terrific forces that are ever-present to wear and destroy.

The evidence is plainly printed on the pages of Booklet A-5, "The Companies Timken Keeps," for it tells not only what cars use Timken Bearings but exactly where in each car they are used.

Send for this book and read the record for yourself. Sent free, postpaid, on request to address given below.

There are many sizes of Timken Bearings but only one quality.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
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BRIGGS, the New York Tribune cartoonist, wore

PARIS GARTERS

when he was not much older than his now famous "Skin-nay". Briggs knows that his socks are always as neat and trim as his neckwear or any other part of his dress. That's why he is so partial to these comfortable garters.

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turn down your electric lights like gas. The DIM-A-LITE gives just the degree of light you want; not limited to full light or no light like common sockets. Saves eye strain and light bills.

The DIM-A-LITE is a light-regulating [illegible] lamp. Gives [illegible] of light, from full brilliancy to "out." Furnished in three forms as follows:

DIM-A-LITE [illegible] $1.50

(Illustrated above)

DIM-A-LITE Fixture Socket (Permanent Type) 1.50

DIM-A-LITE Portable, with Cord and Plug 3.75

At Electrical and [illegible] dealers or sent [illegible] on receipt of price. SAVING OF CURRENT.

Wirt Company

5510 Lena St.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DIM-A-LITE

(Continued from Page 38)

to throw aside and sell at a great reduction all bricks that were overburned and, therefore, not of uniform color. One day a brick man became possessed of a bit of imagination. He arranged a lot of the spoiled bricks into a little wall, with the colors harmoniously blended, and called it a tapestry effect. Then he exhibited this wall to customers and began to charge about four dollars a thousand more for the spoiled brick than for the other. People gladly paid the extra charge because of the beautiful color effects that were possible with the overburned bricks.

The business man who ignores the caprices of human nature is quite likely to come out at the little end of the horn. A year or so ago I had occasion to put in a day or so at one of the smaller New York hotels. My wife, who was with me, happened to peek out of the window, and she saw a lot of harmless rubbish—paper sacks, an old collar, and such things—lying on top of a skylight at the bottom of a court. From that time on this young woman would not eat anything in the dining room of that hotel, and she left sooner than she had intended rather than stay there.

Her contention was that, though the bits of rubbish did no harm, they showed a tendency on the part of the management to be careless about dirt, so long as it was in a place not easily seen. Following this argument to its logical conclusion she was certain that the kitchen was dirty and that food from there was not fit for human consumption. The truth was, as I later learned, that the kitchen was immaculate. It was, for the most part, a well-conducted hotel. The trouble was that the manager lacked imagination. He could not see the harm that might come from a few paper sacks lying at the bottom of a court.

That recalls the scheme of another hotel man, who conducted a little mountain inn for summer tourists. One day, by way of perpetrating a practical joke on some guests, he put in some mileposts, less than three-quarters of a mile apart, on roads leading out from his hotel. Shortly afterward he noticed that guests who had been spending their vacations there for several seasons had a tendency to remain a week or so longer than usual. He did not know why this was until one day a guest remarked:

"This place is doing me a lot of good this year. I can walk farther than I ever could in my life, and with less fatigue."

That being the case, the proprietor quietly left the mileposts right where they were. He also found that there was no investment so beneficial to his trade as having a good set of scales on the veranda. Many hotels had scales that required a nickel in the slot. At this place they were free. The idea was that a person on a vacation is almost certain to weigh himself if there is a set of scales conveniently near.

Some Tricks of Landlords

Moreover, a person undergoing a change of scene and not at his usual work is likely to gain in weight. Or, if he is too heavy, he is likely to go in for exercise and lose in weight. In either event he will be pleased at what the scales show and will have a disposition to attribute his improvement to the excellence of the place where he is staying. And if his hotel bill at the end of the week seems high he, nevertheless, is reconciled to it and says nothing.

A great many suburban allotments have massive brick gateposts, with stone caps, at the entrance, even though there are no sewers or sidewalks; and usually the comparatively slight cost of these posts is a fine investment for the man with lots to sell. They give a touch of grandeur, which the prospective buyer subconsciously associates with the entire layout. Without realizing it, he pictures the allotment all built up with palatial homes having massive gateposts, winding drives, box hedges, green bay trees and iron dogs in front.

The manager of one of the biggest office buildings in New York discovered a while ago that he could get more money for his office space by showing how a room would look when occupied. So he arranged with a big furniture concern to lend him some handsome office furniture and fixtures to place in vacant rooms. This furniture was tastefully arranged, and helped not only to rent the offices but to sell goods for the furniture concern. The plan was, therefore, mutually advantageous.

Another building manager has his entire building washed on the outside once in a while to rid it of its grimy coat of soot. Being located in a manufacturing city the building is soon as dark and dirty as ever. Yet the expensive scrubbing of the outside walls seems to pay, and to pay well. By giving the building a new appearance occasionally it is not only easier to keep it rented but to keep the rentals high. As a building gets to look old there is a tendency for the rentals to drop, for tenants like a place that looks new and clean and inviting.

Moreover, there is another psychologic advantage in the cleaning process aside from the after results.

The operation of scrubbing the outside of a big building is unusual enough to attract attention and cause talk. People who do not even know the name of a building soon learn it when they see a big force of workmen removing the soot.

Nothing succeeds like success, and tenants are slower to move into a building that has not every evidence of prosperity. For this reason building managers dislike to have ground-floor rooms conspicuously vacant, and it is a common practice to let near-by stores use the show windows of such places free of charge until they are rented, rather than have their unoccupancy attract attention.

A man who has charge of the renting of a big apartment house instructs his janitors never to place a For Rent sign in the window of any suite on the top floor. This building has no elevator in it and the upper floors are hard to rent. So, when there is a vacancy, the janitor puts his sign in a hall window on the second floor, that floor being considered the most desirable by the average flat renter. Then, when a possible tenant calls to look at the suite, the agent has an opportunity, by force of persuasion, to rent him the vacant apartment on the top floor. In making the journey to the top floor the agent pauses at each landing to discuss something about the arrangement of the building. In that way the caller gets a little breathing time and does not mind the long climb.

A Farmer With Imagination

I know of two rather good little restaurants within sixty feet of each other in a thriving big city. One of these does a rushing business, but the other does not. Yet the prices, service and quality of food are practically the same. The reason one is more successful is because the proprietor happens to know how to harness human psychology and make it work for him. He places his coffee urn right by the door and has a little electric fan to help blow the aroma out into the street. This appetizing smell attracts many a customer to whom the thought of eating in that particular restaurant might not otherwise have occurred.

Lights have a great value in attracting human beings, just as they have for various winged insects. A certain storekeeper put a bright light in front of his place. It had the effect of making people stop to look into his window rather than into the window of his competitor next door. Then the competitor got a similar bright light. These lights, instead of merely offsetting each other, had the effect of stimulating trade in both stores; for they created a sort of center in that locality. Other merchants increased their illumination, until pedestrians abroad in the evening walked along there rather than elsewhere. Somehow that part of town seemed more cheerful and inviting. And the more persons walked along, the more business the stores did.

Anything at all, whether lights or music, which lures a man from home in the evening helps business. It stands to reason that the man who leaves his home on any pretext whatsoever will probably spend more in the long run than the man who is not lured from home at all. That part of Broadway, New York, known as the Great White Way, is an example of what plenty of light will do for a thoroughfare. Thousands of persons walk along there every night because everything looks merry and bright and cheerful. And thousands who are not attracted by bright lights walk there, looking at the lights, because they see other people walking along and looking at the lights.

Occasionally one finds a farmer with real imagination. I heard of one who desired to buy land for a little truck garden. There was plenty of good land to be had near the city where he expected to dispose of his stuff, but he bought a piece of sandy soil rather than the richer clay soil, which he could have had for a little more money.

(Concluded on Page 43)

Know the Truth About Your Feet

NAMELY, that all corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, flat foot, etc., come from one cause, i. e., bending the bones in narrow, pointed shoes.

Emancipate yourself. Wear Educators, and Nature will relieve—or free you from all foot troubles. Your children in Educators will *never know* what foot troubles are.

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Men, Women, Children

Get the whole family into good-looking, long-wearing Educators today. But be sure to look on sole for EDUCATOR branded in. It guarantees you the genuine, *correctly orthopaedic Educator shape*

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

is a free booklet that tells "How to Walk Right; How to Have Healthy, Straight Boned Feet, etc."—startling facts by orthopaedic authorities. Send for copy today.

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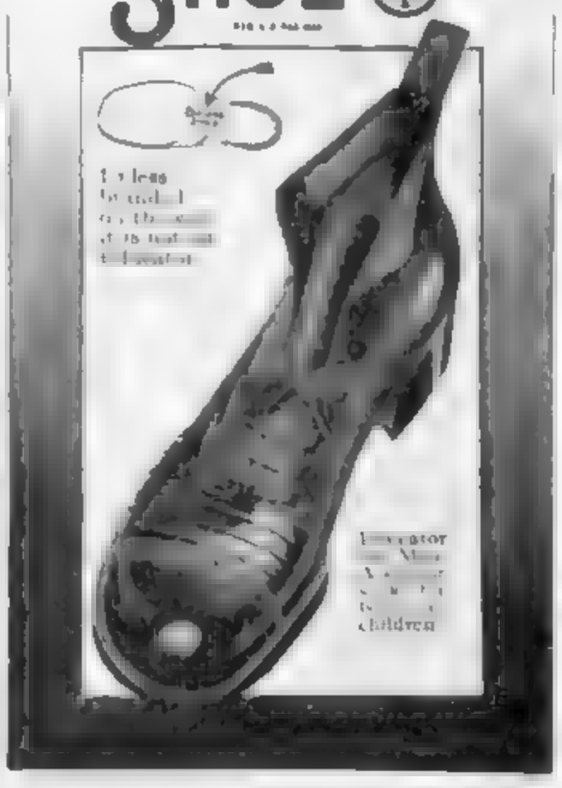

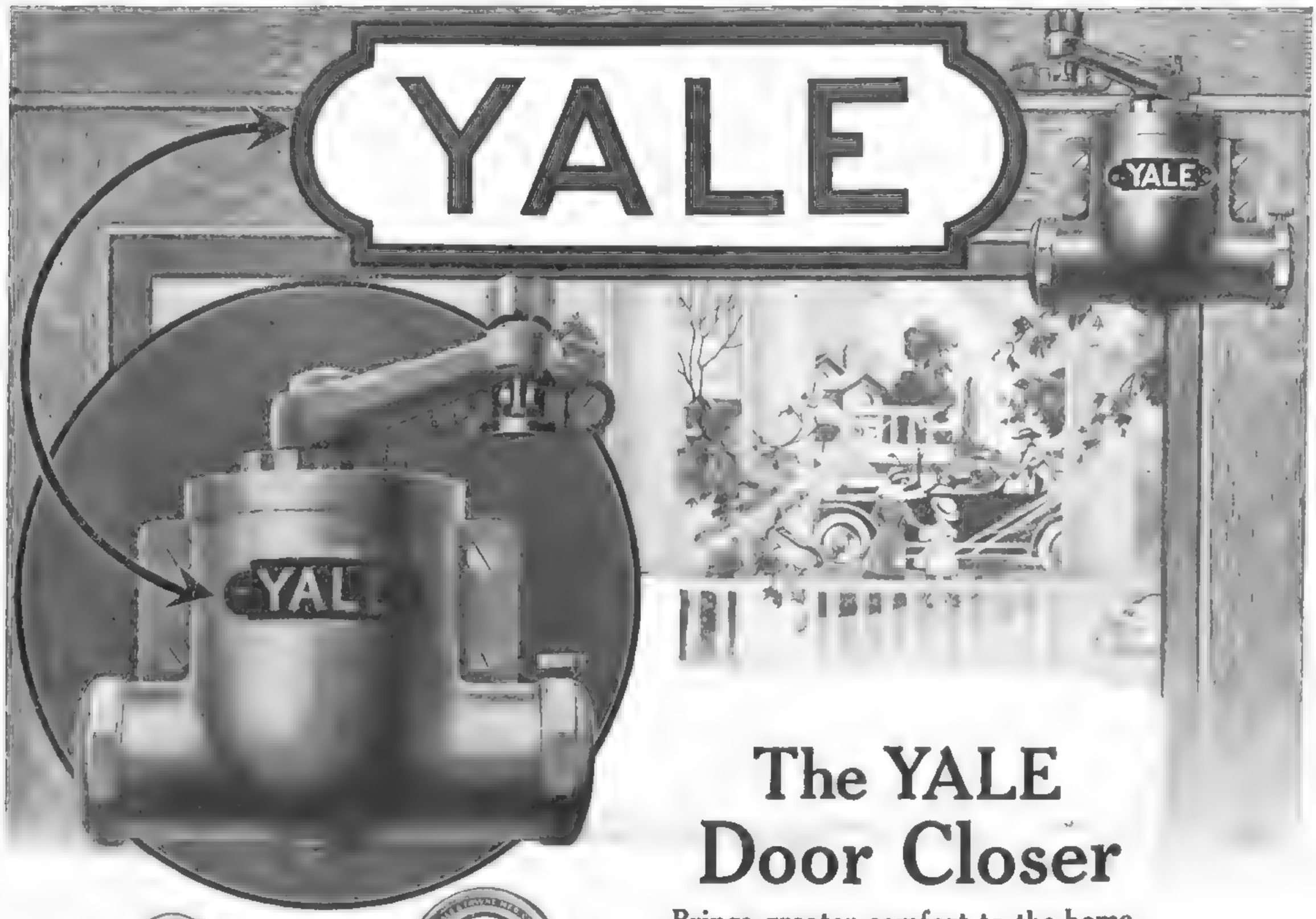

The YALE Door Closer

Brings greater comfort to the home and better health, as well.

You will enjoy a new luxury, real comfort and ease when this ingenious mechanical servant is installed to control and close the doors in your home.

More trustworthy and dependable than any human hand could ever be, it is unfailing in the performance of its duty.

It has one kind of work to do and it does that work perfectly.

The Yale Door Closer not only closes your doors quietly and completely, but it closes them *all* the time and *every* time.

If you want quiet in your home, if you seek relief from the shocks and jars of banging doors—if you would welcome freedom from half-closed doors that invite every air-borne odor and chilly drafts—let your hardware dealer attach a Yale Door Closer *on trial.* You will never take it off.

The Yale Door Closer comes in sizes and finishes to harmonize with all other Yale door fittings and builders' hardware.

The Yale Door Closer is made by the makers of Yale Night Latches, Padlocks, House Hardware and Chain Hoists.

Look for the name Yale.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

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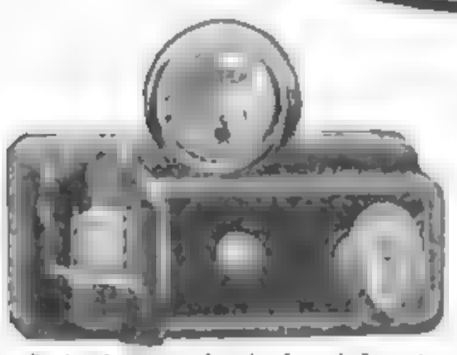

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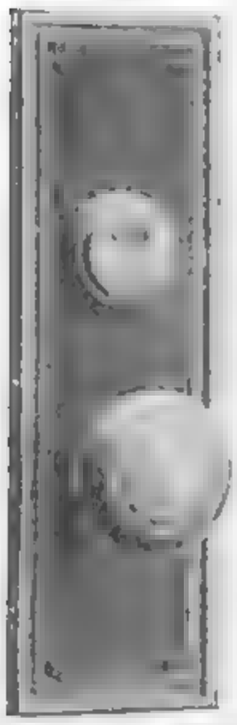

The name Yale on house hardware is more than the mark of the maker. It is, above all, a visible guarantee of proven superiority in design, materials and mechanical excellence. So when you look for the name Yale on locks and hardware, and insist upon seeing it, you are displaying sound judgment in making certain of real protection and fitting decoration.

(Concluded from Page 41)

Every farmer for miles round deplored this farmer's stupidity and boneheadedness for trying to do truck gardening in ground that would give only half as large a crop as clay soil.

When summer came the man with the sandy soil always had vegetables about two weeks sooner than any of his neighbors, and sold them at fancy prices because they were a comparative novelty and scarce. By the time the clay soil gave up its larger yield the market was flooded, and it was difficult to dispose of all the stuff at any price.

Another imaginative farmer interested his neighbors in a proposition that everybody should paint all the farm buildings at the same season. As a result the locality looked so much more attractive than elsewhere that land values had a decided boost. The paint not only paid for itself in the good it did the buildings, but actually added about ten dollars an acre to the selling price of farms thereabouts. Buyers unconsciously assumed that the land must be better, or else the farmers would not feel prosperous enough to make such lavish use of paint.

Everybody knows there is a great psychological advantage in actually seeing or feeling a thing over, merely knowing that it is there. For example, you wish to sell a man a piece of land on a paved road, or rather on a piece of road about to be paved. The contracts for the paving are all let, and the buyer knows they are let. He has not the slightest doubt that the road will be paved within a specified time; yet he will not pay nearly so much for the land as if he can go and see the work of paving the road actually going on.

It is the same way with trying to sell winter goods during a warm spell. Buyers know it is certain to be cold again within a short time, and that they will be obliged to buy certain articles; but they will buy much more readily, and pay more if need be, when they can step out of the front door and feel the chill air.

A while ago I knew of a man who was trying to sell a house on the east side of the city in which he lived. He had a prospect who was half inclined to buy, but who held off because he was interested in a place on the west side. This east-side man had imagination. He picked up his prospect late one afternoon, in an automobile, and suggested a little pleasure ride over to the west side. They headed toward the setting sun, which shone annoyingly in their eyes. The possible housebuyer complained of this.

"If you buy over here," said the other man, "you'll have the sun in your eyes every day when driving home, and again the next morning as you drive toward your office."

And in that way he sold the place on the east side.

Practical Psychology

Automobile salesmen know that it is unwise to have any kind of tire trouble when showing a new car to a possible buyer. The trouble may be due to running over a nail and not to any fault of either the tire or the machine; but if there is a mishap the customer has his attention shifted from the joys of automobiling to its less pleasant side, and may lose interest.

A big bondhouse not long ago had an issue of bonds running from two to ten years. Those which matured in two years sold so much more readily than those which ran for ten years that the concern saw it would soon have nothing left of the issue except the long-time bonds. One of the salesmen knew a good deal about human nature and he proposed that they should raise the price on the less desirable bonds. They offered these at a slightly increased cost, explaining that they were worth more, because the investment would be undisturbed for ten years. In that way they disposed of the less salable bonds before the others.

Book agents of the good old-fashioned kind, who sell by house-to-house canvass, are obliged to apply a great deal of psychology to their daily work. For instance, a clever book agent never begins at the title page of a book and goes on through it in regular order. Instead, he begins somewhere—maybe about the middle—and skips back and forth from rear to front pages in seeming haphazard fashion, always letting the victim think that in just a moment he is going to stop. If he started in at the beginning the victim would be appalled and disgusted at the prospect of having to wade through the entire book.

Sometimes a woman will tell the agent she will take a copy of his book, but is unwilling to sign the order blank. Without her signature the order is considered worthless. So the agent, as if absent-mindedly, while he goes on talking, makes a little trough of his order blank, places a pencil inside of it, and allows the pencil to slide down the trough into the woman's lap. For some reason, when one sees a pencil lying in one's lap it requires great will power not to pick it up. Once the woman has picked up the pencil, the agent places his order blank temptingly on the back of his little sample copy and holds it before her. Often she will go ahead then and write her name on the little old dotted line before she realizes what she is doing.

The manager of the toy department of a store thought of a way, a while ago, to increase his sales in the course of the long dull stretch lying between Christmas seasons. He went to the public-school records in his city and got the ages and dates of birth of all children young enough to be interested in any kind of toys. Then he got up a form letter, which he sent to parents a few days before their little ones' birthday anniversaries, suggesting that the store had a great many toys that would make dandy birthday gifts.

Parents who had assumed, with the utmost sang-froid, that the hairs of their heads were numbered and that not a sparrow falls unnoticed, nevertheless felt greatly flattered that a big, busy store should not allow their children's natal days to pass unobserved. They went and bought toys, if for no other reason than to be polite toward such a thoughtful store.

Smith's Bright Idea

A man in a Western city conducted an obscure little shop, where he devoted himself to sharpening knives and razors. On account of the building in which he was located being torn down he was obliged to move, and he feared that in a new place his customers would never find him. The persons he particularly wished to reach were the barbers. So he tried the plan of hiring a man to poke his head into the doorway of practically every barber shop in town and inquire:

"Where has Smith, the razor sharpener, moved to—the one who used to be down in the Behemoth Building?"

Scarcely any barber was able to answer the question. Whereupon the inquirer, following instructions, asked:

"Wh-a-a-t! You don't know where he is? Why, he's the best razor sharpener in the country; but I don't live here and wasn't sure where to find him. I heard about him from a barber in Chicago. Seems to me he has moved to the Hicks Building; but I don't know where that is."

From then on, after learning that there was in their midst a razor sharpener whose fame had spread clear to Chicago, every barber in town made it his business to know where that man was located.

All doctors know that an office filled with glass and porcelain cases, containing expensive-looking instruments, is an excellent investment, even if the instruments are never used. Patients look at them and think the doctor is prepared for the worst. Just to know that there are so many different kinds of instruments must represent considerable technical education, they think.

One doctor told me he was obliged to keep a big automobile to make calls in because other doctors did; and he should not dare to have his patients think he could not afford one—which was the precise truth of the matter. A much more sensible car for running about town would have been some cheaper make, but he had a somewhat society practice and his patients would have resented his pulling up at the door with any car costing less than two thousand dollars or having tires less than thirty-seven inches in diameter.

Some time ago a woman tripped and fell all in a heap in a store aisle. She never visited that store again; and a quiet investigation by the proprietor disclosed the fact that she did not like to go there because she imagined all the clerks would be saying to each other:

"That's the woman who fell down and looked so funny!"

So the proprietor issued an order that, whenever anything embarrassing happened to a customer, all employees—except a floorwalker, who should go to the rescue—must become much occupied with their regular work and try to give the impression that they had not noticed the mishap.

Vitralite
THE LONG LIFE WHITE ENAMEL
IN early American homes of romance, where heart-strings became tangled in the spinner's skein, there was always a great white room.
The memorable charm of any white room is reproduced and enhanced with Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel.*
Free Book and Sample Panels
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.
"61" FLOOR VARNISH

It's your face, Mr. Shaver—
But maybe you don't realize what makes your razor "pull." It's RUST! The naked eye can't see the rust, but it's there just the same.
Any razor blade, magnified 1,000 times, looks like a cross-cut saw—with ragged, jagged teeth. Between these infinitesimal teeth moisture collects and rust forms. Even the moisture from the lather causes rust. You can't stop it by trying to wipe or strop your razor dry. But you can stop it with a little
3-in-One
Here's what thousands upon thousands of self-shavers do: Moisten thumb and forefinger with a drop of 3-in-One Oil, then draw the blade gently between them. Do this simple thing before and after shaving.
3-in-One prevents rust forming. It gives you a rustless razor, the only kind that doesn't "pull" and hurt.
Rub a few drops of 3-in-One into your strop, too, now and then. Keeps it soft and pliable.
3-in-One is sold at all stores, in 25c Handy Oil Cans and in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles.
FREE A liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and our Special Razor Saver Circular—both sent free for the asking.
THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 EUR. Broadway New York
Handy Oil Can
THREE IN ONE OIL

Rinex Soles

WHEN you buy the next pair of shoes, whether for yourself or for any other member of the family, tell the salesman you want a pair that is soled with RINEX, the remarkable, new, synthetic sole produced by the world's largest rubber manufacturer.

If he has none in stock, make it plain that you want them the next time you buy, and he will have RINEXED shoes when you call again.

RINEX Soles wear longer, feel better and cost less in the long-run than leather. They are light and flexible, yet tough and lasting; they are resilient, yet surefooted; they are waterproof, and easy on the feet—and pocketbook.

They differ radically from both rubber and leather. RINEX Soles are for *active* people—men, women and children who put their whole energy into everything they do, and common sense into everything they buy.

Furnished in black, white and tan.
Ask your favorite shoe-shop.

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Sole and Heel Department

1790 Broadway New York City
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LEMON BLOSSOMS

By Frank Condon

MRS. ANNIE FINCH was up to see me the other night about chipping in to the fund for buying the sexton a new sleeping porch, and I regret to state that I had to turn her round in her tracks and head her due south. If the sexton's sleeping porch depends on my charity I fear the old boy will have to keep on sleeping inside the house with the rest of the germs.

It will be bad for his lungs to slumber in a room, with only open windows; but it will be far worse for my liberty and general health if I start giving away money for some time to come, because I'd have to get the coin out of the bank late at night and with an ax. There is a strong prejudice against this in Hassayampa and the sheriff is no great friend of mine.

I had a little cash ahead, but recently I foundered at sea, with all on board. I have no more dollars on me right now than you'll find in a telephone booth after a Scotchman has just called somebody up; and the reason for that is—briefly and in two words—Jake Davis.

Jake has betrayed me; and when Jake goes and puts on his betraying clothes he's probably the completest little betrayer in Arizona. Cold-bloodedly and deliberately he let me ruin myself, financially speaking, because that's the only way I can be ruined, all the other ways having been closed up years ago.

Looking over the late situation, I have come to the conclusion that some other unfortunate is wearing my strait-jacket. Through a mistake I'm still outside those high walls where the guards pace up and down with a watchful eye on the violent ones who try to set the place on fire. As I reflect, it seems more and more certain that the authorities can't overlook my case much longer.

I am referring now to the lady from Newton Plains, which is in Massachusetts and can stay there. Her name was Albertine Newberry; and that's what it is yet, though there was a short time when it seemed on the verge of changing. Albertine was somewhere round forty, or maybe forty-five; but when a woman gets over thirty-eight it doesn't matter much what she is until she crashes into the sixties. After that you have to treat her respectfully, like you would a bishop or the captain of a boat.

Anyway, Albertine heard about Hassayampa and wrote a letter to Dave Leahy, of the Leahy Ranch, where Jake and I used to work—when we worked; and it seems Boss Leahy was a distant relation and had to answer the letter. Whatever the correspondence was, it led to Albertine's taking a train in Boston and riding all the way to Arizona, mostly in the day coach; by doing which you can save some money.

She was a fat, fussy lady, wearing a bonnet that looked as if it had spent a good many years in an old trunk, and she was dressed in a black silk skirt. When I first saw her she had a blue hand bag in one fist, with colored beads on it, and in the other a short, obese umbrella. She was quarreling with Bart Enright, the baggage agent in Hassayampa. Her trunk weighed two hundred pounds more than seemed reasonable to Bart, and he was adding up the excess cost, to which Albertine objected in loud female tones. Bart Enright is a fair baggage agent, but he lacks repose of manner when in the presence of ladies—which he isn't much. His idea of straightening out a business tangle with the fair sex is to state the facts briefly as he sees them, and then add that anybody who feels like it can go to hell!

With my usual luck, I happened to be in Hassayampa and adjacent to the baggage room when the unpleasantness began, and my natural instinct for getting into trouble did the rest. Eventually I smoothed out the *mêlée* and came to know the lady.

I had a chance to study her while she paid off Bart's charges, which she termed extortion, and she interested me in spite of the plain fact that she was on the north side of forty. About her was a romantic atmosphere, which showed in little lace dewdads here and there. She was striving to keep on being girlish, which is a hard thing to do when your figure begins to take on the general contour of a salt barrel. Her complexion was still rosy in places, extending down through three chins, two double and one single, and she wore large round glasses, with shell rims and shafts going back over her ears. She had sausagelike forearms and puffy hands; and there was a cooing note in her voice, though she had dropped the coo during her business transactions with Mr. Enright.

Right away I remarked to myself:

"This dame is some sort of a nut, and it will be interesting to find out what kind."

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Cullison," she said to me. "You have been of help to me already and maybe you can be of further assistance."

"Anything I can do for a lady is already done," I answered, looking at her with a speculative eye. "What's on your mind?"

"There is no first-class hotel in a town like this, I suppose?" she said next.

"If you never suppose any worse than that you'll always be a high-grade supposer," I informed her. "Not only there are no first-class hotels in Hassayampa, but there are no hotels at all, first, second or third class. If you ain't above such vulgar customs, you can put up at Ike Lawton's boarding house."

"I trust it is all right for an unprotected woman," she trusted. "I meant to go out to Mr. Leahy's place, but he's a relation and sometimes relations impede one's progress."

"Relations always impede one's progress," I agreed. "Ike Lawton is all right, and you ain't unprotected since you came to know me. Protecting defenseless women is mostly what I do in off hours. Besides that, Ike's deaf and married to the strongest woman in this county; so you'll be safe and comfortable."

I escorted her up the road through the dust and turned her over to Mrs. Lawton; and later on I met her by request in the sitting room and learned about the Arizona trip.

To begin with, she was as romantic as a bridal veil; and I have observed that when a lady of forty gets romantic she just naturally grabs the sentiment jar and spills it all over her. At twenty a bright-eyed lass is liable to grow sentimental over some male earwig, but her very youth holds her in restraint and modesty forbids too much gushing display; but at forty there are no ground rules at all. Whenever a lady of forty or forty-five falls in love with you it's time to hang weights on your trembling person and leap into the deep blue sea.

"Now I'll tell you why I have come to Hassayampa," Albertine said in her cooing voice; "and maybe you can help me."

She began by going back to her youth; and after leaping that pile of calendars I discovered that Albertine was on the trail of an old sweetheart, and that news and rumors had come to her, back in Boston, leading her to believe that the long-lost lover could be located in Arizona. Whether he lived in Hassayampa or not, she wasn't certain.

"What was the scoundrel's name?" I demanded, coming to the natural conclusion that some worthless wretch had thrown her down in the tender years of her youth.

"He was not a scoundrel," Albertine assured me, wiping her eyes on a lace handkerchief which you could mail on a postcard. "He had his faults, but there was good in him. His name was George Putnam."

"There's no George Putnam in Hassayampa," I told the lady promptly. "And there's nobody carrying that title on any of the near-by ranches. Maybe he's a railroad man. Those guys are always moving."

She shook her head and went on to tell me that George was in the milk business in Boston many years before. He had what most milkmen call a "rowt"; but, being in Boston, his was a "rewt," and he went rewting along for some time, until he met the charming Albertine, who was teaching school. I know she was charming, because she said so.

Being young and romantic, they fell in love; and Cupid's young dream blossomed apace, as you might say, if you can figure out some way for a dream to blossom. Then, one fateful night, George spilled the beans, which were probably of the usual Boston variety.

Being a milkman doesn't mean that you drink milk, and it seems that George now

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She was sixty before she played cards

OF COURSE, her children played, but she always thought that she never could tell one card from another. One day when she had tired of reading and crocheting, her son taught her to play solitaire. Now she takes keen pleasure in almost any game that the young folks suggest. There are thousands of other young-old people like her and perhaps the most important factor in converting them to the innocent recreation of card playing is

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Bicycle Cards satisfy and delight everybody. The beginner finds them easy to shuffle and deal because of their air-cushion finish; and helpful in learning to play because of their club indexes. The experienced player is so accustomed to their feel and appearance that any game loses its fascination without them. In every detail they have the quality that cards should have but they are so inexpensive that everybody can use them all the time.

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After the bobbing for apples, after the fate-telling candles, the mirrors, the witches and the spooky games, then—it's the time for the "Big Taste," the tantalizing taste of Underwood Deviled Ham! Real salt-and-sugar-and-hickory smoke flavored ham, cooked *en casserole*, mixed with mild spices, and ground to a paste—the actual "*essence of ham*"! Here is a choice of delicious supper menus.

HALLOWE'EN SUPPER No. 1
Deviled-Ham-and-walnut-sandwiches
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HALLOWE'EN SUPPER No. 2
Deviled Ham Puffs
Creamed Oysters Lettuce Sandwiches
Salted Nuts Ice Cream in Jack-O-Lantern cases
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THE EASY RECIPES

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2. Deviled Ham Puffs: Have your bakery make you some tiny pastry cases, such as they bake for cream puffs. Fill these with *Underwood Deviled Ham*, which has been slightly tossed with a fork. Or mix the ham with a little unsweetened whipped cream.

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A book full of valuable recipes and menus for parties, picnics and meals of every kind. The famous little Red Devil Recipes—sandwiches, salads, rarebits, omelets, meat pies, scallops, timbales, etc.—FREE for the asking. 15c will bring you economical can to try. Always mention grocer's name when writing and if possible say whether he sells Underwood—most grocers do. Send now.

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Whenever you need good biscuits—buy Sunshine Biscuits. No better biscuits baked—no variety so great.

The Sunshine Revelation Box (mailed for cost of postage and packing—10c) will give you an idea of the deliciousness of these Biscuit Bon-Bons. Send for it today, with your dealer's name.

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In each package of Perfetto is a colored costume for a paper doll. A doll (in colors) will be found in each package of Takhoma Biscuit—the 5c Sunshine Soda Biscuit.

and then opened the dikes and flooded himself. In other words, he leaned up against the brew, but, as Albertine told me earnestly, not often enough to cause any great worriment to a trusting young female.

On this momentous night he overstepped the bounds—or, more accurately, overfell them. He arrived in Newton Plains for the purpose of paying a polite social call upon the chosen of his heart; and when the villagers first noticed him he was steering down Bunker Hill Street, with one paddle wheel completely out of water. Nothing happened until George finally reached Albertine's house, which he made in three long tacks from the gate; and from the minute he stepped inside and hung his raincoat on the family cat, Albertine noticed that all was not well.

"He was in a very bad way," the lady told me, again going to the child's handkerchief. "And I covered my face, so as not to witness his shame."

George went on disgracing himself before that pure-eyed maiden—all this happening some twenty-five years ago, mind you. After he broke two wires in the piano and fell through the family's framed copy of the Declaration of Independence, Albertine disbanded the parade and went to her room, suffused in tears, while her father came and shoved George out into the rain.

That was the end of Love. Rosy Romance fell off her pedestal and crashed into a million pieces on the ground. Albertine Newberry made a resolution that rainy night, and it had much to do with her future. She decided that George Putnam was not the man into whose hands to commend her keeping; and, though he had lapsed only once, he had virtually elapsed, so far as she was concerned. Ruthlessly she thrust him out of her young life, her old man concurring in the main details. She wrote George a letter, telling him that, though it broke her heart to say so, she could never be the bride of a "sosh," and stating in tear-wet chirography that he had sacrificed her affection upon the grisly altar of Alcohol—which is one altar that seems tolerably busy.

That was the pathetic story. From the night in Newton Plains when George went out into the rain ahead of the old man, Albertine had never heard of him again. He dropped utterly out of her life.

"I have probably ruined one man's life," she said to me sadly. "Who can tell what has happened to George as a result of my cruel, though justified action? That is why, after all these years, I have come to Arizona—to undo, so far as lies in my power, the harm I have wrought."

"Fair enough," I agreed, looking into her bright blue eyes. "What do you figure on doing next?"

"I am going to find George Putnam, if I can, and marry him," Albertine said. "If he is forlorn I shall comfort him. If he is poor I have some money. And if he is sick I shall nurse him back to health. It is my duty to locate this ruined man and be a ray of sunshine in his declining years. Maybe you can help me find George."

That afternoon the Boss chased Jake Davis into town to see whether I was still with the concern or not, and I unbosomed myself to Jake, telling him all about the lady from Massachusetts. Jake wrinkled up his nose and looked meditative.

"There's nobody by the name of George Putnam in these parts," he remarked. "What makes her think he's hanging round Hassayampa?"

"A straight tip from a friend back in Boston," I answered. "Of course she don't expect to find him under the name of George Putnam. She realizes that an eccentric cuss like George might find it necessary to change his name."

"Then that's it," said Jake. "If the low-minded skunk is here he's known to us under another name. Now who could he be?"

Next day Jake and I breezed along into town again, business at the ranch being dull, and Jake disappeared for an hour. Later on I met him in a state of excitement.

"How much dough has this Newberry lady got?" he demanded.

"She's pretty well off, though she didn't show me her bank books."

"Then it's a kind of joke. Don't you know who George Putnam is?" he asked.

I answered that I didn't know who George was, and that Jake, even with his low order of intelligence, ought to know I didn't.

"It certainly is a joke," Jake went on, appreciating the joke all by himself. "George Putnam is none other than Chickadee Cole."

I looked to see whether Jake was kidding me, because Jake thinks he's a humorist.

"Where do you get that?" I asked.

"I asked him," Jake said. "I got to thinking about what you said and how romantic the whole thing was, and then I began weeding over all the people I know. There ain't so many of our citizens liable to be George Putnam, because we know them. Finally I came to Chickadee. He might be the man, I argued to myself; so I asked him. I went to him and demanded to know was he once named George Putnam, and did he drive a milk wagon in Boston? He admitted it might be so. His memory ain't what it ought to be; but still, after I got him thinking hard, he remembered vaguely about his being in a fight with a policeman in Boston, and how he fell down a flight of stairs."

"That sounds like pretty conclusive evidence," I said. "Maybe he can remember wearing a straw hat once or drinking lemonade through a straw."

"Well," Jake continued, "I won't swear for sure that Chickadee is George Putnam; but I asked him if he remembered being in love with a girl named Albertine Newberry, and how her old man tossed him out one night. He said it might be so. He's been tossed out of a good many places. Anyhow, you'll admit he's a good prospect."

"A needle and you both have the same kind of head for deep thinking," I remarked to Jake. "Beginning at the ground, you ain't fat at all till you pass your neck. Why should any woman want to marry Chickadee Cole? I ask you that."

"She wouldn't," Jake replied, "but this dame ain't marrying the man she finds today. She's marrying the spirit of the strong young youth her old man fired out of the house that time. It seems to me you ought to have a personal interest in this marriage. I'm convinced that Chickadee is George Putnam; and so ought you to be, because if Chickadee marries the lady maybe you'll get back some of that four hundred."

Right then and there I saw the whole situation in a new light. With a sudden shock I thought of my four hundred for the first time in some while; and immediately afterward I knew I was for Chickadee's wedding to the romantic Miss Newberry, whether his name was George Putnam, in the old days, or George Washington.

It took me back to my arrival in Hassayampa, a few years before, me being at the time a callow and inexperienced youth, and in possession of four hundred dollars, bills and gold. About the first human being I met, if you can call Chickadee a human being, was that citizen; and we got intimate to the extent of my handing him my four hundred to bolster up a silver mine which he said he owned.

The silver mine was all right, except that it wasn't giving off any silver; and that was because there was a mortgage or something on it, which prevented Chickadee from going ahead and extracting the wild essence of wedding presents out of the fruitful earth. If I would pay off the mortgage, and thus enable the men to get to work with their picks, Chickadee would not only restore my original four hundred iron boys, but would make me a quarter owner in the mine, which he called the Cactus Kate.

I said I was a callow youth and I suppose that four hundred would have left me, anyhow. You could see green in my eye at a distance of twelve miles; and if somebody had offered me a half interest in a business for making rubber boots for canary birds I should have handed over my wealth with a glad cry. So I gave my unearned increment to Chickadee Cole, the old ringworm, and he left Hassayampa for Tucson.

Later on he returned, explaining to me that he had met three inhabitants from Omaha who had offered to match pennies with him for drinks in the Tucson House Bar; and before that classic afternoon was over the Omahogs had my four hundred!

"It looks to me," I said to Jake, thinking of all this, "as if there might be something in what you say. Let's go and have a more detailed talk with Chickadee."

We hunted him up and found him at his usual place of business, which was the lumber pile in front of Sawker's Blacksmith and Wagon-Repair Shop. Chickadee has been loafing in front of that blacksmith shop since about the time Abraham Lincoln first put on long pants.

Chickadee wasn't a man given to foppish mannerisms, either of person or dress.

(Continued on Page 49)

Is Your Watch a Gay Deceiver?

Are you one of the thousands of Americans who year after year carry a deceptive, unreliable watch?

If you are, it's safe to say you don't feel any attachment for your watch.

No man ever conceived a sentimental fondness for a watch that wouldn't keep time.

Yet they carry them. Why do they?

Jewelers prefer to sell accurate watches.

Inaccurate watches are of no use in any trade or profession where correct time is an important factor.

Their only market is with those so lacking in orderliness of mind that they will endure constant inaccuracies, or the misguided who pay too little, not knowing that 90% of the value of a good watch movement is *not* material, but the time and skill of the workmen who made and put that material together.

Are You Part of That Inaccurate Watch Market?

Are you the unfortunate possessor of a watch from whose use you get little satisfaction and from whose ownership you derive no pride?

If so, indulge us for a moment while we tell you about the Hamilton Watch.

The Hamilton Watch is never made with less than 17 jewels

Railroads will not permit an employee, responsible for the life or safety of passengers, to carry a watch with less than 17 jewels.

On most American railroads every man on a train crew must have his watch inspected periodically and must equip himself with a watch that does not vary over 30 seconds a week. Railroad men naturally choose their watches with care and purpose.

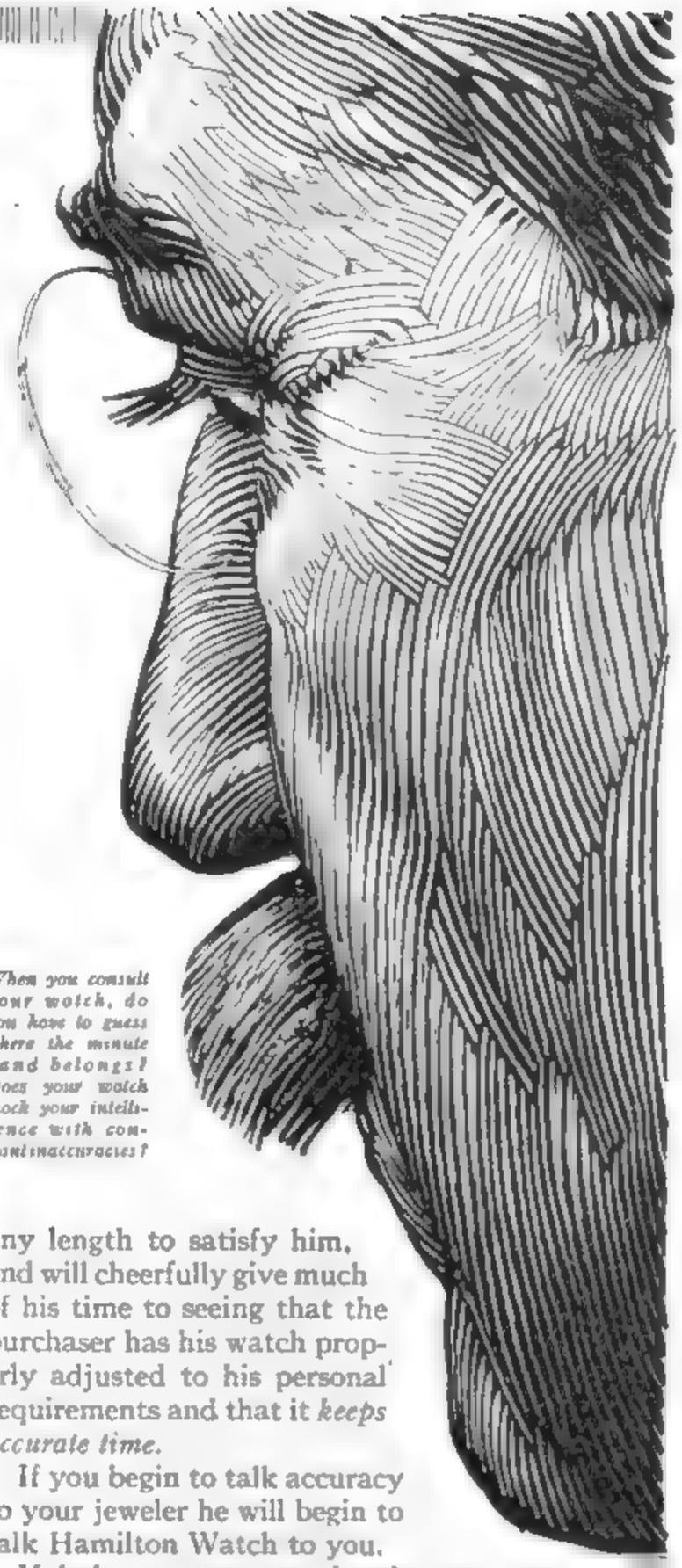
The majority of railroad men carry Hamilton Watches. Their watches keep accurate time.

Now the question is, do you really want a watch that keeps accurate time?

If you do, tell your jeweler so, mention your desire to him casually, sometime.

Observe his interest. Jewelers are but human. They do not like to risk losing a customer by telling him what he ought to pay to get a really accurate watch. They know that lots of people are likely to resent what they call "being talked into paying more."

But when a man comes along who has grasped the fact that if he wants a fine, durable watch he must pay the price of a suit of clothes to get it, the jeweler will go to any length to satisfy him, and will cheerfully give much of his time to seeing that the purchaser has his watch properly adjusted to his personal requirements and that it *keeps accurate time.*



When you consult your watch, do you have to guess where the minute hand belongs? Does your watch mock your intelligence with constant inaccuracies?

If you begin to talk accuracy to your jeweler he will begin to talk Hamilton Watch to you.

If, before you see your jeweler, you want a broader familiarity with what makes a fine watch,

Write for Hamilton Watch Book "The Timekeeper"

It has condensed into 36 readable pages the story of what makes a watch worthy of carrying. It shows all Hamilton Models for men and women—from the $12.25 Movement Alone ($13.00 in Canada), or a Movement to fit your present watch case, and cased watches at $25.00, $28.00, $40.00, $50.00, $80.00 and so on, up to $150.00 for the Hamilton Masterpiece in 18k extra heavy gold case. The book will be sent free on request.

Hamilton Watch Company
Dept. J Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Hamilton Watch

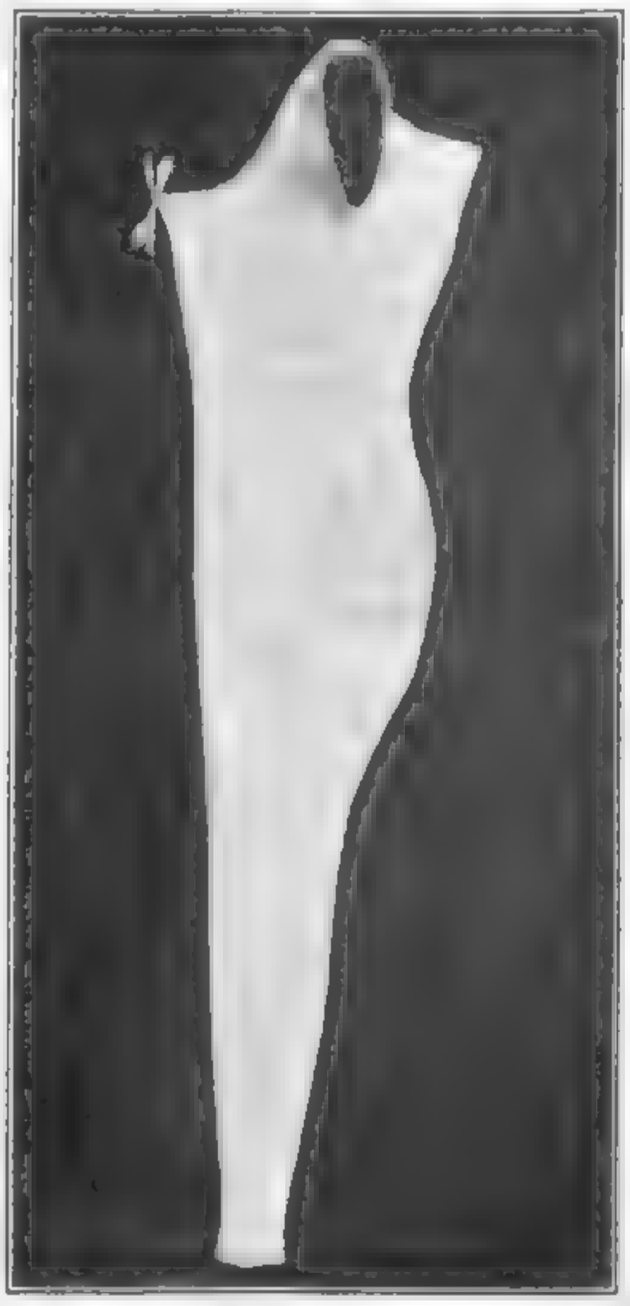
"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

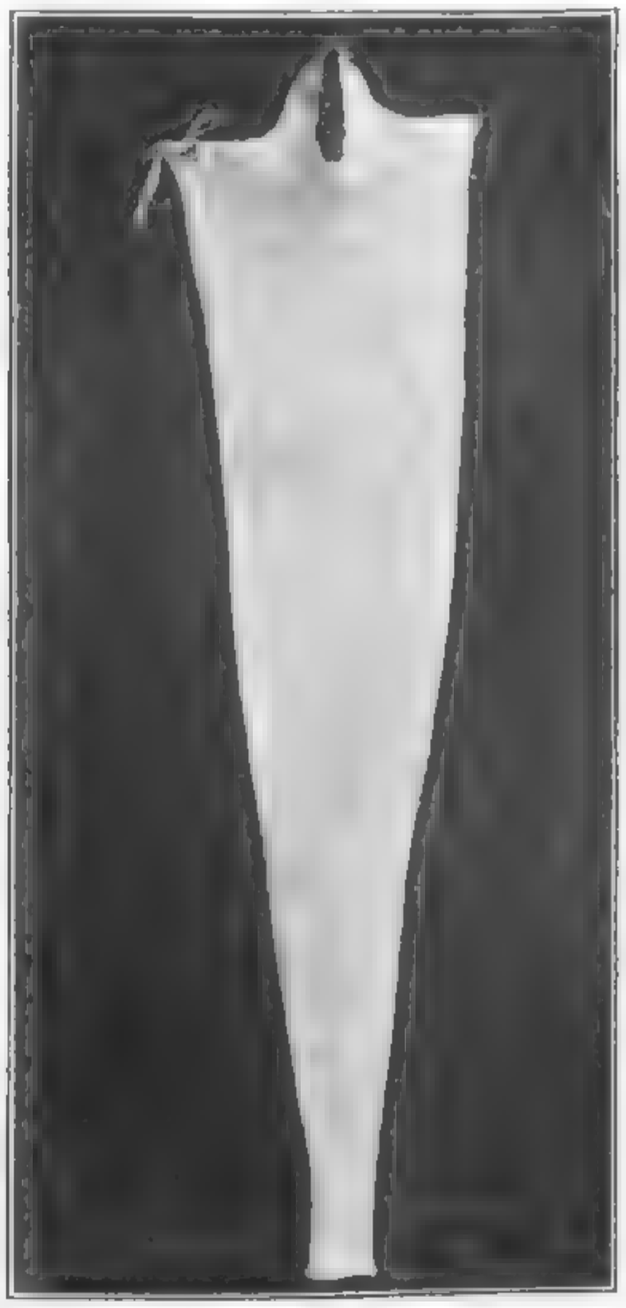
THE contrast between ATHENA Underwear and ordinary underwear is shown in the accompanying illustrations, *made from photographs.*

Notice how ATHENA Underwear is *tailored* to match the lines of the figure. No *stretching* of the fabric is necessary to make ATHENA Underwear fit.

ATHENA UNDERWEAR



ORDINARY UNDERWEAR



The *perfect fit* of ATHENA Underwear is due to years of effort in achieving this *particular improvement* in manufacturing methods.

All weights, sizes and materials at the prices which you have been accustomed to pay

Ask for ATHENA Underwear at your local dealer's

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 46)

His idea of a pair of pants was something you wore until the town authorities called for either a halt or a patch. He could go longer without shaving or washing than any other citizen in Arizona, and, as a result, he enjoyed a sort of distinction, besides being one of the things the children were warned not to go near.

It was popularly admitted that Mr. Cole was a bit deranged. Some said he was just feeble-minded; but whenever I thought of my four hundred I figured that if he was feeble-minded I had no business walking on the street without a keeper. If he was half-witted, as a few believed, what fraction could be used on me without going into decimals?

Chickadee was whittling out some automatic stops for a new mouth organ he owned, and he received Jake and me without audible enthusiasm.

"We've come back to talk about that again," Jake began. "See if you can remember anything about a girl named Newberry, in Boston twenty-five years ago."

Chickadee looked up through his natural protective whiskers and chuckled.

"That's good, that is!" he retorted huskily. "If that ain't good I don't want a cent. Remember twenty-five years ago, hey? I can't remember back to yesterday afternoon."

"You were in love with her and you got full one night in Newton Plains, Massachusetts; and her father threw you out into the rain. After that you never heard of her again," Jake went on patiently.

"I been full and was throwed out of some mighty nice places," Chickadee answered with a gleam of enthusiasm. "Whatever is all this about, anyhow?"

Then I began to discourse, seeing that Jake wasn't getting anywhere. I recalled to Chickadee's fragmentary mind that he had once lost my parental legacy matching pennies, and that I had never quite recovered from the wound. I informed him that the time had arrived when he could make good my loss; and that, in addition, he could rise up in the world and become a regular citizen and a husband.

"This Miss Newberry," I told Chickadee, "has come out here to marry George Putnam. It looks to me like you're George Putnam; and by being him you will contribute to your welfare and to mine. The future beckons you with a cheery smile. No more sleeping in sheds! You marry this respectable woman, go back East with her, and spend the rest of your life weeding a garden in the outskirts of Boston. You will have a tender and loving wife to look after you and Hassayampa will be a lot better off after you've gone."

I went on this way, making the thing plain to Chickadee; and he nodded now and then, as though the prospect interested him. When I concluded he put down the mouth organ and rose up.

"Personally," he said, "I ain't again' marrying, and it's jest as liable as not that this woman might have knowed me some years ago. But if I get married I bust up the habits of a lifetime and put myself to a lot of trouble. Why should I do that? To please you two? I'll do anything in reason, but you got to treat me right."

We promised hurriedly that we would.

"First," Chickadee went on, "I need that accordion down in Lafe Butwell's store, and I won't get married unless I have it. I've wanted that accordion a long time and the question is, right now, Do I get it?"

I agreed to the accordion—and this with my eyes open and knowing it would cost thirty-three dollars.

"Then," Chickadee added, "I'm never going to get married without a watch, with a chain which I can string across my chest. I'm doing you two a favor in marrying this lady and you've got to fix me right. I've always wanted a watch and this looks like a good time to get it."

"All right," I conceded; "but you want to get this romance straight. I'm to get everything back, with my four hundred, after you come into the matrimonial money. You ain't vague about that, are you? I get my money back. Is that plain?"

Chickadee said anybody could see the sense of that, but his personal prejudices had to be satisfied before any wedding bells began to chime. So we started down the street immediately, before Chickadee could think of any other trifles. The accordion was covered with nickel-plated decorations and was about as useful as an accordion ever is. I paid over the thirty-three with a moan. The watch set me in arrears just nineteen dollars, counting the chain; and then Chickadee seemed satisfied. He was ready to be married or have a drink, or do anything else Jake and I wanted him to do.

"He ought to have some decent clothes," Jake suggested after we came out of the watch store.

"Sure!" I said with the faintest trace of bitterness in my tone. "It wouldn't be bad, either, if he owned a couple of railroads before entering wedlock! Why don't you buy him something? You discovered him."

"This ain't my funeral, Andy," Jake said jovially. "This is strictly your affair. Your money is tied up in this investment and whatever little I have done only helps you."

We began buying Chickadee some of the necessaries of life. First, we piloted him down to Ed Hillan's Tonsorial Parlor; and a couple of Ed's hired men went to work on the contract, turning Chickadee loose in one hour. They took off a pailful of hair and lathered what was left with goose grease, so they could slick it down, increasing Chickadee's resemblance to an unbalanced mind.

They denuded him of part of his whiskers and reduced his drooping mustache to its least common denominator; and when they got through with the back of his neck that item saw daylight for the first time since Dewey took Manila.

After that we ramped round to clothing stores and furbished Chickadee up until he looked like a national holiday. I bought him a black derby hat with a ribbon on it, a walking stick, and a pair of patent-leather shoes, with yellow tops, which caused him to limp.

I invested part of my romance fund in a suit of blue serge, bought some socks, shirts, neckties and underwear, the last being a novelty and coming to Chickadee as something of a shock. Then we led the newmade bridegroom up the street between the automobiles and rented a room for him at Mrs. Murray's rooming house for railroad men; after which I gave him three dollars and told him that we could do nothing further toward making a gentleman out of him.

"I'm much obliged," Chickadee said. "When do I meet my wife?"

"You are going down to meet her right away," I answered; "and try to remember the circumstances: Your name was George Putnam, and this lady jilted you twenty-five years ago, and now she wants to marry you again. This marks a great change in your life. You are going to marry a wealthy lady, go back East, and settle down as a landed country gentleman. And you've got Jake and me to thank for it. Remember that—and remember my four hundred."

Part of Hassayampa suddenly roused up to the fact that a drama was being played, and people stopped to ask questions as the three of us walked down Main Street with Chickadee between Jake and me. We brushed them aside and stopped in front of Ike Lawton's boarding house, where I rang the bell. We walked into the reception room and waited. Jake was nervous and so was I; but Chickadee spent the time reading an old copy of the Chicago Telephone Directory.

We heard the rustling of skirts outside and Albertine breezed in, halting suddenly when she saw the three of us.

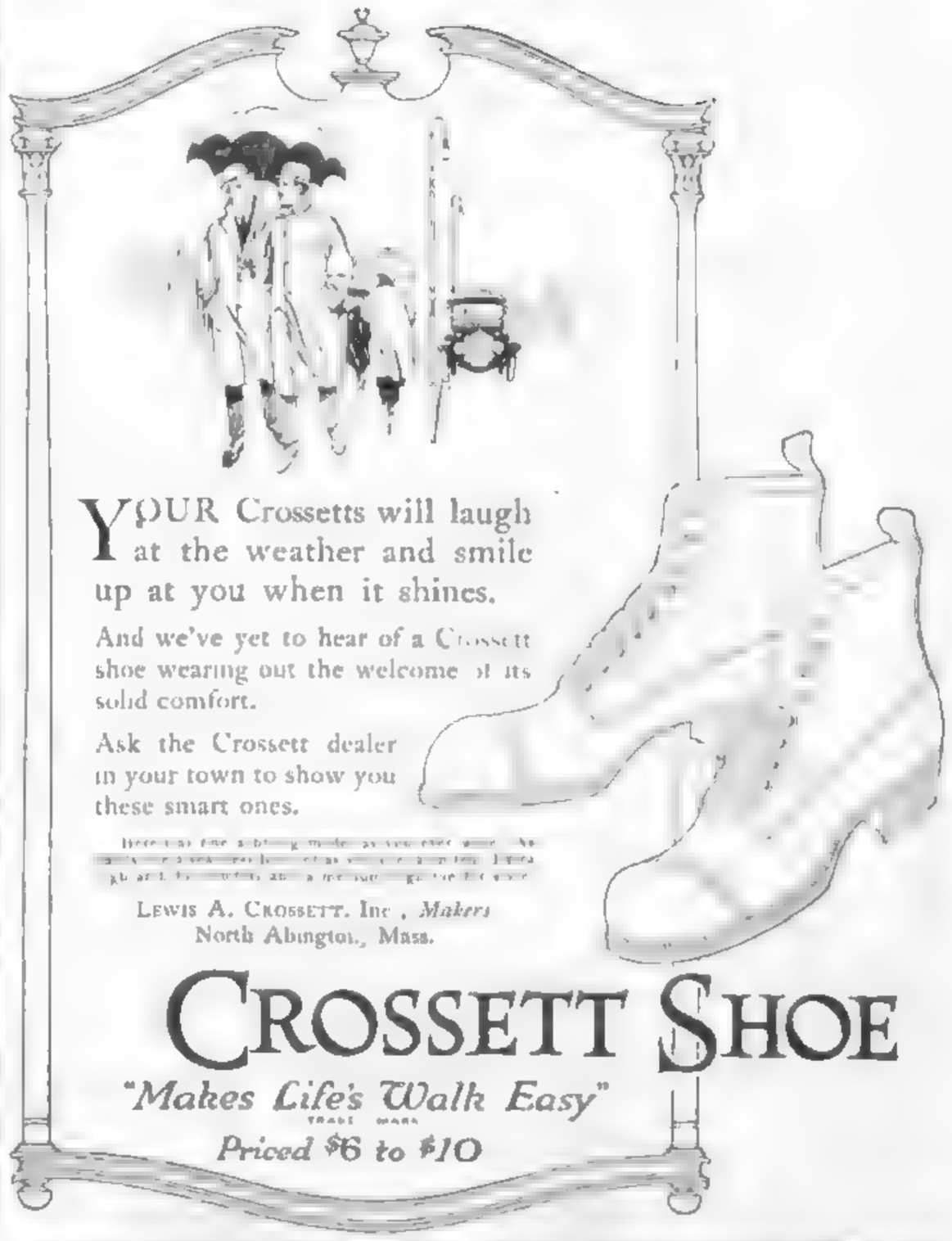
"I said I'd help you," I began, bowing; "and I've done it. This is Jake Davis. Over here beside the flowerpot you are once again looking upon a form that ought to give you a thrill. I have found your old sweetheart for you, and there he stands. It's more than likely you'll not remember him, because time has worked great changes and he shows his age. But there is your George Putnam. George, shake hands with Miss Newberry."

Chickadee put down his hat and stared hard at his bride-to-be. Albertine was twisting her handkerchief; but finally she stopped that, walked over, and put her arms round Chickadee's neck, which action he did nothing to prevent.

"George!" the lady murmured. "Dear George!" Then she burst into tears.

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Chickadee, struggling to get away.

I suppose Albertine fainted at about this point. Anyway, she collapsed and sort of slid down Chickadee; and I put her on the sofa and sprinkled her with water from the goldfish bowl. Later on she came to and we all joined in amiable discourse, Chickadee chiming in whenever he saw an opening.



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"Of course you couldn't be expected to recognize old George," I said to her. "He's changed a lot in these years."

"I'd never know him!" Albertine said, wiping her eyes and looking toward Chickadee.

"And he wouldn't know you, either," I stated. "That's what Time will do for a person. Besides that, George's memory isn't what it might be. That was a rough jolt you handed him and I suppose he's wasted most of his life as a result."

"Wasted is the word," said Chickadee cheerfully.

"And now," Jake interrupted, "we'd better be going."

I agreed to this; and we went out after Albertine had caressed Chickadee a few times, that gentleman backing away timidly during it.

That afternoon the paper came out with a piece about the romance which had reached such a happy ending in Hassayampa; and how, after all these years, it remained for an Eastern lady to discover that old Chickadee Cole was really George Putnam, once of Boston.

Up to this moment the enterprise had cost me quite a bunch of money, and my income isn't a fat one; but I figured on getting it all back as soon as the deal was finished. Besides that, I had brought two loving souls together after a quarter century, though you couldn't call Chickadee's actions singularly affectionate.

Later on I had a long conference with Albertine. She told me the story of George all over again, weeping profusely.

"I wouldn't recognize him at all," she said. "He is terribly changed."

"That's always the way, ma'am," I reassured her. "But you're in plenty of time to save him. He was going fast. The question is, now that you have got him, what are you going to do?"

"We ought to be married without delay," Albertine answered. "I shall not feel right until the ceremony is over and I know I have made up as much as I can for the great wrong."

"That's the right spirit," I agreed. "George is a lucky man."

So it was decided that Albertine and Chickadee should be married on Saturday afternoon, and should hop out for the East on the night train. The news spread round Hassayampa and the population decided unanimously to attend Chickadee's wedding—even that large percentage who hadn't been in a church since they were christened. I naturally fell into the job of chairman on the Ways and Means Committee; and thus I kept on bruising myself for small sums. The church flowers cost me sixteen dollars alone, and I forget what I handed the musical leader.

Jake Davis was as tickled over the excitement as though the credit was his. The Boss lost money on both Jake and me that week. Friday night I tore myself away from my numerous social duties long enough to ride over to Maricopa with the Boss' wife, and that's why I wasn't in town until early Saturday morning.

Consequently I didn't find out, until I got back, that old Doc Noyes had returned to Hassayampa from Tucson, where he had been repairing some injured horses for the government. It seems that Doc Noyes, as an honored member of the community, had been presented to the bride-to-be on Friday night; and after he had made her a little romantic speech he took her down the road for a walk. That walk with Doc busted the balloon!

The results of his informing conversation hit me when I slued into Hassayampa on Saturday morning, all prepared in my mind for the wedding. I came down from the train and the first object my eye rested on was Albertine. She was alone, and she was mad. Furthermore, she was mad at me! Waving a one-person strip of railroad mileage in her hand, she came toward me; and I saw that her genial Massachusetts countenance had undergone a great change.

"What's the matter?" I demanded, looking round for Chickadee.

"Scoundrel!" said Albertine, glaring at me.

"Scoundrel?" I questioned. "Why, Miss Newberry——"

"Viper!" went on the irate lady, while passengers on the eastbound morning train looked out at me and told each other I was probably one of these picturesque Western murderers. "You infamous toad!" Albertine continued, her face growing redder. "And to think that, even for an instant, I could trust such a worm!"

"I don't get you at all," I said mildly, wondering how soon she was going to run out of animals and tell me the bad news. "We'll take it for granted that I am everything down to zebras. What's the matter?"

There wasn't time for her to tell me. The porter shoved her on board; and while the train pulled out she stood on the back platform, looking at me with an icy gaze. I could see her lips moving as if in prayer; but I knew it wasn't prayer. Then I turned away and went uptown, feeling certain that the lady's departure without Chickadee couldn't mean joyous news for me.

It looked like a ruined wedding. Joe Rossiter stopped me to ask did I see Chickadee Cole this morning; and I said no.

"He was able to walk until eight o'clock," Joe informed me. "Since then they been carrying him round. He's buying freely."

"With what?" I demanded.

"They carry him into the hock shop every so often and he sells something else," Joe said, passing on.

I went moodily down Main Street and turned into the Railroad Café for a little recuperation. Doc Noyes was talking to Jake Davis at the other end of the bar; and there was a crowd round them, all discussing the same thing, which was the sudden busting up of the wedding. Jake grinned cheerfully and invited me to join.

"I want to know what happened," I said. "I just met Albertine going East."

"I suppose I'm a little to blame," Doc said. "I thought, at first, she would have a fit; but she cooled off."

"Who and when?" I inquired.

"Well, this woman got to talking about Chickadee last night, and how he used to be George Putnam; but when she spoke of them happy days with George in Boston I put her right. You all ought to know that Chickadee Cole never was twenty miles east of Hassayampa in his life—let alone Boston."

"You told her that, hey?" I put in gloomily.

"Sure, I did!" Doc went on warmly. "Chickadee couldn't be anybody by the name of George Putnam, could he? I've known that old wreck for forty years. I probably acted like a kill-joy, but I kept 'em from making a mistake."

"Yes; you're a kill-joy, all right!"

"Didn't I tell the truth?" he demanded.

"The truth don't do me any good," I told him.

"It does me," Jake butted in; and when I looked over at him the sucker was chuckling.

"How?" I asked.

"Well, she's gone East, ain't she?" Jake asked, rapping for attention.

"Sure, she's gone East!" I agreed. "And all my dough's gone South too."

"Anyhow, she's gone; and that suits me, though I'd just as soon seen Chickadee marry her. Fact of the matter is," he went on calmly, "I'm the real man."

"You're what?" I yelled.

"I'm the real George Putnam."

I looked at Jake calmly, refusing to believe him.

"Get out," I said finally.

"That's no lie," Jake insisted. "I knew her name the minute you mentioned it. I've had enough trouble in my life without some female bustin' in on me at this late day. That's why I fell for your scheme about Chickadee."

"My scheme about Chickadee!" I said feebly. "That sounds like comedy."

"Yeah!" Jake went on. "I got pickled all right that time she spoke of; but it wasn't accidental. If there ever was a deliberate bun that was one. She canned me—and I wanted to be. Dog-gone her! To think of her finding this town! Have a drink?"

Then I saw the way it had been worked. I took my drink in silence. When we went on out I spoke to Jake freely, while he grinned at the futile insults.

"You even changed your name once," I said bitterly. "You're probably a crook of some kind."

"Once!" Jake laughed. "Say, I've had three names since them George Putnam days! Let's go back to the ranch, because they say the Boss is getting sore."

We went.

On the way home we passed Sawker's Blacksmith Shop; and on the lumber pile was a slumbering thing, in blue overalls, clutching an accordion to his dissolute chest. All round him were little pawn tickets.

The whole thing shows you that I'm a fathead; and there's one thing dieting won't ever do any good!

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Just pure vegetable oils No rosin no tallow no animal fats to become rancid

Peet Bros. Mfg. Co.

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THE BATTLE HEN OF THE REPUBLIC

(Continued from Page 4)

saw a procession of large darkish fowls strolling leisurely through the sagebrush with their heads up and their hands in their pockets. They were bigger than Leghorn hens—some of them almost as big as tom turkeys; high-shouldered, full-breasted and very dignified. The Honorable Baldy stopped his car within its own length.

"There they are," he said as we piled out; "plenty of 'em. Now go to it!"

As we advanced four abreast, with Baldy as outflanker on the right wing and Johnny White, our regular guide, bringing up the rear, a miracle came to pass. When we were almost on top of that line of solemnly promenading bipeds they suddenly broke up their Indian-file formation and scattered out and squatted down; and in that same instant all of them vanished utterly. We knew they must be right there, not thirty feet from us; but they faded right into that background of gray sage and bare mottled earth, and disappeared as completely as though they had never been. The scientist who first discovered protective coloration conferred a great boon upon the sage grouse.

With our hearts beating faster and our guns held forward at an angle, we took a cautious step forward—one step and then another. Right from under our feet, up got a great whizzing shape of a bird, making a target like an outspread Sunday supplement, and started in haste for the state of Idaho. But, even as four gunstocks rose to four shoulders, the voice of the Honorable Baldy was uplifted in quick warning.

"She's an old one!" he yelled. "Let 'er go!"

Accordingly we let her go, which made it unanimous, because anybody with half an eye could see that she herself was organized for going regardless of what opinion might or might not be entertained by others.

On the right of us another bird rose, curving away in a considerable hurry with a creak of wing joints and a cackling outcry. As one man, we four whirled to blast the horizon with number sixes; but Johnny White's quick voice stayed the powers of destruction.

"Let 'im go!" clarioned Johnny. "He's an old one!"

Accordingly we let him go, but reluctantly, because he loomed against the sky line like a yearling calf. He sped over the brim of the draw and was gone out of our lives forevermore.

As the third bird flushed, our two mentors spoke together loudly. The Honorable Baldy stated in unequivocal terms that she was an old one and to let her go; and in the same breath Johnny White announced that he was an old one and to let him go. Being thus doubly warned, we curbed ourselves, sparing the ambisextrous phenomenon.

Unscathed, Aunt Emily Sage Hen, if you accepted Baldy's diagnosis—or Uncle John Henry Sage Cock, if you preferred to trust in Johnny White's marvelous powers of eyesight—went diminishing into the vast unknown. Later we were to find out that to Baldy every sage grouse was of the gentler sex, while Johnny White classified all of them as males, which saved trouble and argument.

The novices of the party began to get a little peevish by now. We two from the East had not traveled two-thirds of the way across these United States to study the flight of a sewing circle of octogenarian sage chickens. The other two, from the Pacific Coast, had not fared thus far merely to intrude upon the privacy of an old ladies' home. We had all the respect in the world for age; we had been reared to venerate antiquity and to cherish the time-hallowed institutions of our country; but if there were any sage grouse in this vicinity that did not harbor personal recollections of the first Free Silver campaign we craved to be led to them.

Before we could voice these desires though—in fact, before any of us could put his ambitions into words—yet another sage chicken suddenly remembered where he—or she—had left his umbrella and got up briskly to go after it. As this one rose above the protecting shrubbery, it might be discerned by the most inexperienced gunner that it was not quite so dark of color and not quite so broad of beam as were the presiding elders that already had departed from among us.

Even as Baldy roared out "It's a young one, boys—bust loose!" our guns spoke in booming accents, right barrels first, left barrels last. And as the reverberations of the volley died away into the shattered welkin, that speeding bird uttered the derisive cry of its kind—one long, deep cackle, followed by three short, sharp cacks—and passed on across the line into the next county without a feather disturbed.

Simultaneously it dawned upon us that, for all their impresaiveness of size, these creatures had a swift and confusing flight, and were not so easy to hit as might have been assumed by one who had not tried it yet.

Baldy smiled a sad and pensive smile in the direction of Johnny, and Johnny winked back at Baldy; and we reloaded and advanced our lines to the point where the next bird cowered in the sagebrush wondering what this new variety of thundershower, occurring in clear weather, might portend.

Here the former performance was repeated—except that after two of us had missed the black-and-white missile Baldy let it get forty or fifty yards away, and then he up with his old pump gun and cut loose, and pulled it down right out of the air. In mid-flight it turned to a disheveled clump of feathers, complicated with *rigor mortis*, and hit the hard earth—kerblim!

After that we strolled over the ridge and down into the next draw and found another covey; and after considerable practice we learned the knack of bowling the elusive sage grouse over—that is to say, we learned it to a limited degree. At eventide honors stood practically even. We had burned more shells than Baldy had, but Baldy had killed more birds than any two of us. Johnny White hadn't bagged any, but that was because he hadn't tried. His specialty, as we learned, was to go forth alone and kill the legal limit with a twenty-two rifle. On this occasion he just went along to keep score and carry the dead.

That night at supper we were introduced to the adolescent sage grouse in a new aspect—to wit, cooked. A sage grouse in its native haunts is a noble thing, but cooked it is even nobler. Served on a plate in a broiled state it strikingly reminds one of a queen of burlesque, but is tenderer.

Next morning, betimes, we loaded our camp outfit on a train of pack jitneys and went cruising up into the headwaters of French Creek, under the granite shoulders of the Medicine Bow Range, where the altitude is anywhere from eight thousand to ten thousand feet, and a tenderfoot, accustomed to lower and less rarefied levels of atmosphere, puffs like a switch engine when he bends forward to tie his shoelaces. Here we made camp and angled for the rainbow trout and his cousin, the speckled trout. At least some of our party did. The present writer found it more restful and more congenial to be merely a spectator.

As for me, I say, give me sea fishing. You cruise along in the stern of a comfortable, commodious motor boat, seated upon a cushion and surrounded by bottled goods and picnic luncheons, and after a while, when the boatman has cast anchor, you bait with the torso of a shedder crab and catch the succulent flounder. I esteem the succulent flounder—nay, more, I esteem him highly. He is built flat on one side, practically ready to be served. Having hooked himself with little or no assistance from you, he comes cheerfully up out of the salty depths, making no unseemly resistance about it; and then all you have to do is to eliminate a few of his superfluous details with a sharp knife and crown his low, retreating forehead with parsley and slap him into a pan.

Nor am I averse to lake fishing as it is prosecuted in the East, where you tie your skiff to a stump in a cool, shady spot and hook a green frog through his more tender sensibilities, and lower him over the side of the boat; then light your pipe and sit back and wait for the large-mouth black bass to come along and do some shopping with you.

This fishing for rainbow trout in the Rocky Mountains is a different proposition—very. You put on a pair of wading boots and over your shoulder you drape a wicker contrivance named for George Creel; then you take a limber fly-casting

(Concluded on Page 56)

There will be no sacrifice of quality for the sake of price.

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

have a sixty-two-year record of superiority that will be maintained.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1858

THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N. Y.

Here's why it's Warm yet *Light.*

It consists of two *thin* layers of fabric—soft cotton *inside* next the skin, and warm wool *outside*, that keeps cold out and natural warmth in. Together they are *lighter* in weight than the usual heavy underwear.

Duofold Health Underwear

does not "itch" like all wool. It never feels "clammy" like all cotton. The wool is *all* on the *outside*. [illegible] body moisture from the [illegible] garment fresh soft and dry [illegible] between the two thin layers [illegible]

You are plenty warm enough outdoors—and surprisingly comfortable even in overheated rooms. Duofold protects health—prevents many colds—because of its principle. *Ask your doctor*

Made in Union Suits with Protected Crotch and [illegible] Gusset—an added Comfort Feature. Also in two-piece garments.

For sale by most good dealers. If yours hasn't it, he can get it—or write us. Send for sample of fabric and description.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
10 Elizabeth St., Mohawk, N. Y.

Never Before So Big and Fi

A good, big, luxurious car, perfectly appointed, completely equipped—for $795.

Never before has it been possible for anyone to sell so big and fine and finished a car for any such price.

No one ever before built enough such cars to get costs low enough to make such value possible.

But increased Overland production has done the trick—and here it is.

A 112 inch wheelbase four with cantilever springs and 4 inch tires for $795.

It has the motor which drives more automobiles than any other motor of its power ever designed.

The famous Overland 35 horsepower motor—now at the height of its development—more than a quarter of a million in use.

It has the ever reliable vacuum tank fuel feed with gasoline

The Willys-Overland C

"Made in

ne a Car at So Low a Price

tank in the rear.

It is a finished, workmanlike body job, from its good-looking one-man top and accurately fitted side curtains, right down to the linoleum-covered floor boards of the front compartment and the richly carpeted tonneau.

You ought to own one of these cars.

It represents the utmost value ever offered. You can't beat—or even equal—it at anywhere near the price.

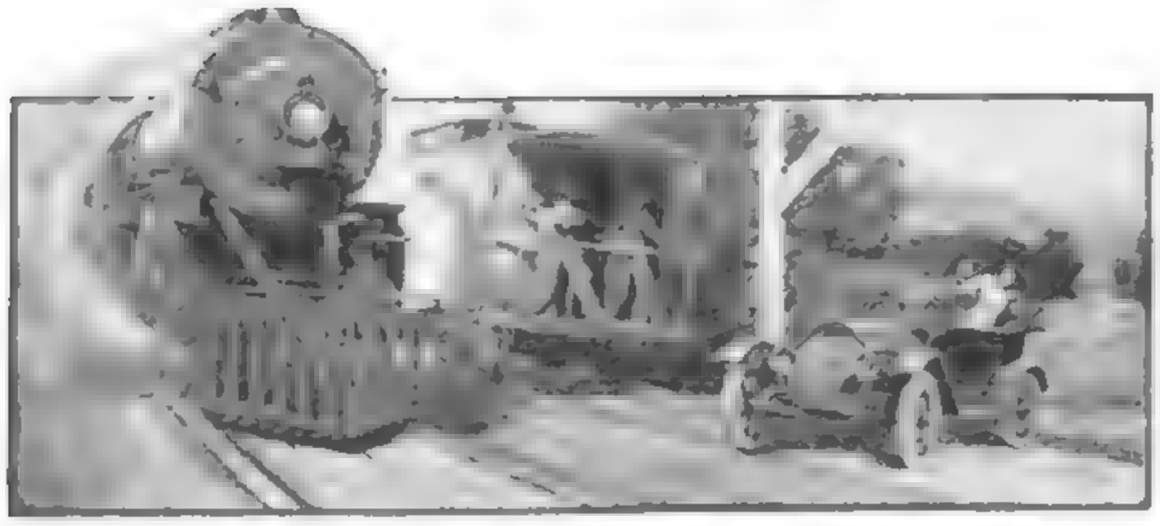
Order one today and enrich your life and the life of every member of your family with the freedom and wider activity made possible by such a car.

Same model, six cylinder, 35-40 horsepower, 116 inch wheelbase—$925.

Overland dealers everywhere.

ompany, Toledo, Ohio

U. S. A."



Saved by Good Brakes!

(Lined with 100% Perfect Thermoid)

At "Death Crossing" YOU can trust Thermoid Brake Lining . . . Brakes you cannot rely on—utterly—are a constant menace. Every little emergency becomes a danger. Big, real perils, when brakes betray you, mean destruction of life or limb. If you would guard yours well, insist on Thermoid. It is 100% Perfect Brake Lining.

Brake Lining to be 100% ... brake lining *all through*. Not ... on the outside but clear through. Then it is ... brake lining as long as any of it remains. Dependable to the last. A safeguard to the motorist.

Break open a strip of ordinary brake lining. Now *cut* open some Thermoid. You can't break it. It is *compressed*. It clogs together too firmly. Its every atom is tenacious. It must be cut.

See the looseness of the inside of ordinary woven brake lining. Note that it is stringy, straggling. That, when the outside is worn off, its braking power is gone.

Thermoid is constructed of long fibre Canadian asbestos. This is ... reinforced with solid brass wire, then woven. At a glance, this process would seem to make it woven solid. Yet this process is outdone.

Under giant rolls the interwoven ... passing ... proof, ... proof. These heavy rolls force this ... compound clear through every pore of the asbestos body.

Then it is folded and stitched to the proper width and thickness, ... and cured on special ... presses ... hour at ... under 2000 pounds pressure. Pressure that would crush ordinary brake lining. ... is Thermoid—a single ... stance. ... especially ...

This hydraulic ... reason Thermoid ... through. It explains why its density ... wearing. Why it cannot be burned out nor destroyed by any heat generated in service. Why it cannot be affected by oil, water, gasoline, dirt. Why its wearing life is greater.

Thermoid
HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED
Brake Lining - 100%

Thermoid Rubber Company
Trenton, N. J.
Makers of Vulcan Fibre and Thermoid Radiator Hose and Garden Hose

Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good—or WE will.

Atwater Kent Ignition

THE performance of your car depends absolutely upon the unfailing efficiency of its ignition system. That is why Peerless and other "quality cars" are Atwater Kent equipped. Is yours? We have a special magneto replacement system for your car. Write giving make and model.
ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS
PHILADELPHIA

(Concluded from Page 53)

rod in your hand and you shove out thigh-deep into a cold and brawling stream that is full of rapids and pitfalls and deep holes, and bedded with loose round stones, all coated with slick moss. Having arrived at a suitable spot, you balance yourself on a couple of teetering bowlders and proceed to whip the stream.

Eventually, if you do not backlash or overrun or snarl up the line on the reel or snap the tip of the rod off short or do any of a dozen other things that you are morally certain to do; and if you can avoid tangling the leader in the adjacent scenery or catching the slack of your line on the bottom or snagging the hook in the trees overhead or embedding it in remote but sensitive portions of your own person; and if you can overcome a tendency to sit down up to your neck in ice water—the chances are that, sooner or later, you may attract the attention of a rainbow trout. He snatches at the lure in a very rude and abrupt manner; and then, conceding that he is hooked fast and that the leader doesn't break, he rushes about all over the shop until he has fought himself out.

Then you reel him in, with his back all roached up and his mouth wide open, and French Creek gurgling pleasantly through him. And you nurse him up on the bank, stretch him out there and lie down alongside him, both of you being in an exhausted state, and mingle your pants together. He makes a fine show then—a much finer show than you do—what with his fierce round eye and his vivid coloring, and the iridescent streakings of prismatic tints, from which he derives his name, running down his sides. But if you are lucky enough to have for your cook one Dave Wilcox, Esquire, the same being the best camp cook I ever saw, and if Dave fries your trophy for you in deep fat over an open fire, the last state of that rainbow trout is more blessed by far than the first.

Very soon I discovered that temperamentally and otherwise I was not gaited for fly-casting in French Creek. When I cast I require a larger body of water than that in which to operate. Lake Erie might do; though, if the choice were left entirely to me, I think I should prefer Superior, as being roomier.

So, on the second day, I took my shotgun and strolled down half a mile or so to a thicket where the quivering aspens grew, and there by chance I happened upon a sage grouse that had strayed up from the sagebrush flats a thousand feet or so below. She was in the edge of the trees when I surprised her. In this connection I use the pronoun "she" advisedly. The Honorable Baldy was not along, it is true, and I lacked the expert advice of Johnny White; but I knew instantly this one was a she.

She rose with a great flutter and I let go at her with my right. She turned a somersault, and when she flopped back against the ground she was no more. She was large, unwontedly large, and very rich of plumage. I gathered her up by her long, slender legs and proudly I carried her back to camp.

Dave Wilcox gave deceased a dubious look as I handed her over to him, but he said nothing. Such suspicions as he had he kept to himself. I suppose he figured that his job was cooking and not suspecting. He went to work on her, and with her he did his best; I give him credit for that.

He skinned her and opened her up and flattened her out, spread-eagle fashion. With a firm hand he massaged from her neck the wrinkles of care. He kneaded her rheumatic joints with vinegar and anointed her varicose veins with baking soda. With lardings of salt pork he appealed to the best that was in her. And then he cooked her—he cooked her copiously and extensively. He parboiled her and he stewed her for hours, and he smothered her in a Dutch oven with live coals on the lid. Then he baked her a while and, I think, grilled her; and finally he fried her and we had her for supper.

We had her for supper; and if so minded we might have had her for breakfast the next morning and for dinner that day, and for supper again, and for all the subsequent meals of which we partook up there on French Creek. We nibbled round her outer edges, but we never really got into her.

As, beaten, breathless and wearied from the struggle, I rose from that supper I knew and, with a sense of shame, realized what Dave Wilcox had known and had realized hours before, but, through consideration for my feelings, had refrained from telling me. By the laws of Baldy Sisson I had committed the unpardonable crime. I was in the same class with him who slew the albatross. The Ancient Mariner had nothing on me. I had killed the original parent of all the sage chickens in Wyoming. I had slaughtered the Battle Hen of the Republic!

She lies there now, away up in the Medicine Bows, resisting time and the teeth of the coyote and the ravages of the elements. Thus will she lie for aye, defying the rains and the suns and the snows, and the wearing grind of the years, an immutable and everlasting reminder of my grave transgression. So be it!

Late that night, when the cool winds swept down from the peaks above us and the full yellow moon hung poised like a great cask of honey in the deep blue vault of the skies, I lay with my abashed head hidden in my blankets; and when the pangs of remorse were somewhat assuaged I figured up the cost of a sage grouse to an Eastern sportsman.

Lumping grandma into the total equation, the sum total for a bird was found to be as elsewhere stated, ninety-seven dollars and sixty-five cents.

And worth the money too!

HUMAN NATURE AT THE FRONT

(Continued from Page 17)

never known the Army Service Corps or the regimental transport to fail to deliver the goods on a single occasion.

We also learned to fraternize with the inhabitants. I think a good many of the rank and file had been rather exercised beforehand by the problem of making themselves understood. They need have had no fear. I know, and I expect my readers know, a good many free-born Britons who regard foreign languages as a form of foreign affectation; and who hold that, when traveling on the Continent of Europe, you can always make yourself understood if you speak English long enough and loud enough.

I am bound to say there is a good deal in that theory when you are dealing with the peasant of Northern France. Our men had very little difficulty in making their wants known; and I think their final fears upon the subject were dispelled when they discovered that the words for beer in the French and English languages were practically identical.

After a while the language difficulty disappeared entirely. Let me give you an instance. I remember being billeted at a private house in a small town, where we came back to rest after three months in the salient at Ypres. To be quite frank, I was badly in want of a bath. In earlier days I should have presented myself at the kitchen door and delivered a carefully prepared recitation on the subject of *eau chaude;* now I simply sent my servant. To my knowledge he had never been outside his native town before the war; he spoke no language but his own, and a most incomprehensible variety of that.

However, in ten minutes he returned and reported. "The lady of the hoose," he said—be she ever so humble, she is always "the lady of the hoose"—"is sorry; but she puts her kitchen fire oot every night at six. On Mondays she washes, and there is hot water till eight; so she will be pleased to let you have some then." That was his report, and it turned out to be correct in every detail. I don't know how he did it.

For those of us who fancied themselves to be linguists, the chief difficulty was not to be understood, but to understand.

I was billeted at a farm controlled by the most unintelligible old lady I have ever encountered. She was extremely kind and hospitable, but she spoke with even greater rapidity than most Frenchwomen. In addition there was a lack of articulation about her that baffled even our official interpreter. However, one day I met an officer in the regiment that had preceded us in the district, and found he had been billeted on this very farm. I told him of my difficulties. He smiled and said: "Wait till Sunday."

I took this mysterious counsel and waited. On Sunday I again sought an interview with madame. She spoke just as fast as usual,

(Continued on Page 60)

Answer the Call of the Great Outdoors with a Bradley

When the trout is running,
When the partridge whirrs,
When all Nature calls you
Then—
Slip into a Bradley and out of care.

THESE healthy, happy folks always take Bradleys with them, because Bradleys are close friends of the family. You will find them in the woods, on the seashore, at the fashionable resort—everywhere, Winter and Summer. That's the Bradley story—and you can *live* it—the *whole family* can live it.

Get a Bradley for whatever you do—work or play—inside or out. The Bradley name covers everything in knitted coats—silks, fibre-silks and worsteds for style occasions, light and heavy pure wool coats for all sport activities, and plain coats for every-day work. Every need of men, women and children the year 'round is provided for in Bradley hoods, scarfs, sets, sweaters, knit coats, jerseys, knitted gloves and heavy wool hose for men.

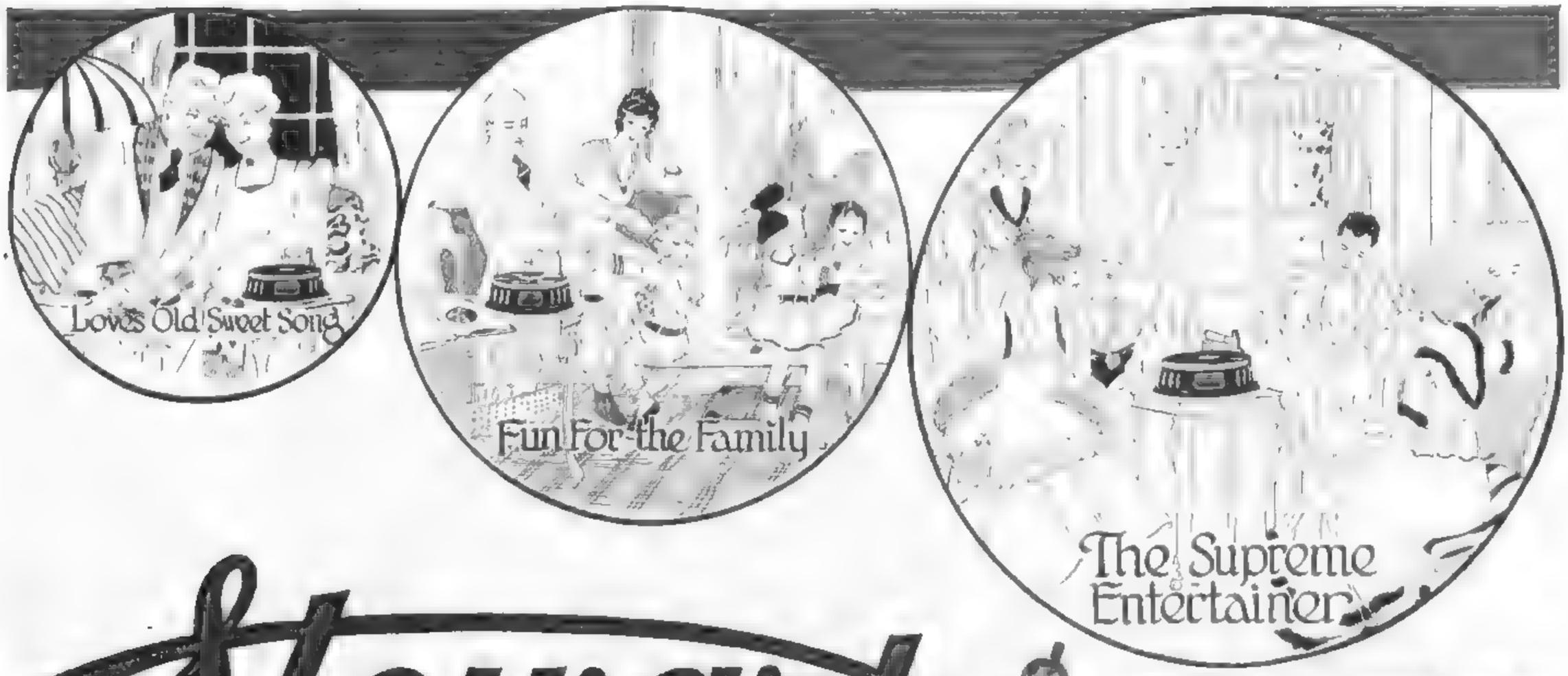
A good dealer in 'most every town is showing them or will get them for you. *Our New Style Booklet, printed in colors, is free for the asking.*

Bradley Week October 14th to 21st

Displays and Sales in Stores Everywhere—Get Your Bradley

Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin

The picture above is a snap-shot of a happy family camping on the Des Plaines River, Illinois. A sepia print 8 x 10, free of advertising suitable for framing, together with Style Booklet, will be mailed on receipt of 10c in stamps.



Stewart Phonograph

$6.50

West of Rockies $7.00
In Canada . . $8.00

The Master Phonograph

The new and improved Stewart Phonograph is the triumph of the age in popular priced phonographs. It is the instrument that is destined to become the most popular phonograph in the world. Nothing can prevent it.

Never before has it been possible to manufacture a phonograph at anywhere near this price to approach the Stewart Master Phonograph in quality of music—in volume, in tone, richness and beauty.

Only our great factory facilities and our highly perfected organization make possible such a manufacturing feat.

The price is but $6.50.

After a year's constant work in our great laboratories, our staff of phonograph experts have perfected this wonderful instrument.

Both in tone and appearance it is one of the most finished and most beautiful machines ever offered to the American public.

It is finished in that ornamental verde green. This is the color so often used on high-grade clocks, vases and other artistic ornaments, and one that will harmonize with any home surroundings.

The improvements in this new and greater Stewart Phonograph are numerous.

First, there is the universal reproducer, by means of which the Stewart Phonograph can play any type of record made.

This is a very important improvement. There are two types of phonograph records, known as the lateral cut record and the hill and dale record. The hill and dale record cannot be played on a phonograph designed for the lateral record, and vice versa. But with the Stewart universal reproducer you can play both kinds of records.

To play lateral cut records the Stewart universal reproducer is turned to the right angle position, as shown in the illustration.

To play the hill and dale record the reproducer is turned lateral or cross ways with the tone arm.

The quality and tone of music is unsurpassed. The tone volume—as well as the quality—has been greatly improved by means of the newly designed tone arm.

An improvement in the sound chamber also greatly adds to the quality, tone and volume of the music.

Another big improvement is the new motor, acknowledged to be the best designed motor in any popular priced phonograph. Its quietness, smoothness and ease of winding is astonishing. With a single winding you can play one twelve inch or two ten inch records.

A new stop which works automatically on the tone arm stops the arm when the piece has been finished. This Stewart improvement prevents the needle from swinging across and gouging and ruining the records.

The new time control is an exclusive feature of the Stewart Phonograph. It is instantaneous. No fussing. The desired time is obtained immediately.

For beautiful appearance; for beautiful, accurate and life-like reproduction; for up-to-dateness and durability, this new Stewart Phonograph is superior to any popular priced phonograph ever offered.

Order one today.

Equipped with the Stewart Universal Reproducer

Plays Any Type of Record Any Size, Any Make, Any Price

Stewart Instantaneous Time Control

Automatic Needle Stop (prevents gouging records)

Improved Stewart Silent Motor

Tone Arm and Sound Chamber Improvements Greatly Increase Volume and Tone Quality of Music

Music for Everyone

The new Stewart Phonograph brings within your reach all the pleasures, benefits and advantages of music. And it brings them right into your own home.

It brings to you and yours the means of enjoying all the latest dances—all the latest songs. It interprets for you the grand operas, the music of all the greatest orchestras, singers and instrumentalists of the day.

With it you can hear and enjoy all the up-to-date comic operas, musical comedies, favorite comedians and laugh makers.

With it you can arrange your own dances, your own musicales.

It brings music to millions, for the moderate price of $6.50 is within the reach of all.

It will brighten up your home, keep the family together evenings, make your home the social center of your whole neighborhood.

No home will be a happy home without one.

Order one today. From your dealer or use the coupon.

Stewart Phonograph Corporation

2850 Lincoln Street — Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Unlimited Production

Back of the Stewart Phonograph are the same men; the same means; the same brains; the same facilities that have developed and built up the Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation—the largest automobile accessory business in the world.

Stewart motor car accessories are found on practically every automobile.

The production of Stewart Phonographs is now unlimited. Our new factory is complete—our facilities unexcelled. Our daily production right now runs into the thousands.

In a very short time we expect to have over one million Stewart Phonographs in use in America alone.

Dealers, get busy!

A Great Dealer Opportunity

Music Dealers	**Dry Goods Stores**
Department Stores	**Novelty Stores**
Drug Stores	**Stationery Stores**
Hardware Stores	**Furniture Stores**

Stores and dealers of all kinds and all sizes

The Stewart Phonograph is one of the greatest dealer opportunities of the century. Millions of people want it. Your market is as large as the population of your vicinity. Everyone can afford to buy a Stewart Phonograph.

Take advantage of this unlimited demand for the Stewart Phonograph. Act quickly! Act before your nearest competitor takes the cream off the market.

Get in touch with us at once for full details.

How to Get It

The Stewart Phonograph is for sale by dealers all over the country. All the stores listed above sell it.

If dealers in your neighborhood have not received their supply, use the coupon below.

Try the Stewart Phonograph for ten days. If for any reason you are not perfectly satisfied, at the end of ten days return it to the source from which it was purchased and your money will be cheerfully returned.

The big new factory in which the Stewart Phonograph is made

Coupon for Order
10 Days' Trial

Stewart Phonograph Corporation
2850 Lincoln Street
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed please find $6 50 (West of Rockies $7 00; in Canada $8 00; check, draft or money-order) for which please ship me one Stewart Phonograph immediately.

It is understood that if I am not satisfied with the phonograph at the end of ten days I can return it and get my money back immediately.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Drive Your Car With an Easy Mind

How often do you drive into the country without thinking of tire trouble?

You can go out and come back with your mind at ease by keeping a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit in your car.

This Kit is tire insurance in its most convenient, most effective form.

It provides the emergency remedy for anything that may happen to a tire on the road.

Its contents include tube patches, cement, tire tape, protection patches, a pressure gauge, talc and valve plungers.

All in a neat canvas roll that takes but little room in your storage space.

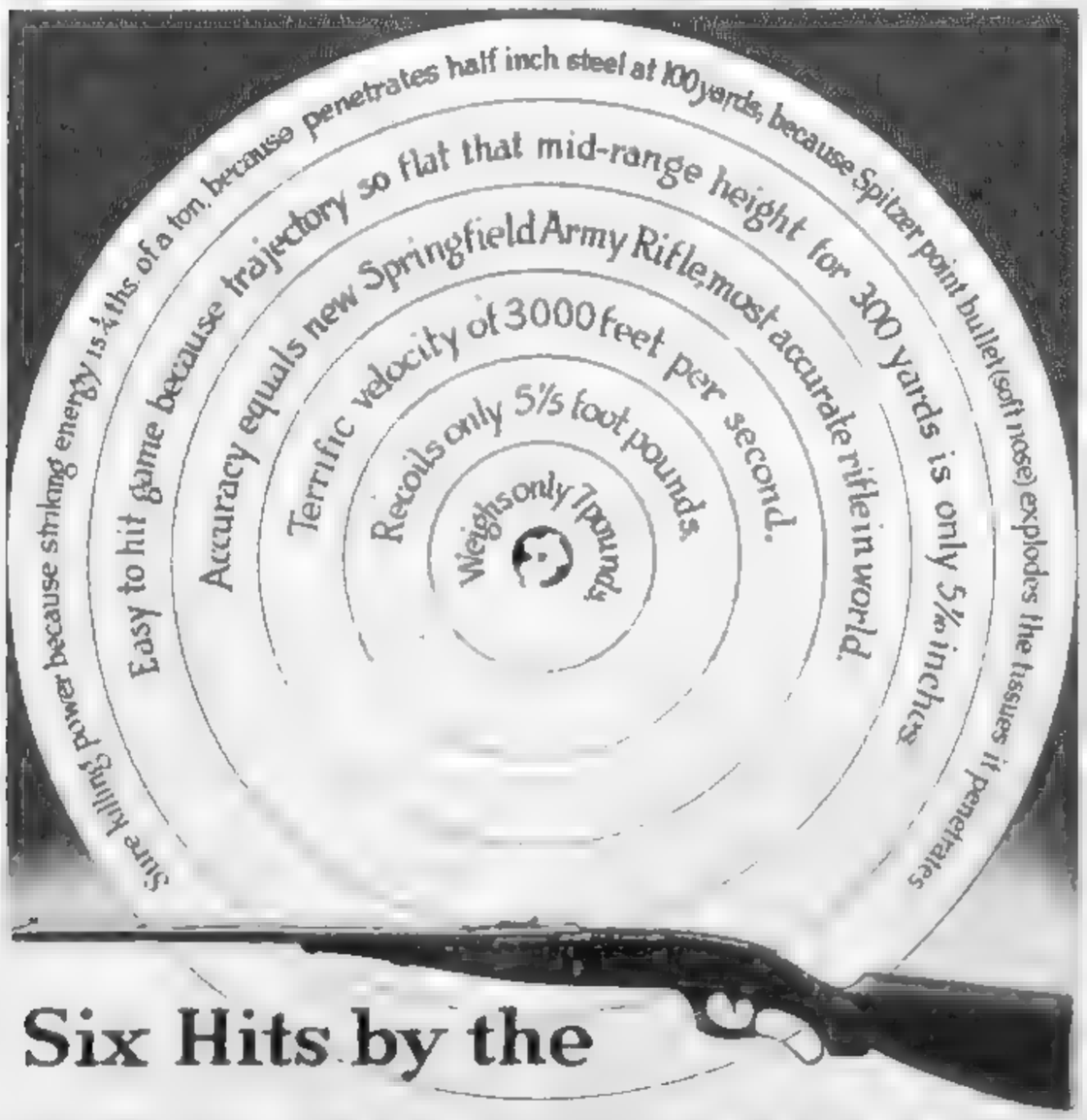
With these, you know you are prepared if trouble does come; and at small cost you are free of tire worry.

For 3 and 3½ inch tires, the price is $3.50; 4 and 4½ inch tires, $3.75; 5 and 5½ inch tires, $4.

Get a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit the next time you stop for air or gasoline.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio


Sure killing power because striking energy is ¼ ths of a ton, because penetrates half inch steel at 100 yards, because Spitzer point bullet (soft nose) explodes the tissues it penetrates
Easy to hit game because trajectory so flat that mid-range height for 300 yards is only 5½ inches
Accuracy equals new Springfield Army Rifle, most accurate rifle in world.
Terrific velocity of 3000 feet per second.
Recoils only 5⅕ foot pounds.
Weighs only 7 pounds

Six Hits by the
250-3000 SAVAGE

Price $32.50; cartridges $5.30 per hundred.
Gun dealers everywhere will be glad to show you this .250-.3000 Savage.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 710 Savage Avenue, UTICA, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 56)

but somehow I understood her. I examined her carefully; there was an indescribable something in her appearance that was lacking on week days. Then I realized what it was. She was wearing a most imposing set of false teeth, which, doubtless from motives of economy, were not employed on week days! Thereafter I accumulated topics of conversation throughout the week and held a full-dress debate with madame every Sunday.

I propose now to take you on a visit to our troops in the trenches and remain with them during a typical twenty-four hours. You may start your day at any time you like, for there is no beginning or end to our performance. It is what the Americans call continuous vaudeville. Suppose we begin at about half an hour or so before dawn, the hour of "Stand to!" This, on the whole, is the most dangerous hour of the twenty-four; the enemy may be contemplating an attack on your front-line trenches. If so he will have made use of the hours of darkness to complete his arrangements; to push troops across No Man's Land, ready to dash forward at the first glimmer of day.

Therefore, at this hour every soul in the trench stands to arms. Men line the parapet, peering out into the darkness, watching the grass in front of them turn from black to gray, and from gray to green. When it becomes quite green, and nothing unusual is to be seen, they stand down, leaving sentries at intervals. It is during Stand to!—or immediately after—that one of the most impressive ceremonies of the day occurs—the issue of the rum ration.

The scene rather reminds one of a certain passage in Nicholas Nickleby. You remember Mrs. Squeers, distributing brimstone and treacle? Well, it is like that, with a difference. The pupils line up along the trench while Mrs. Squeers, as represented by the platoon sergeant, benevolently supervised by Second Lieutenant Squeers, passes down the line and administers a tablespoonful—or, if you are lucky, two tablespoonfuls—to her submissive victims. The only point at which this episode departs from the original and branches into another work by the same author, is that not one but several Olivers invariably ask for more.

We then proceed to the business of the day. A trench, like any other well-ordered establishment, begins its day with a little housemaid's work. We tidy things up; we collect the empty meat tins and the scraps of paper and the scraps of food. We also clean our rifles. Then comes breakfast. As a rule, each man cooks his own, though in some of the more aristocratic trench systems food is cooked at some convenient points in rear and brought up in camp kettles. After breakfast we do a little spade-work. You must understand that no trench is ever really completed; there is always a parapet to be strengthened, or new communication trenches to be dug, or damage to be repaired.

The Afternoon Siesta

Over the way, our brother, the Boche, is doing precisely the same thing. We can hear him hacking and shoveling and chattering. Occasionally a shovel swings up into view. If this happens too often, or once too often, one of our artillery observers telephones the news back to the battery, and a few seconds later half a dozen eighteen-pounder shells whiz over our heads and explode in and round the Boche trench in the neighborhood of the working party. Or possibly the process is reversed, and it is the Boche who opens fire upon us.

One thing, however, is certain—whichever side begins it, the other side will retaliate; and possibly it may become necessary for us to knock off work for half an hour or so while the gunners of each side chastise one another—by shelling the trenches of the unfortunate infantry, who have no part or lot in the quarrel at all!

Then comes dinner. After dinner the time-table usually decrees that a siesta shall be taken; for in a trench one does not get much sleep at night. Therefore, most of us retire into our cubby holes and tumble asleep. We cannot rely on unruffled slumbers, because afternoon is usually the time selected by the big guns on each side for a little target practice. Very likely our artillery organizes what is called "a combined *Strafe*" upon some selected point in the enemy's line, or behind it.

Possibly the Boche has been observed fortifying some old cottage or other. Possibly some steel rails and bags of concrete have been detected by one of our aeroplanes. Anyway, the word has gone forth from those in authority that this budding fortress has—to employ the elegant euphemy of the Royal Field Artillery—"to be sent up." So, at a given minute in a given hour, all our heavy batteries in rear, some of them miles away, open a converging fire upon the selected edifice; and I am bound to say that it nearly always "goes up."

Our machine gunners also contribute to the uproar, maintaining a hail of bullets, which are designed to seek out the enemy as he breaks from cover and retires to some other abode. But, whatever the success of the enterprise may be, it has only one result for the infantry in the front-line trenches, and that is—retaliation. So, as I say, though you retire to your dugout and lie down—yes, even though you hang a small notice outside the entrance, marked "Asleep; not to be disturbed till five P. M."—it does not always follow that you will get your nap

However, evening comes on at last. We have our tea and stand to arms again in the gathering dusk. Presently a long thin thread of light steals up into the sky from the trench opposite, bends over, high above our heads, and bursts into dazzling flame. It is the first illuminating flare, or Very light, and means that the night's work is upon us. There is great activity in the trenches now. The parapet is manned; and the scientific work of the sniper, which has been going on intermittently all day, gives place to marksmanship of a more promiscuous kind. Working parties get busy, this time in places that are inaccessible by daylight. Ration parties set off down the communication trenches; wounded are transferred under the friendly cover of darkness to the motor ambulances waiting in the roads somewhere in rear. Parties go over the parapet, some to repair the wire that was damaged during the afternoon's shelling.

When the Patrols Clash

Occasionally their orbit collides with that of a Boche patrol. Anything may happen on these occasions, except one thing: there will be no noise—nothing but cold steel. To fire a rifle in the middle of No Man's Land is to invite destruction from the machine guns of both sides. This is the machine gunner's busy time. Bombers, too, are all occupied, either at their advanced posts or possibly on some rather more mobile enterprise. Wits are at work. Occasionally a company commander on one side or the other swiftly recalls his patrols and wiring parties, and gives the enemy three minutes' rapid fire, just to stimulate his imagination.

Very often rifle fire breaks out quite spontaneously upon one side or the other, usually for no reason at all. The other side replies and machine guns join in. The storm runs right along the line, sometimes for miles—everybody blazing madly at nothing—until it reaches a sector manned by a highly disciplined regiment which refuses to catch the infection. Then it dies away as suddenly as it arose; and indignant patrols, who have been lying curled up in shell holes in No Man's Land, crawl out and creep home, full of words.

So the night wears on. The ration parties return, bearing supplies and, best of all, mails. Working parties are called in; the uneasy popping of rifles dies down almost to nothing, and a fairly uneventful twenty-four hours draws to a close. It is perhaps two o'clock in the morning. Stand to! will be at five. The sentries remain at their posts, together with the officers and non-commissioned officers on duty; but the rest of our tired friends crawl into the dugouts, if they have any. And the next fact of which they are conscious is the impressive toe of the orderly sergeant, and the knowledge that yet another dawn is upon them.

Of course trench life is not always quite like that. On occasions there are other kinds. For instance, your trenches may be made the object of an intensive bombardment. Such an experience is more easily imagined than described; so I will not describe it.

There is one other phase of trench life which is most exciting, though rather noisy, and that is the period preceding a general push by our own troops. Such a push is prefaced by a bombardment, which may go on without ceasing, night and day, for two or three weeks. There is a certain amount of retaliation, but not a great deal. The Boche knows that the hour is coming when

(Concluded on Page 62)

Black Cat
Reinforced Silk Hosiery

When Women Buy Hosiery for Men This Brand Gets Their Preference!

WOMEN are exacting buyers of hosiery, highly critical of *weave-perfection,* of *fabric-quality,* of *smooth, unwrinkling fit.* They pick stockings up and examine them, feel them, run their hands inside clear to the toe. And, after they have made this careful inspection, they accept Black Cat as satisfactory above *all other* makes.

Even more than the men for whom they are purchasing, women appreciate the full meaning of the word "Reinforced!" To men, "Reinforced" stands for *wear without holes;* to women, it signifies emancipation from the slavery of the darning-basket!

Discerning men will accept this verdict of thinking women. Black Cat *Reinforced* Silk Hosiery is the brand for which *they* will look when they do their *own* buying.

This thin, lustrous half hose with reinforced heels, soles, toes is snug-fitting and *supremely dressy* in appearance. All weights. Every color. Extra threads knit in at heels and toes, on the soles and at the ribbed top transfer line, give *double durability.* No holes! No darning! The ribbed top does not rip off! Extra elasticity makes them *easy to put on.*

Black Cat Dye is Guaranteed Fast Color

We are the only hosiery manufacturers in America making aniline dyes. We guarantee Black Cat dye *fast-color, non-fading* and *non-crocking.*

No. 325 — Men's Thread Silk. Seamless, fine gauge, light weight, Japan 12-ply thread silk. Extra reinforced heels and toes. Double soles. Rib top, French welt. Reinforced transfer. Absolutely pure dye. All colors. **50c** and up

No. 235 — Silk Lisle. Fine gauge, medium weight, extra long staple, high lustre, special twist. French welt, rib top, reinforced transfer, high spliced heels, double soles heavily reinforced. 4-ply cable twist heels and toes. Toes reinforced one inch longer than usual. Best value ever offered anywhere. All colors. **25c** and up

No. 295 — Men's Fibre Silk. Seamless, all colors. Fine gauge. Light weight — Heavy reinforced heels and toes, clings to ankle and fits without wrinkles; beautiful lustre, excels most higher-priced hose. **35c** and up

Look for this advertisement in greatly enlarged size on the movie screens and in the windows of 10,000 reliable dealers. Ask your dealer, by name and number, for the styles shown above.

Black Cat Catalog of 214 Styles— For All The Family—FREE!

CHICAGO-KENOSHA HOSIERY COMPANY
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN
Made in U. S. A. for Over 30 Years

1914

Extra threads in heel and toe give extra wear!

The Parts That Bear The Strains

In automobiles, in drop hammers, in all manner of light and heavy machinery, where drop forge work of the finest character is required, the triangle trademark (B) is recognized as a sign of absolute dependability. Men, whose professional training has been to judge the relative merits of such work, know through actual experience that it is an assurance of complete satisfaction.

Then there is the famous line of triangle trademarked (B) drop forged tools which, for more than half a century, have maintained the high manufacturing standards set by

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. (B)
HARTFORD, CONN. U.S.A.

R.I.W.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MEANS
PROTECTION
PRESERVATION
PERMANENCE

Make Your Cement Floors "Dustless"

Like workmen with hammers and chisels, traffic slowly but surely breaks down the surface of all bare cement floors, and crumbling and rapid disintegration begin their deadly work.

R.I.W. CEMENT FILLER & CEMENT FLOOR PAINT

stop all this immediately they are applied.

Cement Filler penetrates the surface and binds it into a hard, tough, granite-like mass, more durable than any bare concrete can be.

Cement Floor Paint follows as an added protection, coloring the floor any desired shade.

Both old and new floors may be treated over the week-end, ready good as new on Monday morning.

Write Dept. Z for special floor-paint booklet.

TOCH BROTHERS

Technical and Scientific Paint Makers Since 1848

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BLUE STREAKS

THE standard price for a good bicycle tire is now $2.50.

At that price you can buy the Goodyear Blue Streak, non-skid, which carries the same guarantee as tires that sell for as high as $10 a pair.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company makes but one single tube bicycle tire—the standard-quality, standard-price, standard-guarantee Blue Streak.

You can get Goodyear Blue Streaks from any reliable bicycle tire dealer—$2.50 each, non-skid.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Bicycle Tires

(Concluded from Page 60)

he shall want all the shells he has got; so he lies very low indeed. During the heavy bombardment that preceded the Big Push of last September, we used to permit ourselves one relaxation.

Periodically—once every two or three days, perhaps—every gun switched off simultaneously. There was sudden and perfect silence. This could mean only one thing. The assault was about to be delivered! This impression was intensified by the fact that British bayonets began to twinkle above every parapet; pipers began to skirl; barbaric cheers were heard; and khaki-clad figures—they were really sandbags crowned with Glengarries—rose up everywhere.

Straightway Brother Boche climbed out of his lair, lined his parapets, and prepared to annihilate the attack. But no attack developed. Instead, a brief but withering burst of machine-gun fire swept the crowded German parapets. After that nothing further happened, except that the bombardment began again. A joke like this is one that thoroughly appeals to the British soldier; but the serious-minded and methodical Boche hates it. It strikes him as a frivolous abuse of the sacred cult of frightfulness.

This brings us to the general demeanor of our men while fighting, both in the trenches and in the open. I suppose every soldier, officer or private, speculates beforehand as to how he will behave under fire; what he will feel like; whether he will duck head, and so on. Possibly he takes a private inventory of his characteristics, with a view to guarding against any special weakness, real or imaginary. But there is one agency which he nearly always leaves out of his calculations, and that is the power of habit and custom—one might almost call it the domestic instinct.

The Decorations at Casey's Court

Put the average British soldier—old army or new—into a trench under fire. What does he do? Does he begin by hurling defiance at the foe? No; he begins by asking where his rations are. Before him stands a parapet, buttressed by balks of timber—the whole designed to preserve his life. How does he regard this bulwark? He takes an intrenching tool and hacks enough of it away to make a fire to cook his dinner. After that he may construct a dugout, usually upon the most unscientific principles—not as a place of retirement from shell-fire, but as a resort for private slumber!

He looks about him. This bit of parapet requires new sandbags; that bit of trench needs pumping out. Does he fill sandbags or pump of his own initiative? Not at all. Unless remorselessly supervised, he will devote an entire morning to inventing and painting up a name for his new dugout—Casey's Court, or Cyclists' Rest, or Stirling Castle.

After that, with shells screaming over his head, he decorates the parapet in his vicinity with picture postcards and cigarette photos. Then he leans back and sighs contentedly. His task is done; his home from home is furnished.

That may sound to you like an exaggeration; but it is extraordinary how, as a man becomes acclimatized to warfare, he thinks less and less of his safety and more and more of his comfort.

Of course, under conditions of excessive strain—say two or three days and nights of hard fighting in the open—normal habits of life go under. So long as he keeps going a man is hardly conscious of either hunger or sleeplessness. Sometimes, during a lull, he remembers that he has not eaten since the previous day; so he puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out a biscuit. Or he may suddenly remember that he has not slept for twenty-four hours. Possibly he will lie down and sleep for ten minutes, or he will sleep standing. I have seen both. But the moment fighting starts again he is as mechanically alert as ever.

Of course Nature does not relish being expelled with a pitchfork in this way; and when she does return, when all is over, she usually exacts full toll. Still, on the whole, the endurance of the human body and mind, under abnormal pressure, is wonderful. Almost equally wonderful is the manner in which, when normal conditions return, habit and custom reassert themselves in the manner—picture postcards, and so on—that I have described.

Perhaps it may interest the reader to hear a word or two about the demeanor of our friend the enemy—over the way. During the past twelve months that demeanor has undergone a marked improvement. I might almost call it chastened. I am referring, of course, to the German infantry; our relations with their artillery are still of a strictly professional nature. It is a curious fact of life that practically everyone improves on closer acquaintance. The people we dislike most are the people with whom we never get properly into contact. If the German artilleryman has a human side we have never encountered it. He is too far off; we have only encountered his business end.

But the Boche private just over the way is a sociable creature: he is almost pathetically eager to make friends. He frequently calls out to us in the silence of the nights, when the vigilance of his superiors is relaxed. He is always predicting the near approach of peace.

He tells us that we shall be shaking hands on November nineteenth or April first. The Kaiser has periodical revelations upon the subject, it appears. He has a sense of humor too. One very wet night, not far from Hill 60, when most of the trenches were flooded, a plaintive voice cried out in the darkness: "Are you dere, Jock? Haf you any whisky? We haf plenty water." Not bad for a Boche, we thought!

New Conditions When Peace Comes

They are not altogether a band of brethren, either. The Saxons, for example, are particularly anxious not to be confounded with the Prussians. They frequently put their heads over the parapet and say so most earnestly. But the response they evoke shows no bias in either direction. Still, Saxon or Prussian, the German private soldier has had enough of the war, if anyone has; and, considering the uses to which the War Lords at Berlin put the German infantry—at Verdun, for instance—I don't altogether blame him.

Such is our little picture of K—1 at work. What are the outstanding characteristics of this wonderful army? I should say there are three. The first is the cheerful endurance of all ranks, under every kind of danger, discomfort and hardship; the second, their extraordinary good behavior when, so to speak, they have opportunity to unbend the bow; the third, the perfect spirit of understanding and confidence that exists between officers and men.

We were often very much tickled, on receiving the newspapers from home, to read some particularly lugubrious speech or article, by some self-appointed savior of the country, and to note that the most gloomy and depressing of these efforts were invariably written or delivered by people who claimed to be speaking for "the boys in the trenches." I only wish these gentlemen could have visited the trenches and received a few home truths from their constituents.

Of course it has always been a tradition in the British Army that an officer's first care must be for his men, and that the men will follow their own officers anywhere. But the question was, Would this tradition, this freemasonry of khaki, be strong enough to penetrate right through the new armies, where regimental feeling was not so strong, and where men and officers had so little time to get to know one another? And I say, speaking for K—1: Yes; most certainly. I will say no more than that, because the things which reveal manhood and bind men together in the face of common danger and death are not things that one can write down on paper or put into words. Only the actors themselves know of these things, and they do not speak of them.

But one thing can safely be said: When this war is over and the new armies go back to civil life; when the old tug-of-war between employer and employed recommences—as it is bound to do—each side will enter upon the struggle with a feeling of new and wholesome respect for the other.

You cannot call your employer a tyrant and an extortioner after he has shared his rations with you, and never spared himself over your welfare and comfort through many a weary month in the trenches; neither, when you have experienced a workingman's courage and cheerfulness and reliability in the day of battle, can you call him a loafer or an agitator in time of peace. Each side has gone a long way toward grasping the other's point of view; and if the bloodshed and misery of this war result in nothing more than a better and firmer understanding between the various classes of Great Britain, then I think our sacrifices have not been entirely in vain.

"Gee, Son, I had a great night's sleep!"

Looks like a Pajama but isn't!

It's made in one piece.

$1.50 to $5.00

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

Brighton-Carlsbad Pajunion!

Fall Weights In The Modern, One-Piece Sleeping Suit for Men and Women!

YOU, who still wear old-style nightgowns and pajamas, learn about the new sleeping wear—Pajunion, the one-piece pajamas—smart, stylish, distinctive. Thousands of men and women have found in Pajunion refreshing nights of undisturbed slumber. You who are wakeful because of improperly fitting night wear, try the Pajunion! Assure yourself of sleep that brings renewed energy.

No Binding Draw-String Tortures the Waist
The Coat Cannot Wad Up in the Back
The Trousers Cannot Slip Down

The Pajunion fits loosely and comfortably. The materials include Brighton-processed flannelette, mercerized pongee, plissé, crêpe, madras, pajama check, silk and Eden Cloth. Weights for every season are made in both men's and women's styles. The finish attains every Brighton-Carlsbad standard — stoutly sewn buttons, well-made button-holes, flat felled seams, etc. For special features of construction, study the diagrams below.

A BUTTON and loop at the ankle permits the bottom of the trouser leg to be snugly buttoned. The garment cannot work up and expose the wearer to chills. Nor can the trousers as a whole twist up and bind uncomfortably in the crotch as ordinary pajamas often do.

THE Pajunion is accurately "scaled" to proportion. The coat is several inches longer than on Pajamas of ordinary make; the sleeves are long and full and set into wide arm holes; the hip and leg width is generously ample. Sizes are cut to over-average requirements.

THE seat construction of the Pajunion positively prevents gaping. This seat is cut full and the crotch is closed and reinforced. The correct "seaming" of the garment to trunk length makes it impossible for it to pull up and bind.

Child's Sleepers (Like Illustration)—In plain white or pink or blue striped Brighton flannelette; open front or open back, drop seat. Ages 1 to 7, 50c; 8 to 10, 65c; 12 to 14, 75c. Also with detachable pants, 50c; extra pants, 25c. Other styles with hood and drawstring sleeves or "double-thick" shoulders and upper sleeves in Brighton flannelette or Carlsbad cloth, 75c to $5.00 each

See the whole Brighton-Carlsbad line at your dealer's—nightgowns, pajamas and Pajunions for men and women, nighties, pajamas and sleepers for boys and girls. You will find unusual ideas for sleeping comfort in every one of our 517 styles. And yet, the prices are no more than you would have to pay for ordinary night garments.

Also ask to see Brighton-Carlsbad cold-weather and porch garments with hoods, foot-pockets, snug-fitting wrists, etc.

Write Us For "The Nightie Book"—FREE!

This book on health sleeping as approved by scientific authorities, shows the newest ideas in sleepingwear for men, women and children. It also tells how to order direct if there is no dealer near you. Write for a copy today.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY, Dept. 65, Dubuque, Iowa, U. S. A.

DEALERS: *Write us for Samples and Prices of this Fastest Selling and Best Known Sleepingwear*

ALEXANDER the GREAT Ordered Shaving to Ensure VICTORY

The difficulty of shaving, during the succeeding campaigns, caused much grumbling and at times threatened revolts.

In the world-war today *clean shaving* is ordered in practically all armies—for sanitary reasons and to expedite dressing of subsequent wounds, but largely on account of the *bracing effect* on the men.

On all fronts the man with a Gillette Safety Razor is said to be the most popular man in his squad. In almost every company from a *dozen to fifty Gillettes* are owned and loaned about.

SHORTLY before marching against Darius, Alexander the Great chanced to see a fragment from a Babylonian bas-relief, depicting a victor holding an enemy by the beard while he put him to the sword. Immediately the great general ordered his soldiers to shave off their beards.

The Gillette shave is quick and cool, safe and sanitary. It is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. Adjust the handle for a light or a close shave. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. No stropping—no honing. Prices $5 to $50. Blades 50c. and $1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

A Business Man
with a message for you

Mr. Charles R. Morris of Washington, D. C., writes:

"For six years I was chained to a desk. I wanted to be my own boss, but a man with a family can't afford to take a chance of giving up a steady job in the hope of finding something better.

"One day I heard about the positions offered by you and wrote for details. I liked your proposition, so I started work, at first in my spare time only. **And I have made good!"**

Indeed he has. A single month's work brings Mr. Morris $270.00 in return for his activity as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

If you want to make some money in your spare time, we want to hear from you.

Box 638, Agency Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

THE POLITICAL PANORAMA

(Concluded from Page 9)

The difficulty about making it as important as the Republicans hope to is the general indifference among the people as to causes or methods on any national proposition. The tendency is not to go into anything farther than the assimilation of the result—that is, the great public is content to know that there was no railroad strike, and does not bother its aggregate head much over how it happened there was no strike. That there was no strike is sufficient, and that President Wilson prevented it, without inquiry as to how he prevented it, is his asset.

It is the same with the "He kept us out of war" issue and strength. Wilson's opponents may cavil at his methods, but not the bulk of the people. Methods and causes mean nothing to them ordinarily. The result is what counts. One day a story of all the backing and filling, and bluffing and bunko, and self-seeking and puerile fear, and courage and cowardice of that strike settlement will be written; but that means nothing nationwise, unless the Republicans can make it mean something; for there was no strike. Why bother with details when times are so good?

Champ Clark, who is an old campaigner, says that the best campaign speech he ever heard was in Missouri, when he was running for Congress. "Can any person here give me a reason why he should vote the Republican ticket?" shouted Champ after he had hung all the Republican hides up on his oratorical fence.

"Nine dollars for hogs!" was the reply, and simultaneously came Clark's idea of the best possible campaign speech.

I saw a letter to a Chicago paper not long ago, written by an Iowa farmer, who said he is a Republican, but intended to vote for Wilson because he is getting ten dollars and thirty-five cents for his hogs, and similar high prices for all his other produce. If nine dollars for hogs was a good campaign speech some years ago, ten-thirty-five is just as good a speech now. And therein, and in the general prosperity of the country, lies a great Democratic hope.

Every man who wants to work is at work at high wages. Business is good. It doesn't make an impression to urge that this prosperity is temporary, as the Republicans frantically claim—ephemeral and war-attained. It is here! That's the answer. We Americans, in the bulk, do not analyze. We decide. We do not look behind. We look at the thing as it is. Prosperity is here. The Democrats are in power. The Republicans claimed prosperity as their asset and as their manufacture when they had prosperity. Now it is turn about, and the Republicans cannot make their protests avail. We've got it now. Ergo, it is due to the Democrats. 'Ray for Wilson!

Mr. Wilson Judged by Results

In addition to all this the Republicans are having hard sledding in trying to disparage the Democratic legislative record, which is excellent and progressive. To be sure, the groundwork for most of it, or for a good deal of it, was laid by preceding Republican Congresses—as notably the Federal Reserve legislation; but what of that? The Democrats did it. Results are what count. Nor is it of any particular nourishment to shout about high expenditures by Congress.

The Democrats are well-enough fortified by the insistent demand there was for preparedness.

Besides, the common people are not being taxed. The coy Democratic politicians looked out for that, refusing even to make an equable income tax, but plastering it onto the fortunate, while allowing immunity to the boys who do most of the voting. The only explanation as to why a man who gets twelve hundred dollars a year shouldn't pay his just proportion of an income tax, as well as a man who gets ten times that much, is that there are more twelve-hundred-dollar fellows; and, hence, more potential votes for those who do not tax these numerous ones.

Soak the rich! They have no friends, and few votes.

Thus, as the campaign begins its second and last phase, there are various conclusions that may be drawn, even if no prophecies are to be made. Catalogued, they are as follows:

The settlement of the railroad strike, which the Democrats hold to be their greatest asset, will be turned into a liability if the Republicans can manage it.

The Maine result gave the Republicans some of the confidence they had lost, and brought the Democrats down to the realization that this is a fight—not a frolic.

By October a good, lively campaign will be in progress. I venture to say that even Mr. Wilson will make a few more speeches than he originally announced. Maine makes that rather imperative.

An Apathetic Campaign

There is, as this is written, no trend which can be established, nor is there any indication which is reliable that shows how this election is going. It is a fight.

The vast amount of claiming and asserting that the Republicans will all vote the Republican ticket, and that the Progressives are all back home, is simply a claim and nothing more. That won't be developed until November.

There is a great peace-loving element in this country that may turn to the support of Mr. Wilson—especially in the suffrage states. Watch for some peace step by Mr. Wilson.

Something may happen internationally that will make the election of Mr. Wilson sure, or his defeat sure.

General prosperity and high prices for farm products may have a wide determining effect.

There will be a continued tendency—aside, perhaps, from that exhibited in the speeches of Mr. Roosevelt—to remain discreetly silent on all subjects that will alienate the Germans and their sympathizers. Any flag that will get votes will be flown.

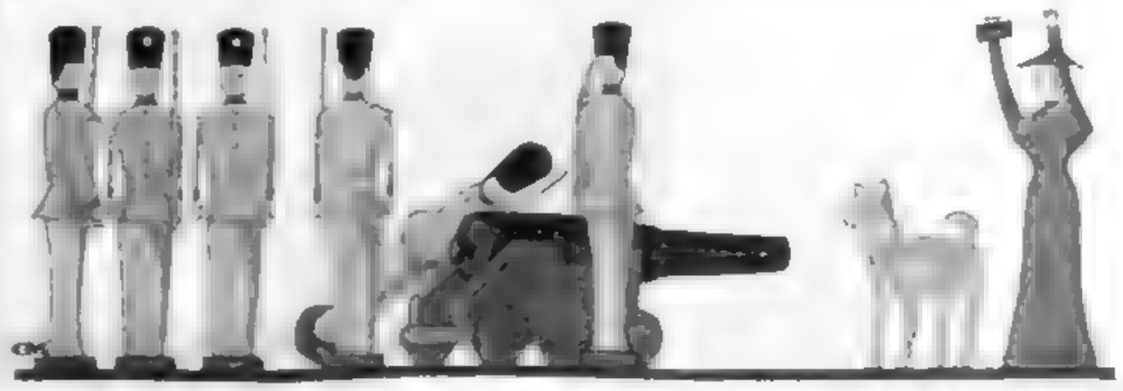
There is likely to be a big Wilson vote among the foreigners who are racially connected with the Allies in the European war. This will be noticeable in the big cities. Also, the Hebrew vote—so called—is likely to be Wilsonish.

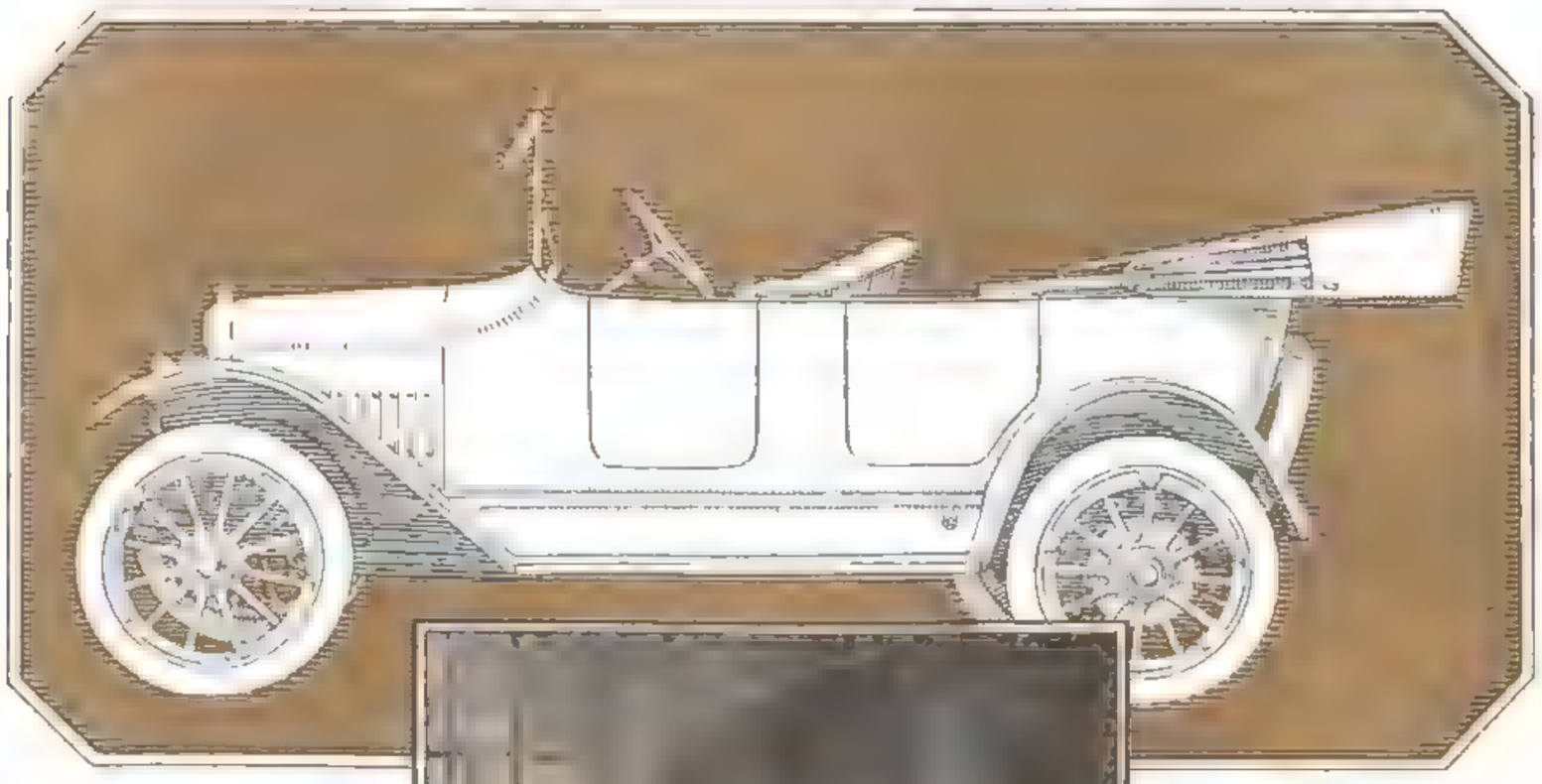
Of course, if all the Republicans vote for the Republican candidate, and if they do it in the right states, Mr. Hughes will win; for there are more than a million and a half more Republicans, normally, than there are Democrats; but there are two big "ifs" in that postulate.

Unless Mr. Wilson carries New York he cannot win; for if he loses New York he will also lose other states that he must carry.

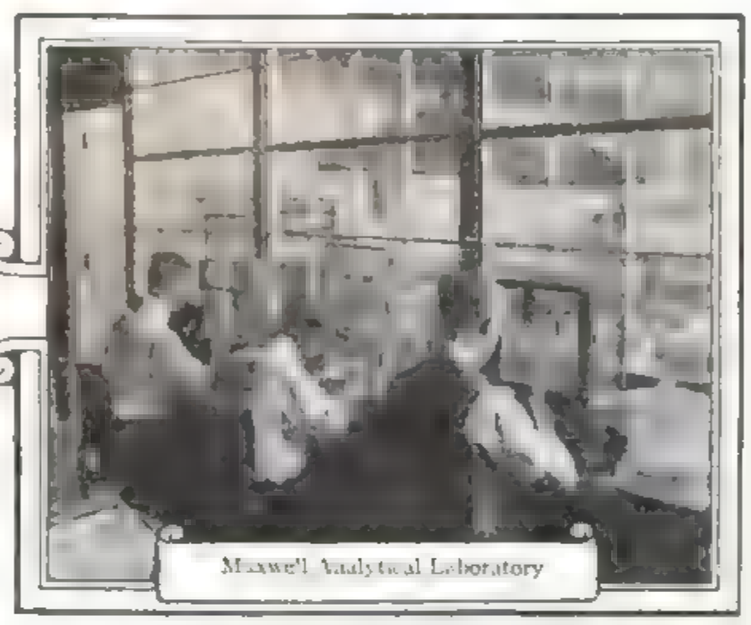
The lack of general interest in this election—real apathy—is more noticeable than in any campaign of which I have had knowledge; and I have seen several. Somebody is going to suffer unless this apathy is overcome; and the chief sufferer is likely to be Mr. Hughes.

Assuming, though, that Mr. Hughes will get a good share of the Republican votes that belong to him, now that the party is fairly united again, then the best which can be said of the contest at this time is that it is a race in which Mr. Wilson has a mile and a quarter to run while Mr. Hughes is running a mile. And, it may be said, both of them are carrying top weights.





Maxwell Chemical Laboratory



Maxwell Analytical Laboratory

MAXWELL QUALITY BEGINS IN THE LABORATORY

QUALITY is inherent. It cannot be acquired by a coat of paint or any other *outside* operation. It must be *inbuilt*. It must be present *inside*, from the very beginning. It must underlie all else.

Maxwell quality has its source in two large and completely equipped laboratories, one located in the Maxwell Factory, Detroit, and the other in our big Newcastle, Indiana, Plant.

Judged from the standpoint of modern laboratory apparatus, there is no industrial organization in the country that excels the Maxwell. There are few that equal it. All steels, alloys and other metals are made to our formulas, definitely and accurately determined by our Engineering Department.

Then, when these metals are delivered to us in their unfinished state, they must undergo rigid chemical and analytical tests. If they meet our standards, they are accepted. If they do not, they are rejected and returned to the mills.

The scientific precision, attained by exhaustive analysis, by torsion, strain, wear and impact tests, is an expensive process.

But it is the only way to insure the great stamina, endurance and reliability that have come to be associated with Maxwell Cars.

Our laboratories are open to public inspection. An examination of them will convince anyone that our cars are as well and carefully made as any of the highest priced cars in the world.

Having an output of 500 cars per day, we can absorb the additional cost of preliminary manufacturing care. Without this great volume of business, we should have to increase our selling price materially—or dispense entirely with our experimental and laboratory work.

We know, and we are going to show you in a series of educational advertisements, that the Maxwell, everything considered, is the *World's Greatest Motor Car Value.*

$595 Touring Car

Cabriolet $865; Town Car $915; Sedan $985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.
All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
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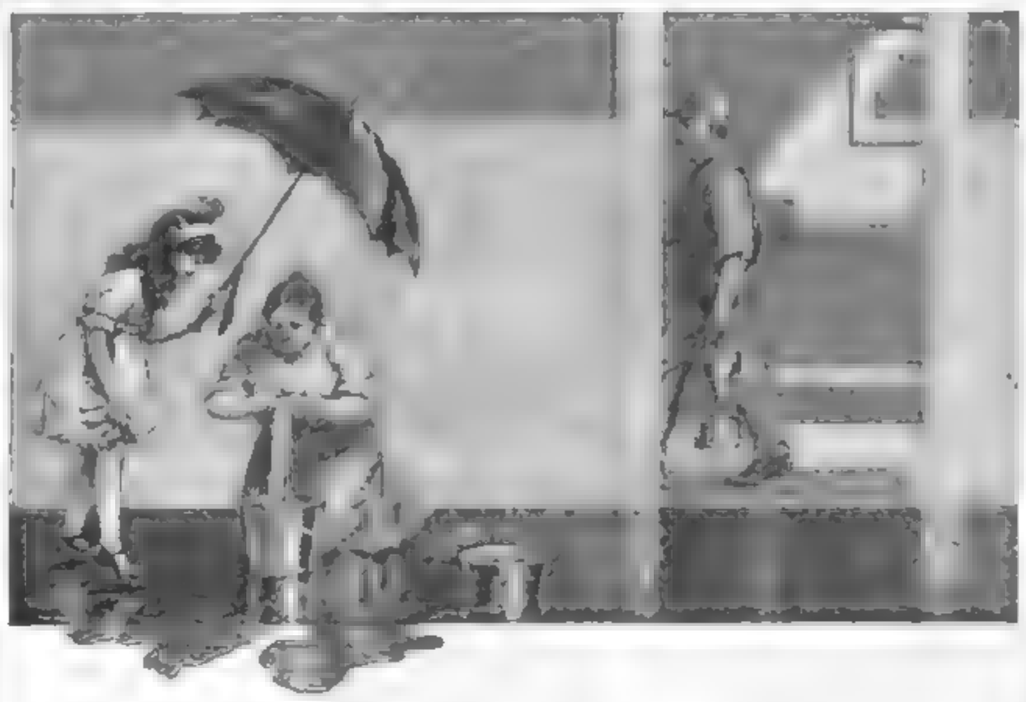
Roadster $580

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY INC. DETROIT, MICH.



"It won't hurt the floor anyway—that's Valsparred"

It looks very serious—a varnished floor soaked with water. And it would be serious *for any ordinary varnish*, which would become spotted and unsightly.

But there is no need to worry about the floor *if it is finished with Valspar*—for Valspar is *absolutely waterproof*.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

There are many lesser, every-day household accidents to contend with. If not a leaky pipe, it is rain beating through an open window or door, or a dripping umbrella, or the spilling of water or some other liquid. Wherever there is a surface varnished with ordinary varnish there is always the menace of wetness. That means spots and discoloration.

But Valspar defies wetting of any kind, not only floors inside the house, but piazza floors, window casings, wainscotings, furniture,—if they are finished with Valspar they *cannot be affected by water*.

So insist that your painter use Valspar and if you are doing your own varnishing—ask your dealer for Valspar. It's easy for anyone to apply.

Never ask for just "varnish"—say "Valspar", for your own protection and ultimate satisfaction and economy.

Special Offer

If you wish to test Valspar send 10c. in stamps to cover mailing and packing and we will send you enough Valspar to finish a small table or chair.

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Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

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W. P. FULLER & Co., San Francisco and principal Pacific Coast Cities

For your white woodwork use
VALENTINE'S
Val-Enamel
Starts White—Stays White
Made in a way so Beauty will stay

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THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

(Continued from Page 15)

For the first time Ward read uncertainty on Brink's face. The old man was not sure now whether his caller's show of sang-froid signified real or assumed strength. The blood bounded exultantly in the arteries of the junior partner. At last he had seen through the mummified mask. He knew that Brink would follow his latest lead.

"I haven't talked with my engineers yet about the samples."

The wary president dodged the query put to him.

He looked down at his desk. Ward and Howell seized the chance to exchange nods of encouragement unobserved. Then Brink lifted his head with a jerk of decision.

"How much longer are you going to be in New York?" he rasped a crafty interrogation.

"Maybe two or three weeks," Ward answered. "We have a lot of important business to look after here."

He designedly mentioned a space of time that extended beyond the day when Jensen's royalty would be due. It was part of his strategy to act as if the license fee to the inventor had been provided for and would be paid promptly as a matter of course.

The casual reference to the partners' intention to make an extended stay in the East evidently was a jolt to Brink.

"Well, then," he stammered—"well, then I can get a list ready before you go back to Detroit. Where are you stopping—in case I want to telephone?"

Ward thrilled again as he gave the name of the ultra-expensive hotel. Intuition told him that Brink had been impressed. Bartley felt sure, also, that the president of the Consolidated Coil Company meant to keep closely in touch with the movements in New York of the two men from Michigan, whose plans he could not read in their faces.

Now for the first time in the interview the cross-grained host dropped his openly hostile manner and proffered his hand in assumed friendliness.

"I'm very busy, Mr. Ward; so I'll ask you to excuse me this morning. You'll hear from me later."

"All right. There's no hurry."

When Bartley made his indifferent response he felt a twitch of the bony fingers that clutched his palm.

Brink walked round the end of his desk to shake hands with the senior partner, to whom previously he had not said a word of greeting.

"Good-by, Mr. Howell. I'm obliged to you both for coming to see me."

"Not at all!" Ward's hitherto silent ally made an impromptu display of geniality. "Good-by, Mr. Brink."

The partners turned in unison and walked from the sanctum. They chatted together with artificial casualness on their way through the big general office. But the instant they were safe outside, on the street, Howell burst into excited speech.

"I didn't dream you could fool him, Bartley; but you've certainly got Brink guessing. He doesn't know what to think. Our 'new arrangements' sounded so true that I almost forgot you were four-flushing, myself."

Ward jerked his partner from gleeful reminiscence to his own purpose of immediate further action.

"John, it's up to us to make our pose of prosperity seem so real that Brink won't dare to believe it's false. He will not give up hope that we're going to lose our patent license until he sees what he'd regard as proof that we actually have the money ready to pay Jensen."

"What's the next move?" asked Howell.

"I'm going right over to Haenckel & Company's American branch in Newark. I expect to spend most of the day there. I don't want you to appear in that part of my plan just yet, until I've looked the ground over first myself. So you do whatever you wish until about four o'clock; then be at the hotel. Wait for me if I haven't shown up by that time."

The senior partner halted at a corner they had reached and held out his hand.

"Good luck!" he wished simply. "I'll be in my room when you get back."

He wheeled like a soldier and marched straight in the direction of the expensive hostelry where the last of his life's savings were melting inexorably at the rate of a cent a minute.

Ward spent the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon at the Newark factory of the great Dutch firm. He returned to the hotel shortly after five o'clock in blithe spirits and jubilantly recounted his adventures to Howell.

"Everything is working out in bully shape, John! I realized it would be impossible at this late day to interest those Netherlanders in a sublicense under the foreign patents, as we planned months ago; so I never mentioned the proposition we made them then. I just want Haenckel & Company now to act unwittingly as our decoy for the bigger game we're hunting. I certainly got chummy with them to-day. If Brink had seen the way they treated me this afternoon, and if he didn't know why we were so thick, he'd have been convinced that I was hand in glove with the rich Haenckel & Company in a deal on automatic windings and, as a result, had money to burn."

"How'd you manage it?" asked Howell.

"By pretending I'd gone to their office to buy tons and tons of chemicals for our impregnating compounds and enameled magnet wire," chuckled Ward. "You remember that one keg of aluminum palmitate we ordered from Haenckel & Company when we made our first batch of enamel?"

"Yes."

"That was my lead card. I told the general manager the palmitate had proved very satisfactory. I then handed him a long schedule from my figures on 'rosy hopes,' which you were damning yesterday morning. It was a list of all the chemicals I'd estimated would be required to manufacture the two million windings the Consolidated will use in the next twelve months. I requested quotations and deliveries on the whole shooting match, as if I had Brink's contract in my pocket. The general manager sicked one of their head chemists onto me—an old giant with long whiskers and enormous spectacles, who'd just come to this country from Haenckel & Company's main works in Holland. His name is De Reuyter; and he's a wonder!"

Howell pondered a few moments before he comprehended the plan; then he made sure he had surmised aright.

"Now that you've got thick with him I assume you'll just stall him off until you can manage to show Brink how intimate you seem to be with all that foreign money. Is that your scheme?"

"Exactly! To-morrow you and I will go over to Newark and talk with De Reuyter. He sent a wireless to Amsterdam to find out what deliveries the main chemical works can guarantee. We have only to continue negotiating with him a few days and we'll be treated like big prospective customers. I'm sure Brink is watching us. Probably he's got spotters keeping tab on our movements now. That's why he asked the name of our hotel. He'll show his hand pretty soon. Then I'll run the rest of my bluff on him and scare the old rascal into climbing aboard the band wagon."

Ward's confidence slumped, however, as day after day went by without a sign from the president of the Consolidated Coil Company. The partners grew more and more anxious as the critical Friday approached. Their money dwindled fast. Every prodigal expenditure of Howell's savings cost Bartley a wrench of remorse. He was depressed by forebodings that his stratagem would end in futility.

It became harder daily to procrastinate with De Reuyter, also. The persistent, aggressive salesmanship of the chemist exhausted his prospective customers' stock of plausible excuses for not closing an exclusive contract with Haenckel & Company for the large quantity of chemicals Ward had declared he meant to buy. The Netherlander, unremittingly intent on getting a big order from the firm, had become a pest.

A week passed; yet no word came from Stephen Brink. Then, the afternoon before the day Jensen's royalty must be paid, when the spirits of the two men from Detroit had sunk almost to utter despair, the telephone in Bartley's hotel room rang. The junior partner answered.

"Hello!"

"Is this Mr. Ward?"

"Yes."

"Stephen Brink talking. I have that list of sample coils ready for you now. If you'll drop in at my office to-morrow afternoon

(Continued on Page 69)

Red Cross Shoe

"Bends with your foot"
Trade Mark

"So stylish! so comfortable!"

Note the models illustrated:—

Model No. 459. The "Kenyon." Grey or White top with vamp of Glazed Kid. A very smart model.

Model No. 449. The "Winsom," featuring one of fall's most popular combinations—Havana Brown vamp with Ivory Kid top. [illegible] shoe, too, whose good lines [illegible].

Model No. 456. The "Albion." Has a vamp of Tan Russia and a top of Brown Suede. A decidedly rich looking combination.

Model No. 448. The "Stratford." A beautiful boot with various color combinations of dark vamps and light kid toppings—such as, vamp of Patent Colt or Dull Calf with toppings of White or Grey Kid. Made also in All Black Kid.

Model No. 460. The "Coralie." Oh, the charm of the white kid boot—beautiful with *any* costume! Here's an entirely new one—tall and slim and graceful. Made of washable kid.

Go to your dealer and ask for the Red Cross Shoe. See the [illegible] with the [illegible] with your foot [illegible] fit them on. Red Cross Shoes are sold everywhere at $4.50, $5 and $[illegible] [illegible] $1 others from $8 to $12, depending on [illegible] and patterns.

Write for Footwear Style Guide

Sent without charge. It illustrates and describes the correct [illegible]. With it we will send you the name of your nearest Red Cross dealer or tell you how to order direct.

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In the United States alone, the industries founded by Thomas A. Edison give employment to six hundred thousand human beings. Edison Week is observed every year by a group of these industries in recognition of Mr. Edison's contributions to science and commerce

October
16th *to* 21st

The New Edison

OF the various arts and sciences, Mr. Edison takes the greatest interest in the recording and reproduction of sound. Unquestionably, of all his numerous inventions, the New Edison, the instrument of Music's Re-Creation, is his favorite. It marks the goal of his ambition to record and reproduce all forms of music with such utter perfection that the reproduction can not be distinguished from the original music.

Mr. Edison has perfected this new instrument for the reproduction of music, and recently submitted it to comparison with the voices of such great artists as Marie Rappold, Anna Case and Arthur Middleton of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Thomas Chalmers of the Boston Opera Company, Alice Verlet of the Paris Opera, Christine Miller, Elizabeth Spencer and Marie Kaiser, the great concert singers.

Remember, these great artists stood beside the New Edison in *Carnegie Hall,* New York, *Symphony Hall,* Boston, the *Astor Gallery,* and other shrines of music. They sang in direct comparison with Edison's reproduction of their voices. More than 200,000 music lovers attended these demonstrations and were unable to distinguish the original from the reproduction. The music critics of more than two hundred of America's leading newspapers admitted that they were unable to detect the slightest difference. To differentiate this new instrument from ordinary talking machines, the critics coined a new expression—*Music's Re-Creation.*

These astounding tests have proved conclusively to music critics everywhere that the New Edison is incomparably superior to any and all other devices for the reproduction of sound. We have the verdict of the American press and American music critics. We now want the verdict of the American people.

Bringing it home to you—$1,000 in Prizes

And 10 cents a word for your opinion, as explained below

IN every locality there is a merchant licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell the New Edison. These merchants have set aside a limited number of specially tested instruments which will be sent *on absolutely free trial* to the homes of responsible people during Edison Week. Bring Music's Re-Creation into your home. Keep the instrument for three days during Edison Week. Let your family form its opinion. Then put that opinion into words.

The music critics have told in their language why the New Edison is infinitely superior, from their standpoint, to any and all talking machines. We want you to tell us in your language why the New Edison is more valuable and desirable in the American home than any talking machine. We want you to tell us why it is superior as an entertainer and as a means of developing real culture and musical appreciation on the part of your family. We already have a booklet that contains the opinions of leading American music critics. This booklet tells the technical and artistic sides. We want another booklet that will tell the human side, and this is what we are willing to pay for your opinion:

$500 for the Best Opinion
$200 for the Second Best Opinion
$100 for the Third Best Opinion

The contest closes October 28, 1916

Ten cents per word for opinions which do not win prizes, but which we decide are worthy of publication. No opinion to be more than 200 words in length.

The Conditions are perfectly simple

Go to an Edison dealer at once and apply to him for a three days' *free trial* of the New Edison during Edison Week. If you are not too late he will give you an entry blank containing all of the conditions. Let us make plain that you assume no obligation to purchase the instrument placed with you. At the end of the three days' trial you may return the instrument if you desire to do so. This free trial imposes no responsibility upon you except that you promise to be careful of the splendid instrument that is to be placed in your home.

Professional writers and phonograph trade are barred. You don't have to be a trained writer to win a prize. Ideas are what count. You can make grammatical errors and misspell words and it will not count against you. The New Edison stirs deep feelings in music lovers' souls. We want your feelings expressed freely in your own words. Don't wait. Act quickly. Remember the number of instruments available for these free trials is limited. Should you be too late to have an instrument placed in your home, there is a consolation contest open to you for the best opinions based on merely hearing the New Edison in an Edison dealer's store. The prizes in this consolation contest are

$125 First **$50** Second **$25** Third

The contest closes October 28, 1916

The dealer will explain everything to you. Go to his store this very day. Owners of the New Edison may compete. Go to your dealer and get an entry blank.

Let us help you win a Prize

Write to us at once and we shall gladly send you these helps: The brochures "Music's Re-Creation", "The Music Master's Conversion" and "What The Critics Think."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.
Department 2357 Orange, N. J.

(Continued from Page 66)

I'll talk with you about them and the tests we intend to make."

Ward thought lightning fast. He dared not risk delaying his desperate coup until late Friday; nor would he choose his enemy's sanctum as the place. Bartley instantly had construed the telephone call from Brink at this eleventh hour as an indication that the president of the coil trust found it impossible to bear the tension of suspense in silence to the end. Ward decided, after only the briefest hesitation before the transmitter, to hazard his only vestige of hope on the chance that Brink was uncontrollably anxious to see him before the next twenty-four hours should pass.

"Mr. Howell and I expect to beat Haenckel & Company's branch factory in Newark all day to-morrow, Mr. Brink," he informed him coolly. "Our business with them is very important; so I'll have to ask you for an appointment on Saturday, instead. Or," he added as if by afterthought, "won't you take dinner with me down here at the hotel this evening? We could chat then. Don't bother to dress formally. Come right over from your office."

Bartley waited, breathless, for the long-delayed response. He quivered on tenterhooks of fear while the crafty old man at the other end of the wire made up his mind whether to accept or refuse the invitation. Finally the exasperated decision was snarled into Ward's ear.

"What time'll I come over?"

"Will half past six suit you?"

Bartley's response was stiff. It was very hard to keep the tone of relief out of his voice.

"Yes!" Brink snapped back, with no pretense of courtesy. "I'll see you then. Good-by!" He rang off abruptly.

Ward dashed to the adjoining room. He vociferated to his partner a report of the brief colloquy over the telephone.

"Brink has shown his yellow streak, John!" he concluded. "And I'm going to try now to bluff him out of his boots."

Howell was flustered by excitement and apprehension, but he nervously nodded his acceptance of Bartley's hurried instructions.

"I want you to find De Reuyter," Ward directed. "Have him in the lobby of the hotel at eight. Talk chemicals and exclusive contract with him, of course—anything to hold him. When Brink and I have finished dinner we'll saunter out to the lobby. You be there with De Reuyter and bring him over to us casually. I'll introduce him to Brink and mention that he's from Haenckel & Company's headquarters in Amsterdam. You drag your Dutchman off at once, as if you had pressing business with him. I don't intend that Brink shall have a chance for more than a How d'you do, and one good square look at De Reuyter."

Howell asked two or three questions about his part; then scurried away to find the decoy. Bartley telephoned to the head waiter and completed his personal preparations for his guest's entertainment.

Brink arrived at the hotel just before the time set. Ward received him courteously, but without effusiveness. He explained that another engagement prevented his partner from being present. Bartley had ordered a simple yet expensive dinner, served in a private room. While he sat opposite Brink at the table he talked at ease with him about the tests the president of the Consolidated Coil Company declared he meant to make with the sample windings he had listed. Ward made Brink lead the conversation always. Not once did the junior partner hint by manner or word that the next day held any crucial significance for the firm.

Bartley had timed the service of the meal so perfectly that Brink and he walked from the private dining room to the lobby only a minute after eight. Howell at once approached, with the hulking Netherlander in tow.

"How are you, Mr. Brink?" the senior partner greeted. "Mr. Ward told me you were coming; but I had an appointment with Mr. de Reuyter here, so I couldn't join you at dinner."

"Mr. Brink," Ward interposed deftly, "this is Mr. Klaas de Reuyter, from the Amsterdam main office of Haenckel & Company." He turned deferentially. "Mr. de Reuyter, permit me to introduce Mr. Stephen Brink, president of the Consolidated Coil Company."

The stunted old man stared up sharply at the whiskered, broad face, a foot and a half above his eyes.

"I know of your company, of course, Mr. de Reuyter," he vouchsafed. "Your home is in Holland?"

"Yes; I am from headquarters."

The gutturally accented, precise English was spoken in the tone of conscious superiority the true Dutchman uses when he refers to his Fatherland.

Ward glanced aside meaningly at Howell. The senior partner at once seized his cue. He took the chemist's arm familiarly, and held out his free hand to Bartley's guest.

"I must leave you, Mr. Brink," he apologized. "Mr. de Reuyter and I have some very important business matters to settle this evening. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

"Certainly." The response was curt.

De Reuyter clicked his heels together in military fashion and made a stiffly punctilious bow. Then, arm in arm, he and Howell marched off across the lobby. Ward turned a smiling face to Brink.

"Let's go upstairs and finish our cigars," he suggested.

"All right!" The president of the coil trust gave gruff assent.

He did not speak again until he sat opposite his host in Ward's luxurious room. Then he blurted out a question as though it choked him.

"Last week when you were over at my office you intimated that your firm has secured some new financial backers lately—did you refer to Haenckel & Company?"

The crisis had arrived. Bartley's pulses were pounding, but his voice was perfectly controlled.

"Well, I shouldn't say Haenckel & Company have become our backers, exactly, Mr. Brink; but Mr. de Reuyter personally has taken an interest in our business. You see, we had to make some arrangement to protect our patent license."

Even under the strain Ward smiled as he thought of the double meaning of his words. Indeed, the persistent chemist had taken "an interest" in the firm's business.

Brink glowered at Bartley half a minute; then he snarled a demand for more personal information:

"You said a week ago that you withdrew the quotations we had because of your 'new arrangements.' Your prices were too high then. If you are figuring on holding us up still more now I tell you flatly that it won't be of any use to send samples for our service tests. Let's get right down to brass tacks. How is the deal you say you've made with the Haenckel crowd going to affect the Consolidated Coil Company?"

Ward retorted bluntly, still using the finesse of equivocation:

"Mr. de Reuyter wants us to make an exclusive contract with Haenckel & Company. If they should agree to take our entire output, of course we couldn't sell to you or anybody else. Haenckel & Company have a very large coil trade abroad. I imagine Mr. de Reuyter believes that, with our low-priced automatic windings under their sole control, their American branch could make even the Consolidated Coil Company hustle for the business over here."

All of which, as Ward said to himself, was literally true. He had imagined many things!

Brink flung back in his chair and laughed, but his mockery rang hollow. Bartley knew he had been jolted hard.

"So that's the game, eh!" sneered the president of the trust. He roused in his seat savagely. "No; it isn't! You can't pull the wool over my eyes by pretending you'd make such a fool deal and shut your concern off from any chance of ever selling windings to the Consolidated Coil Company!"

Bartley's smile broadened to a grin in which there was no mirth.

"You hinted last week, also, that I was a fool," he reminded. "Maybe I am. But it hasn't struck me, up to now, that my firm ever has had much real chance to sell you windings." Ward's voice suddenly hardened; his words clanged like steel. "Anyhow, whether my partner and I have good sense or not, Mr. Howell is discussing tonight with our new business associate, Mr. de Reuyter, the final details of an exclusive contract between Howell & Ward and Haenckel & Company. I expect the agreement to be signed this evening."

The president of the Consolidated Coil Company leaned back in his chair and looked hard at the determined face opposite him. Bartley's return gaze did not waver. Every muscle in his body was taut.

"Then ——"

EVERSHARP

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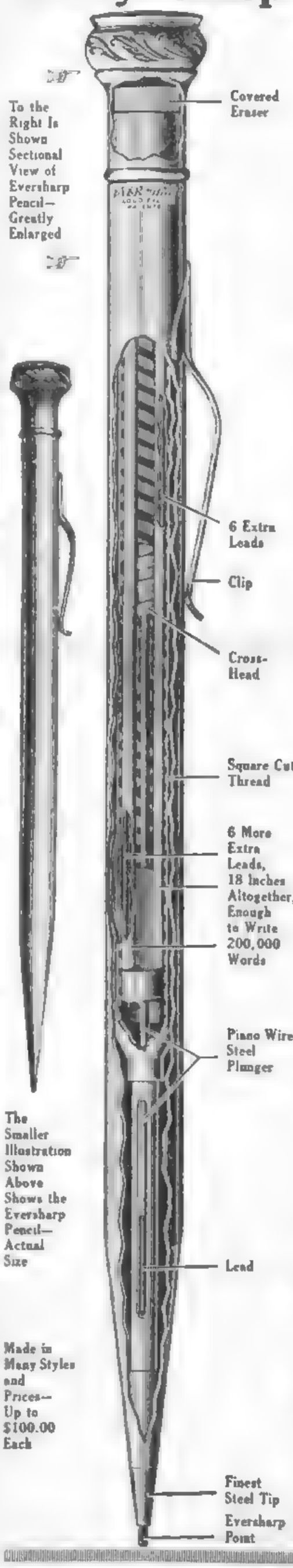
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Most perfectly balanced, accurately made and ingeniously constructed writing instrument in the world.

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Twenty-five thousand dollars have been spent in perfecting it.

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Think of it—a high grade pencil with a point that is *always* sharp. No whittling to do. Point neither too sharp nor too blunt. Writes just right—always!

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We want *you* to try this splendid pencil. It is guaranteed in every way. If after a ten days' trial you're not delighted with it, just say so, return the pencil, and get your money back.

How to Get an *EVERSHARP*

EVERSHARP Pencils come in a wide range of beautiful styles. Of these the heavy gold-filled pencils in plain finish at $3, and in beautiful Colonial design at $4, are very popular and splendid value.

These styles have all the snap and fire of solid gold pencils, and will wear for many years.

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Finest Sterling Silver	"	2.50
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See the enlarged sectional view. Note the strong, durable construction. Observe the 12 extra leads in the barrel of the pencil—18 inches in all—enough for two hundred thousand words. Refilled at any time for a quarter. All pencils are filled with lead when sent out. All have pocket clips attached unless otherwise ordered. See the ingenious eraser, which is left covered and clean.

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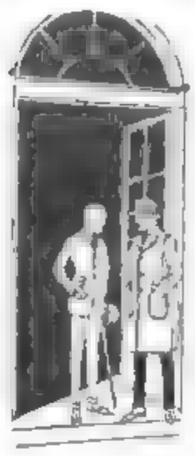
FASHION PARK CHAT

Published by Rosenberg Bros. & Company, at Fashion Park, Rochester, N.Y.



STYLE FACTS

It is a significant fact that among a certain large percentage of men the chief topic of conversation, nowadays, is the tremendous advance of Style as a means to an end. Smart clothes, gracefully worn, are becoming a decisive business and social asset.

To think of Fall clothes so good and good looking that even your frankest friend would not feel justified in criticising them is to think of a Fashion Park suit. For, in this widely known brand, timely style has been welded to fine tailoring.

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A Fashion Park Development of Remarkable Character.

Being a light-weight overcoat, it keeps one comfortably warm and being a raincoat it keeps one dry. In the world of smart knockabout garments for use on any sort of day the "Spatter" stands head and shoulders above the crowd. It is executed in shaggy homespuns and tweeds of the type preferred by Englishmen. Wear it to walk in, ride in, work in and play in.

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The Fashion Park designer has created the Idler, a swanky double-breasted Norfolk, and the Hunter, a brisk single-breasted Norfolk. The Fashion Park workshops have skillfully developed each of these styles in a fabric exactly suited to its needs.

The most recent style feature to come under discussion wherever well-dressed men gather, is the tendency of sack-coat lapels to roll high. The effect secured is graceful and manly, and thus do the soft, pliable Fashion Park styles again lend themselves to smart and individual treatment.

The prevailing vogue of natural shoulders travels nicely with short lapels and a high waistline. The latter effect still rules in thoroughly correct coats.

* * *

Fashion Park ideas are not developed solely for young men. The man of fifty, forty or thirty who wears them appears quite as dignified and correct as the youth

He Wears the Idler

of twenty appears distinctive and brisk. Good style knows no age limit.

* * *

But, the Fashion Park agent in your own town will be more than glad to show you the new ideas. In New York and in every other city in which live men who appreciate the nicer things of life, the same identical ideas are now being presented. Ready-to-put-on, $20. to $40.

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Fashion Chatter, our new style book, is quite as captivating as the clothes pictured in it. Mailed on request. Write to Fashion Park, or to 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Protect your buildings now against the rigors of wintry weather.

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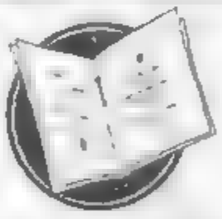

Graduation and Wedding Announcements

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QUAYLE

Only one syllable struggled from the grip of Brink's jaws before his mouth was clamped shut again. His eyes tried to bore through the armor plate of Ward's courage. The old man sat rigid and inscrutable for half a minute. Then his right hand rose slowly to his upper vest pocket and drew out a fountain pen.

Ward instantly attached significance to the act. He felt sure the mechanical movement was a subconscious reflex of Brink's thoughts. The junior partner's heart began to throb a diapason of hope. As Bartley construed what he had seen, the self-revealed mind which sent the old man's fingers to his vest pocket for the fountain pen was balancing a growing inclination to sign a contract now with Howell & Ward, for safety's sake, against the greed that tempted the president to risk waiting until after the critical to-morrow.

Suddenly Brink finished the question he had started to ask. He roared his demand with a ferocity meant to terrorize by surprise:

"Then why did you get me over here to-night?"

If the old man's hand had not been clutching the telltale fountain pen Ward would not have dared to flash back the answer he did:

"Because, if you're ready to sign a purchase agreement with us for all your windings, at fifteen per cent advance over our previous quotations, and will deposit ten thousand dollars as an advance payment to show your good faith—which we have had reason to question heretofore—we won't make that exclusive contract with Haenckel & Company this evening. Otherwise we will!"

Ward fixed Brink's eyes with his own, reached into his coat pocket, and passed to the old man a formal tender he had prepared for this crisis. The bony fingers clutched the paper. Brink glared at Ward a minute longer. Then he jerked his head down to read the offered contract.

Just at that instant the door to Howell's room burst open. The senior partner staggered in and clicked the latch behind him melodramatically. His eyes were staring as if he were in a trance. His face was chalk-white. Howell did not look at Brink, but stumbled across the rug to Ward.

"Haenckel & Company accept our proposition!" he gasped hoarsely.

He turned and stared at the president. Then, in evident panic, the senior partner rushed from the room, banging the door after him.

Bartley was so astounded that for several seconds his brain seemed paralyzed. All at once he surmised that De Reuyter had left the hotel, and that Howell's tension of suspense had snapped the mind of the senior partner after he was left alone. The white-faced man looked half crazed when he choked out his hallucination about Haenckel & Company.

Ward guessed that unstrung Howell suddenly was seized in his room by an insane delusion that he had made some tremendously important deal with the Dutch firm. He had run to tell his partner. Then his recognition of Brink appeared to shock him back from his temporary lunacy. He had fled in a frantic effort to undo the harm he saw he had done by bursting into Ward's critical conference with the head of the Consolidated Coil Company.

Bartley twisted about to look at Brink. The old man was smiling sardonically. He thrust his fountain pen back into his vest pocket and rose springily from his seat.

"You're a good bluffer, Ward," he sneered. "But Howell overplayed his four-flush. I call you! There's no hurry about this."

He tossed the tendered contract on the table.

Ward collapsed in his chair and groaned his bitter disappointment. He was sure that, but for his partner's disastrous interruption, he would have won. In another minute the hesitating fountain pen would have dug Brink's name viciously into the paper on the dotted line if Howell's chalky face had not confessed the truth.

A second time the door between the partners' adjoining rooms burst open and Howell rushed in again. But he did not look demented now. As before, he precautiously clicked the latch behind him. Then he dashed exultantly to Ward, waving some legal-looking papers and a certified check.

"Mr. de Reuyter is the 'Company' of Haenckel & Company!" he whispered excitedly as he stooped close to Bartley's ear. "He's been pumping us this last week in order to learn all we know about the winding business. The way you've talked to him made him enthusiastic with regard to the automatic process. And I suppose that, when he saw Brink here with you at the hotel to-night like an old chum, De Reuyter felt convinced we had a contract for all the Consolidated's orders. So he was eager to tie us up right away as a big customer for chemicals."

Slowly to the dazed mind of Ward came the realization that the firm's hand was not a four-flush after all! He stared at the check. He comprehended what Howell had done. The most chimerical of all Bartley's "rosy hopes" actually had justified now his calculations!

"I'd told De Reuyter we expected to return to Detroit to-morrow," the senior partner went on breathlessly. "That seemed to bring matters to a head. He astounded me by disclosing who he was. Then he offered, provided we'd agree to buy all our chemicals from him, to accept that old proposition we made Haenckel & Company last May for the sole foreign-patent license at five thousand dollars a year in advance.

"I took him up in a flash, and said that, so far as I was concerned, I was willing to make the exclusive contract on chemicals. I told him to sign our agreement; then I'd take it to you. I was half crazy with excitement. While he was writing his name I ran in to tell you. I did right, didn't I, to cinch it with De Reuyter? Shall I tell him you're satisfied?"

Howell was as eager as a boy for Ward's approval and praise. He thrust into his partner's hands the check for five thousand dollars and the signed identical proposal the firm had made to Haenckel & Company ten weeks before.

While Ward stared at the certified check in his fingers a shadow fell on his hand. Bartley, galvanized, sprang up to confront the wizened old man, who had stooped beside his chair and was glaring at the precious slip of paper.

"So you call our bluff, do you?" Ward snapped. "You thought we were only four-flushing!" He snatched up the contract Brink had tossed contemptuously on the table. "You said there was no hurry about this! There's just this much hurry: You'll accept my proposition within thirty seconds or you'll never get another chance to save two thousand dollars a week by using automatic windings!"

With two simultaneous movements the president of the Consolidated Coil Company jerked out his check book and fountain pen.

A Few Reasons Why

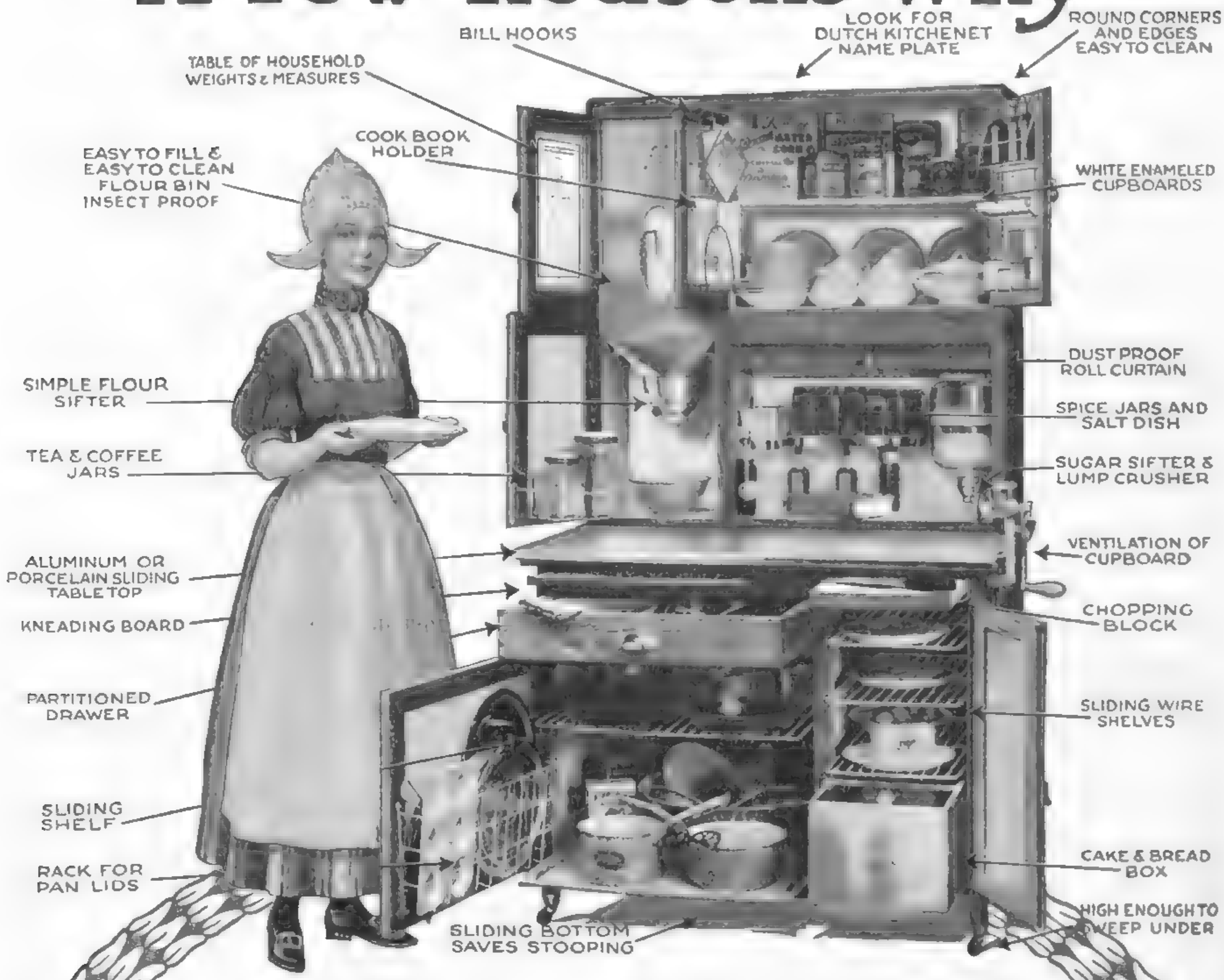
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TABLE OF HOUSEHOLD WEIGHTS & MEASURES
COOK BOOK HOLDER
EASY TO FILL & EASY TO CLEAN FLOUR BIN INSECT PROOF
WHITE ENAMELED CUPBOARDS
DUST PROOF ROLL CURTAIN
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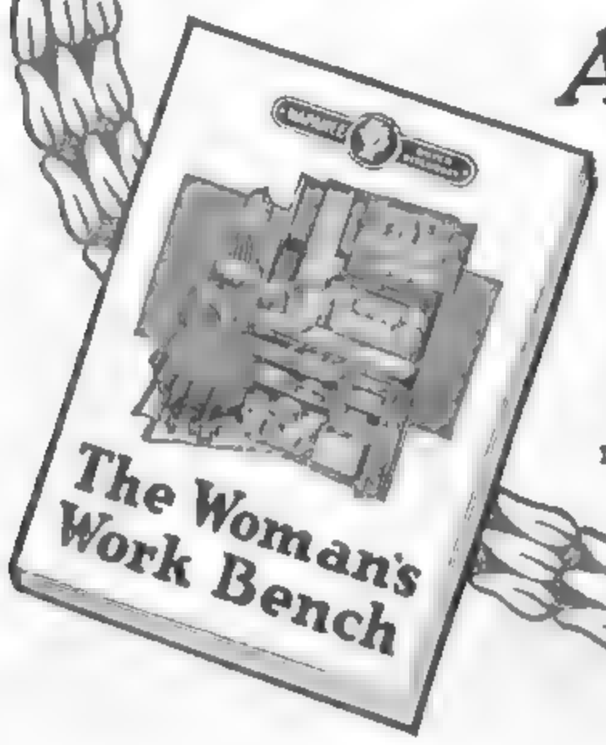

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Makes Fastest Time Up Pike's Peak

No hill-climb or mountain test in the world equals that imposed on motor cars that race to the summit of Pike's Peak. A Hudson Super-Six Special made the best time of more than 20 contestants to the top of America's most famous mountain, over the longest, steepest, highest travelable road in the world.

The start, at a mile and three-quarters above the sea, is higher by far than is the altitude of the finishing line in most hill-climbs.

The finishing point of Pike's Peak is almost two and three-quarters miles above sea level. In the twelve and a fraction miles of the course there are 60 turns, and the rise is almost one mile high. There is no place where the car is not climbing. The high altitude affects the power efficiency of the motor and water boils at such low temperature that motors cannot be cooled as they are in lower levels.

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The Hudson climbed up this winding steep road to the "Top of the World" in 18 minutes, 24 seconds. Its time was 2½ minutes faster than the next fastest car, and 2½ minutes in twelve miles is a big difference.

This feat now gives to Hudson practically every worth-while record. In speed—when 102.3 miles an hour was attained at Daytona; in endurance—when 1819 miles were covered in 24 hours, with a stock Super-Six chassis we established marks not likely soon to be equaled.

Now we have added to these the greatest of all hill-climbing feats. In it we have shown the endurance of the Super-Six.

Others Failed

Motors of some of the most famous racing cars in the world were unable to withstand the strain of that climb and so did not get to the summit.

It is constant hard pulling all the way and more than three-quarters of the distance must be made in second speed, even with specially geared cars.

In addition to mere climbing, as is required in all hill-climbs, here are added the difficulties of carburation and cooling.

The altitude that affects one's breathing so much that even the strongest man can stand only the least amount of physical exertion, has a similar effect in reducing the power of the motor.

We made that record in a contest in which were entered, as described by a Denver newspaper, ***"Fours—Sixes—Eights—Twelves and Super-Sixes."***

And, as in all tests in which they have been entered, the best performance was shown by the Super-Six.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
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HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 20)

There was a crumpled evening paper on the floor beside the bed. He seemed to be taking his rest after the labors of a trying day.

At the sound of Jerry's sigh he raised his head, but, finding the attitude too severe a strain on the muscles of the neck, restored it to the pillow.

"What's the matter, Jerry? You seem perturbed. You have the aspect of one whom Fate has smitten in the spiritual solar plexus, or of one who has been searching for the leak in life's gaspipe with a lighted candle. What's wrong?"

"Curtains!"

Jimmy, through long absence from his native land, was not always able to follow Jerry's thoughts when concealed in the wrappings of the peculiar dialect which he affected.

"I get you not, friend. Supply a few footnotes."

"I've been fired."

Jimmy sat up. This was no imaginary trouble, no mere *malaise* of the temperament. It was concrete, and called for sympathy.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "No wonder you aren't rollicking. How did it happen?"

"That half-portion Bill Taft came joshing me about my beezer till it got something fierce," explained Jerry. "William J. Bryan couldn't have stood for it."

Once again Jimmy lost the thread. The wealth of political allus on baffled him.

"What's Taft been doing to you?"

"It wasn't Taft. He only looks like him. It was that kid Ogden up where I work. He came butting into the gym, joshing me about—makin' pers'nal remarks till I kind of lost my goat, and the next thing I knew I was giving him his!" A faint gleam of pleasure lightened the gloom of his face. "I cert'nly give him his!" The gleam faded. "And after that—well, here I am!"

Jimmy understood now. He had come to the boarding house the night of his meeting with Jerry Mitchell on Broadway, and had been there ever since, and frequent conversations with the pugilist had put him abreast of affairs at the Pett home. He was familiar with the personnel of the establishment on Riverside Drive, and knew precisely how great was the crime of administering correction to Ogden Ford, no matter what the cause. Nor did he require explanation of the phenomenon of Mrs. Pett dismissing one who was in her husband's private employment. Jerry had his sympathy freely.

"You appear," he said, "to have acted in a thoroughly capable and praiseworthy manner. The only point in your conduct that I would permit myself to criticize is your omission to slay the kid. That, however, was due, I take it, to the fact that you were interrupted. We will now proceed to examine the future. I cannot see that it is altogether murky. You have lost a good job, but there are others equally good for a man of your caliber. New York is crammed with dyspeptic millionaires who need an efficient physical instructor to look after them. Cheer up, Cuthbert, for the sun is still shining!"

Jerry Mitchell shook his head. He refused to be comforted.

"It's Miss Ann," he said. "What am I going to say to her?"

"What has she got to do with it?" asked Jimmy, interested.

For a moment Jerry hesitated, but the desire for sympathy and advice was too strong for him. And after all there was no harm in confiding in a good comrade like Jimmy.

"It's like this," he said. "Miss Ann and me had got it all fixed up to kidnap the kid!"

"What!"

"Say, I don't mean ordinary kidnaping. It's this way. Miss Ann come to me and we agree that the kid's a pest that had ought to have some strong-arm keep him in order, so we decide to get him away to a friend of mine who keeps a dogs' hospital down on Long Island. Bud Smithers is the guy to handle that kid. You ought to see him take hold of a dog that's all grouch and ugliness and make it over into a dog that it's a pleasure to have round. I thought a few weeks with Bud was what the doctor ordered for Ogden, and Miss Ann guessed I was right, so we had it all framed. And now this happens and balls everything up! She can't do nothing with a husky kid like that without me. And how am I going to help her if I'm not allowed in the house?"

Jimmy was conscious of a renewed admiration for a girl whom he had always considered a queen among women. How rarely in this world did one find a girl who combined every feminine charm of mind and body with a resolute determination to raise Cain at the slightest provocation!

"What an absolutely corking idea!"

Jerry smirked modestly at the approbation, but returned instantly to his gloom.

"You get me now? What am I to say to her? She'll be sore!"

"The problem," Jimmy had begun, "is one which, as you suggest, presents certain ——" when there was a knock at the door, and the head of the boarding house's maid of all work popped in.

"Mr. Bayliss, is Mr. Mitchell —— Oh, say, Mr. Mitchell, there's a lady down below wants to see you. Says her name's Chester."

Jerry looked at Jimmy appealingly.

"What'll I do?"

"Do nothing," said Jimmy, rising and reaching for his shoes. "I'll go down and see her. I can explain for you."

"It's mighty good of you ——"

"It will be a pleasure. Rely on me."

Ann, who had returned from her drive shortly after the Ogden disaster and had instantly proceeded to the boarding house, had been shown into the parlor. Jimmy found her staring in a rapt way at a statuette of the Infant Samuel that stood near a bowl of wax fruit on the mantelpiece. She was feeling aggrieved with Fate and extremely angry with Jerry Mitchell, and she turned at the sound of the opening door with a militant expression in her eyes, which changed to one of astonishment on perceiving who it was that had come in.

"Mr. Bayliss!"

"Good evening, Miss Chester. We, so to speak, meet again. I have come as an intermediary. To be brief, Jerry Mitchell didn't dare face you, so I offered to come down instead."

"But how—but why are you here?"

"I live here." He followed her gaze. It rested on a picture of cows in a field. "Late American school," he said. "Attributed to the landlady's niece, a graduate of the Wissahickon, Pa., Correspondence School of Pictorial Art. Said to be genuine."

"You live here?" repeated Ann. She had been brought up all her life among the carefully thought-out effects of eminent interior decorators, and the room seemed more dreadful to her than it actually was. "What an awful room!"

"Awful? You must be overlooking the piano. Can't you see the handsome plush cover from where you are standing? Move a little to the southeast and shade your eyes. We get music here of an evening—when we don't see it coming and sidestep."

"Why in the name of goodness do you live here, Mr. Bayliss?"

"Because, Miss Chester, I am infernally hard up! Because the Bayliss bank roll has been stricken with a wasting sickness."

Ann was looking at him incredulously.

"But—but—then did you really mean all that at lunch the other day? I thought you were joking. I took it for granted that you could get work whenever you wanted to or you wouldn't have made fun of it! Can't you really find anything to do?"

"Plenty to do. But I'm not paid for it. I walk a great number of blocks and jump into a great number of cars and dive into elevators and dive out again and open doors and say 'Good morning!' when people tell me they haven't a job for me. My days are quite full—but my pocketbook isn't!"

Ann had forgotten all about her errand in her sympathy.

"I'm so sorry. Why, it's terrible! I should have thought you could have found something."

"I thought the same till the employers of New York in a body told me I couldn't. Men of widely differing views on religion, politics and a hundred other points, they were unanimous on that. The nearest I came to being a financial Titan was when I landed a job in a store on Broadway, demonstrating a patent collar-clip at ten dollars a week. For a while all Nature seemed to be shouting: 'Ten per! Ten per!' than which there are few sweeter words in the language. But I was fired halfway through the second day, and Nature changed her act."

"But why?"

"It wasn't my fault. Just Fate. This contrivance was called Klipstone's Kute

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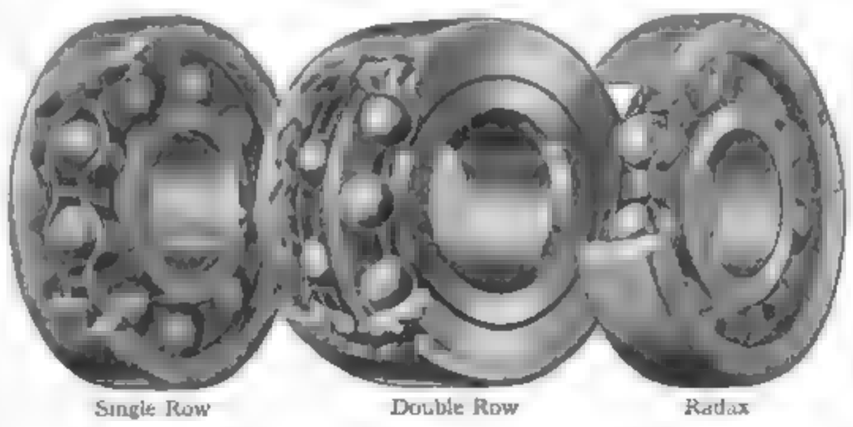

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Kollar-Klip, and it was supposed to make it easy for you to fasten your tie. My job was to stand in the window in my shirt sleeves, gnashing my teeth and registering baffled rage when I tried the old, obsolete method, and beaming on the multitude when I used the Klip. Unfortunately I got the cards mixed. I beamed when I tried the old, obsolete method, and nearly burst myself with baffled fury just after I had exhibited the card bearing the words 'I will now try Klipstone's Kute Klip.' I couldn't think what the vast crowd outside the window was laughing at till the boss, who chanced to pause on the outskirts of the gathering on his way back from lunch, was good enough to tell me.

"Nothing that I could say would convince him that I was not being intentionally humorous. I was sorry to lose the job, though it did make me feel like a goldfish. But talking of being fired brings us back to Jerry Mitchell."

"Oh, never mind Jerry now ——"

"On the contrary, let us discuss his case and the points arising from it with care and concentration. Jerry Mitchell has told me all!"

Ann was startled.

"What do you mean?"

"The word 'all,'" said Jimmy, "is slang for 'everything.' You see in me a confidant. In a word, I am hep."

"You know ——"

"Everything. A colloquialism," explained Jimmy, "for 'all.' About Ogden, you know. The scheme. The plot. The enterprise."

Ann found nothing to say.

"I am thoroughly in favor of the plan. So much so that I propose to assist you by taking Jerry's place."

"I don't understand."

"Do you remember at lunch that day, after that remarkable person had mistaken me for Jimmy Crocker, you suggested in a light, casual way that if I were to walk into your uncle's office and claim to be Jimmy Crocker I should be welcomed without a question? I'm going to do it. Then, once aboard the lugger—once in the house—I am at your orders. Use me exactly as you would have used Jerry Mitchell."

"But—but ——"

"Jerry!" said Jimmy scornfully. "Can't I do everything that he could have done? And more. A bonehead like Jerry would have been certain to have bungled the thing somehow. I know him well. A good fellow, but in matters requiring intellect and swift thought, dead from the neck up. It's a very lucky thing he is out of the running. I love him like a brother, but his dome is of ivory. This job requires a man of tact, sense, shrewdness, initiative, *esprit* and verve." He paused. "Me!" he concluded.

"But it's ridiculous! It's out of the question!"

"Not at all. I must be extraordinarily like Jimmy Crocker, or that fellow at the restaurant wouldn't have taken me for him. Leave this in my hands. I can get away with it."

"I shan't dream of allowing you ——"

"At nine o'clock to-morrow morning," said Jimmy firmly, "I present myself at Mr. Pett's office. It's all settled."

Ann was silent. She was endeavoring to adjust her mind to the idea. Her first startled revulsion from it had begun to wane. Soon, from being disapproving, she found herself glowing with admiration for its author. He was a young man of her own sort!

"You asked me on the boat, if you remember," said Jimmy, "if I had an adventurous soul. I am now submitting my proofs. You also spoke highly of America as a land where there were adventures to be had. I now see that you were right."

Ann thought for a moment.

"If I consent to your doing this insane thing, Mr. Bayliss, will you promise me something?"

"Anything."

"Well, in the first place I absolutely refuse to let you risk all sorts of frightful things by coming into this kidnaping plot." She waved him down and went on. "But I see where you can help me very much. As I told you at lunch, my aunt would do anything for Jimmy Crocker if he were to appear in New York now. I want you to promise that you will confine your activities to asking her to let Jerry Mitchell come back."

"Never!"

"You said you would promise me anything." *(Continued on Page 77)*

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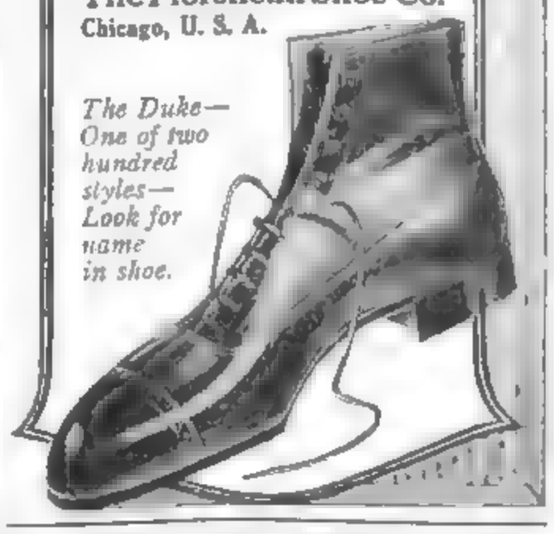

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This material has been analyzed in the Physical Laboratory of the Armour Institute of Technology to determine health and comfort value for winter wear. It shows the following characteristics:

Thermal Resistance **100**
This fabric shows a high relative heat retaining property—keeping the body at a healthy temperature in the coldest weather.

Porosity **66**
It shows a low relative breathing property—eliminating evaporation of body moisture and preventing subsequent chilling from excessive ventilation.

Absorption **73**
It shows a high moisture absorbing property—will not get wet or clammy when the wearer perspires because of unusually violent exercises.

(Signed) G. F. Gebhardt

This garment is recommended for men doing out of door work—in winter—in climates where the winter range of temperature from 25° below to 30° above.

Select your underwear with this famous Stephenson Health and Comfort certificate signed by Prof. G. F. Gebhardt. It is made to protect your personal health and comfort.

Perfect Fit in Victoria Undersuits for Women

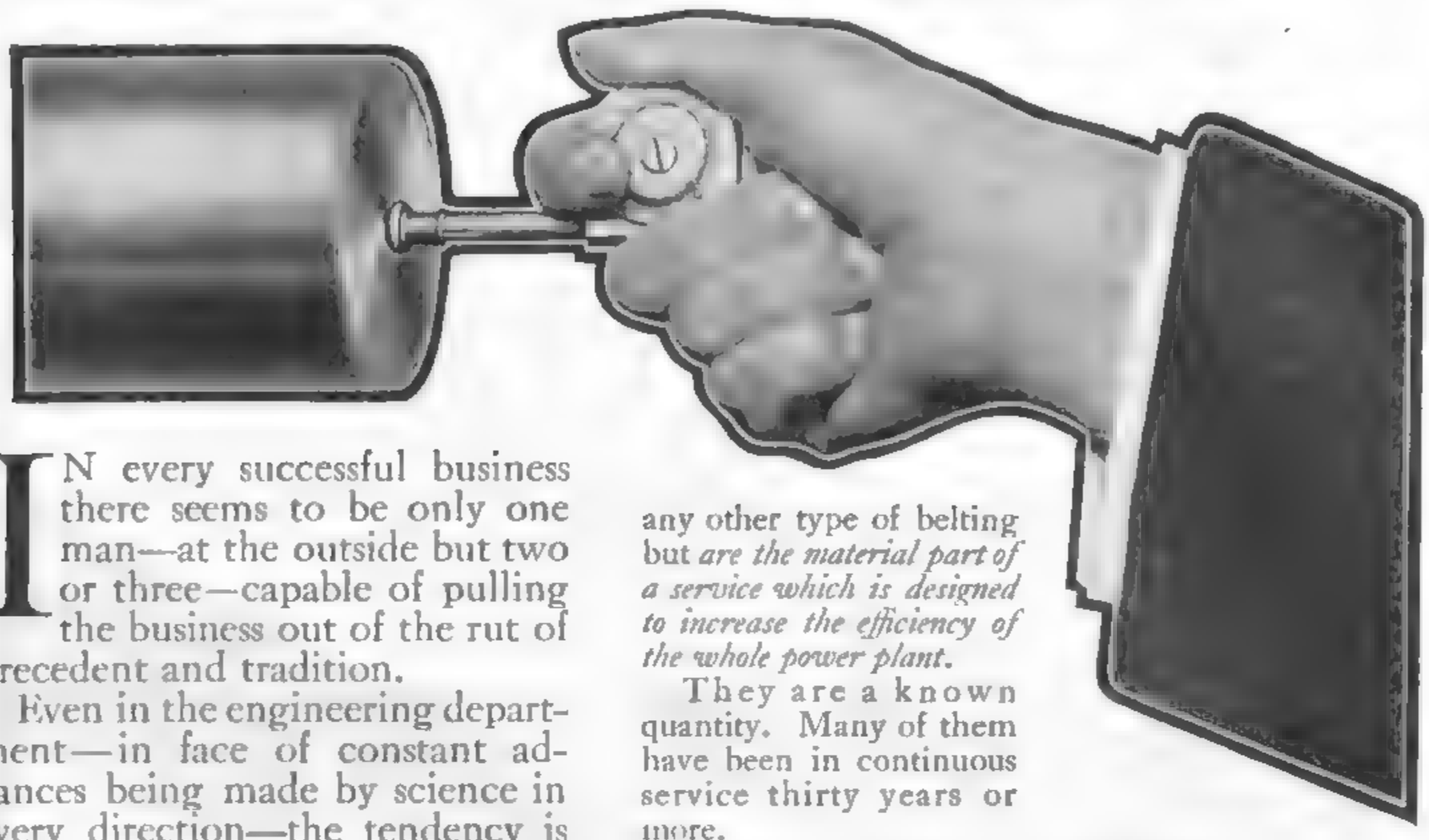
Every type of figure fitted perfectly. An entirely new—fully protected method of designing and manufacturing makes Perfect Fit an exclusive Victoria feature. You can pick out the suit that is made for you—do away with underwear discomfort. Ask your dealer to show you the famous Stephenson Book for Victoria—select your figure and be assured of an entirely new undersuit satisfaction.

STEPHENSON UNDERWEAR MILLS
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

When the Boss Learns to Measure

Measuring Bosses Have Found a Way to Get Ten to Thirty Per Cent. More Profit Out of Power

In Over Eight Thousand Factories They Are Using Leviathan-Anaconda Belts



IN every successful business there seems to be only one man—at the outside but two or three—capable of pulling the business out of the rut of precedent and tradition.

Even in the engineering department—in face of constant advances being made by science in every direction—the tendency is to "let well enough alone." This is shown in the persistent use of the traditional belting which never grows twice alike.

* * *

Power makes money only when delivered at the tool or machine.

Of what use is it to buy coal by the B. T. U. when inefficient transmission is wasting a quarter of the power delivered before ever it gets to work?

Too long has belting for transmission and conveying been thought of as so much merchandise, to be sold by the yard over any dealer's counter.

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are the scientific answer to the power transmission problem in nineteen classes of industry.

They are in no sense a substitute for any other type of belting but *are the material part of a service which is designed to increase the efficiency of the whole power plant.*

They are a known quantity. Many of them have been in continuous service thirty years or more.

They are various-ply—of solid fabric, impregnated with a special composition, treated, stretched and aged so as to form a pliable belting material well-nigh indestructible.

Their great advantage is due to their being built for their purpose and to the fact that in building them we are not dealing with the variations and uncertainties of a *natural* product.

Tensile strength, tractiveness, resistance to dampness, abrasion and heat, are definitely built into these belts.

We produce from the beginning a belt especially adapted to the work it is to do.

* * *

Most engineers think backward about power transmission. *They think from the belt to the work. We think from the work to the belt.*

That is why we deal direct with customers and why every man who represents Leviathan-Anaconda belts is practically a consulting engineer with belting as his specialty.

When the Boss or his engineer gets ready to go into scientific belting and its consequent power saving, he will find in the Leviathan-Anaconda representative a man whose training in engineering practice is as thorough for practical purposes as if five letters were strung after his name.

His training includes surveys of every condition under which belts are run. One of the best known efficiency engineers in the country makes a practice of consulting one of our men when he wants to "buck up" a plant.

* * *

The result of looking into this matter of power saving through the installation of scientific belting has surprised many a factory operator.

The elimination of stretch and slip, the *speeding up of machines* with no increase of engine speed and *no more expense for fuel*, the *saving of time* that was formerly taken up in frequent belt dressing, the *longer life of belts*, their *freedom from troubles* caused by *running in damp, gaseous or hot conditions*—these are matters of record in leading plants in nineteen of the principal industries in the United States and Canada.

* * *

The engineer who begins to keep records on his belt and gets some of the facts about other plants in his line, will soon have confidence enough in what he knows to steer his own concern out of the rut and set new *standards of production.*

* * *

Our handbook is available to engineers and factory men. A new edition is just off the press. We also have a *chart which makes it easy to keep comparisons.* Write us for it.

To begin to appreciate what our *man-service* is you should meet one of the men.

LEVIATHAN—ANACONDA ELEVATING TRANSMITTING CONVEYING BELTING

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS
for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating
MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia

New York Chicago Pittsburgh San Francisco

CHARLES PURDEN, Birmingham, England
THE M. METT ENGINEERING CO., Petrograd, Russia
WM. A. CAMPBELL, Havana, Cuba
MAIN BELTING CO., OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto
ADOLPHE GRANDJEAN, 211 Rue Lafayette, Paris
HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

LEVIATHAN—ANACONDA ELEVATING TRANSMITTING CONVEYING BELTING

(Continued from Page 74)

"Anything but that."

"Then it is all off!"

Jimmy pondered.

"It's terribly tame that way."

"Never mind. It's the only way I will consider."

"Very well. I protest though."

Ann sat down.

"I think you're splendid, Mr. Bayliss. I'm much obliged!"

"Not at all."

"It will be such a splendid thing for Ogden, won't it!"

"Admirable."

"Now the only thing to do is just to see that we have got everything straight. How about this, for instance? They will ask you when you arrived in New York. How are you going to account for your delay in coming to see them?"

"I've thought of that. There's a boat that docks to-morrow—the Caronia, I think. I've got a paper upstairs. I'll look it up. I can say I came by her."

"That seems all right. It's lucky you and Uncle Peter never met on the Atlantic."

"And now as to my demeanor on entering the home? How should I behave? Should I be jaunty or humble? What would a long-lost nephew naturally do?"

"A long-lost nephew with a record like Jimmy Crocker's would crawl in with a white flag, I should think."

A bell clanged in the hall.

"Supper!" said Jimmy. "To go into painful details, New England boiled dinner, or my senses deceive me—and prunes."

"I must be going."

"We shall meet at Philippi."

He saw her to the door and stood at the top of the steps watching her trim figure vanish into the dusk. She passed from his sight. Jimmy drew a deep breath and, thinking hard, went down the passage to fortify himself with supper.

XII

WHEN Jimmy arrived at Mr. Pett's office on Pine Street at ten-thirty the next morning—his expressed intention of getting up early enough to be there by nine having proved an empty boast—he was in a high state of preparedness. He had made ready for what might be a trying interview by substituting a combination of well-chosen dishes at an expensive hotel for the less imaginative boarding-house breakfast with which he had of late been insulting his interior. His suit was pressed, his shoes gleamed brightly and his chin was smoothly shaven. These things, combined with the perfection of the morning, and that vague exhilaration which a fine day in downtown New York brings to the man who has not got to work, increased his natural optimism. Something seemed to tell him that all would be well. He would have been the last person to deny that his position was a little complicated—he had to use a pencil and a sheet of paper to show himself just where he stood, but what of that? A few complications in life are an excellent tonic for the brain. It was with a sunny geniality which startled that unaccustomed stripling considerably, and indeed caused him to swallow his chewing gum, that he handed in his card to Mr. Pett's watchfully waiting office boy.

"This to the boss, my open-faced lad!" he said. "Get swiftly off the mark."

The boy departed dumbly.

From where he stood, outside the barrier which separated visitors to the office from the workers within, Jimmy could see a vista of efficient-looking young men with paper protectors round their cuffs working away at mysterious jobs that seemed to involve the use of a great deal of paper. One in particular was so surrounded by it that he had the appearance of a bather in surf. Jimmy eyed these toilers with a comfortable and kindly eye. All this industry made him feel happy. He liked to think of this sort of thing going on all round him.

The office boy returned.

"This way, please."

The respectfulness of the lad's manner had increased noticeably. Mr. Pett's reception of the visitor's name had impressed him. It was an odd fact that the financier, a cipher in his own home, could impress all sorts of people at the office.

To Mr. Pett the announcement that Mr. James Crocker was waiting to see him had come like the announcement of a miracle. Not a day had passed since their return to America without lamentations from Mrs. Pett on the subject of their failure to secure the young man's person. The occasion of Mrs. Pett's reading of the article in the Sunday Chronicle descriptive of the Lord Percy Whipple affair had been unique in the little man's domestic history. For the first time since he had known her the indomitable woman had completely broken down. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'" and the thought that, if she had only happened to know it, she had had in her hands during that interview with her sister in London a weapon which would have turned defeat into triumph, was more than even Mrs. Pett's strong spirit could endure. When she looked back on that scene and recalled the airy way in which Mrs. Crocker had spoken of her stepson's "best friend, Lord Percy Whipple," and realized that at that very moment Lord Percy had been recovering in bed from the effects of his first meeting with Jimmy Crocker, the iron entered into her soul and she refused to be comforted. In the first instant of realization she thought of six separate and distinct things she could have said to her sister, each more crushing than the last—things that now she would never be able to say.

And now suddenly and unaccountably the means was at hand for restoring her to her tranquil self-esteem. Jimmy Crocker, despite what his stepmother had said, probably in active defiance of her commands, had come to America after all. Mr. Pett's first thought was that his wife would, as he expressed it to himself, be "tickled to death about this." Scarcely waiting for the office boy to retire, he leaped toward Jimmy like a gamboling lamb and slapped him on the back with every evidence of joy.

"My dear boy!" he cried. "My dear boy! I'm delighted to see you!"

Jimmy was surprised, relieved and pleased. He had not expected this warmth. A civil coldness had been the best he had looked for. He had been given to understand that in the Pett home he was regarded as the black sheep; and, though one may admit a black sheep into the fold, it does not follow that one must of necessity fawn upon him.

"You're very kind," he said, rather startled.

They inspected each other for a brief moment. Mr. Pett was thinking that Jimmy was a great improvement on the picture his imagination had drawn of him. He had looked for something tougher, something flashy and bloated. Jimmy, for his part, had taken an instant liking to the financier. He, too, had been misled by imagination. He had always supposed that these millionaires down Wall Street way were keen, aggressive fellows, with gimlet eyes and sharp tongues. On the boat he had only seen Mr. Pett from afar, and had had no means of estimating his character. He found him an agreeable little man.

"We had given up all hope of your coming," said Mr. Pett.

A little manly penitence seemed to Jimmy to be in order.

"I never expected you would receive me like this. I thought I must have made myself rather unpopular."

Mr. Pett buried the past with a gesture.

"When did you land?" he asked.

"This morning. On the Caronia."

"Good passage?"

"Excellent."

There was a silence. It seemed to Jimmy that Mr. Pett was looking at him rather more closely than was necessary for the actual enjoyment of his style of beauty. He was just about to throw out some light remark about the health of Mrs. Pett, or something about porpoises on the voyage to add local color and verisimilitude, when his heart missed a beat as he perceived that he had made a blunder. Like many other amateur plotters, Ann and he had made the mistake of being too elaborate. It had struck them as an ingenious idea for Jimmy to pretend that he had arrived that morning, and superficially it was a good idea. But he now remembered for the first time that if he had seen Mr. Pett on the Atlantic the probability was that Mr. Pett had seen him. The next moment the other had confirmed this suspicion.

"I've an idea I've seen you before. Can't think where."

"Everybody well at home?" said Jimmy.

"I'm sure of it."

"I'm looking forward to seeing them all."

"I've seen you some place."

"I'm often there."

"Eh?"

Mr. Pett seemed to be turning this remark over in his mind a trifle suspiciously. Jimmy changed the subject.

You can depend on a public clock but not on a public pen
EVERYWHERE—in your office, on the street, at your bank, your club—there are public clocks, for the most part accurate and dependable. Yet you carry a watch, the best you can afford.
But a usable public pen is a rarity. For in every public place the pens you find are seldom suited to your hand.
Usually they are rusted. They scratch, sputter and blot. You know they make writing an arduous task, often an illegible scrawl.
Unless you own a fountain pen, you haven't a pen that is made to write as *you* write.
And the best fountain pen is a CONKLIN, self-filling and non-leakable. It requires less care than your watch, for it fills itself in 4 seconds, ready for days of writing, and all there is to filling a CONKLIN is pressing its "Crescent-Filler."
A CONKLIN writes on the dot—no shaking to coax reluctant ink—can't leak or blot.
Like your watch, a CONKLIN is guaranteed—see our guarantee below. It is the pioneer self-filler—over 1,500,000 are giving 100 per cent. service.
Your stationer, druggist, jeweler or department store can fit your hand with a CONKLIN point—a point that is made for *your* writing and *your* business. Prices $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up.
This Eliminates Risk
Every Conklin is guaranteed to write and fill exactly as you think a pen should—it either does this or you will be furnished a new pen or your money refunded without question. There are no "ifs" about it—YOU are the judge.
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The Purple Ribbon on a South Bend Watch distinguishes it from all other watches. It is a reminder which says every time you see it: This is a watch you will always be proud to own because of its beauty of design, its life-time accuracy and its high quality.

There are various models, sizes and styles with a price range of $16.00 to $125.00.

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The new 19 jewel *Extra-Thin* model at $27.50 possesses features never before offered in any watch of this price.

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No More Guesswork in Razor Buying

Either you are satisfied with your razor or you are *not*. If you are not satisfied, send today and get a Genco Razor that we guarantee will satisfy you. We are selling more than a razor—we sell perfect shaving satisfaction and guarantee to deliver it. That's worth a whole lot more than the price of a Genco Razor. You are not simply buying another razor—you are settling the question of a clean shave and a comfortable face, guaranteed by the largest makers of high grade razors in the world.

How to Order. If your beard is not unusually wiry or heavy, order the $2 Genco. If wiry, and your skin tender, you better send $3 for ... razor, extra full concave Genco razor and leave the selection to us.

GENEVA CUTLERY CO., 30 Gates Avenue, Geneva, N. Y.

Dealer's Note: We have an interesting proposition for you. Write us.

"To a young man like myself," he said, "with life opening out before him, there is something singularly stimulating in the sight of a modern office. How busy those fellows seem!"

"Yes," said Mr. Pett. "Yes." He was glad that this conversational note had been struck. He was anxious to discuss the future with this young man.

"Everybody works but father!" said Jimmy.

Mr. Pett started.

"Eh?"

"Nothing."

Mr. Pett was vaguely ruffled. He suspected insult, but could not pin it down. He abandoned his cheeriness, however, and became the man of business.

"I hope you intend to settle down, now that you are here, and work hard," he said, in the voice which he vainly tried to use on Ogden at home.

"Work!" said Jimmy blankly.

"I shall be able to make a place for you in my office. That was my promise to your stepmother, and I shall fulfill it."

"But wait a minute! I don't get this! Do you mean to put me to work?"

"Of course. I take it that that was why you came over here, because you realized how you were wasting your life and wanted a chance of making good in my office."

A hot denial trembled on Jimmy's tongue. Never had he been so misjudged. And then the thought of Ann checked him. He must do nothing that would interfere with Ann's plans. Whatever the cost, he must conciliate this little man. For a moment he mused sentimentally on Ann. He hoped she would understand what he was going through for her sake. To a man with his ingrained distaste for work in any shape the sight of those wage slaves outside there in the outer office had, as he had told Mr. Pett, been stimulating; but only because it filled him with a sort of spiritual uplift to think that he had not got to do that sort of thing. Consider them in the light of fellow-workers, and the spectacle ceased to stimulate and became nauseating. And for her sake he was about to become one of them! Had any knight of old ever done anything as big as that for his lady? He very much doubted it.

"All right," he said. "Count me in. I take it that I shall have a job like one of those out there?"

"Yes."

"Not presuming to dictate, I suggest that you give me something that will take some of the work off that fellow who's swimming in paper. Only the tip of his nose was above the surface as I passed through. I never saw so many fellows working so hard at the same time in my life. All trying to catch the boss' eye, too, I suppose? It must make you feel like a snipe."

Mr. Pett replied stiffly. He disliked this levity on the sacred subject of office work. He considered that Jimmy was not approaching his new life in the proper spirit. Many young men had discussed with him in that room the subject of working in his employment, but none in quite the same manner.

"You are at a serious point in your career," he said. "You will have every opportunity of rising."

"Yes. At seven in the morning, I suppose?"

"A spirit of levity ——" began Mr. Pett.

"I laugh that I may not weep," explained Jimmy. "Try to think what this means to a bright young man who loathes work. Be kind to me. Instruct your floorwalkers to speak gently to me at first. It may be a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done, but don't ask me to enjoy it! It's all right for you. You're the boss. Any time you want to call it a day and go off and watch a ball game, all you have to do is to leave word that you have an urgent date to see Mr. Rockefeller. Whereas I shall have to submerge myself in paper, and only come up for air when the danger of suffocation becomes too great."

It may have been the mention of his favorite game that softened Mr. Pett. The frostiness which had crept into his manner thawed.

"It beats me," he said, "why you ever came over at all if you feel like that."

"Duty!" said Jimmy. "Duty! There comes a time in the life of every man when he must choose between what is pleasant and what is right."

"And that last fool game of yours, that Lord Percy Whipple business, must have made London pretty hot for you?" suggested Mr. Pett.

"Your explanation is less romantic than mine, but there is something in what you say."

"Has it occurred to you, young man, that I am taking a chance putting a fellow like you to work in my office?"

"Have no fear. The little bit of work I shall do won't make any difference."

"I've half a mind to send you straight back to London."

"Couldn't we compromise?"

"How?"

"Well, haven't you some snug secretarial job you could put me into? I have an idea that I should make an ideal secretary."

"My secretaries work."

"I get you. Cancel the suggestion."

Mr. Pett rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"You puzzle me. And that's the truth."

"Always speak the truth," said Jimmy approvingly.

"I'm darned if I know what to do with you. Well, you'd better come home with me now, anyway, and meet your aunt, and then we can talk things over. After all, the main thing is to keep you out of mischief."

"You put things crudely, but no doubt you are right."

"You'll live with us, of course."

"Thank you very much. This is the right spirit."

"I'll have to talk to Nesta about you. There may be something you can do."

"I shouldn't mind being a partner," suggested Jimmy helpfully.

"Why don't you get work on a paper again? You used to do that well."

"I don't think my old paper would welcome me now. They regard me rather as an entertaining news item than as a worker."

"That's true. Say, why on earth did you make such a fool of yourself over on the other side? That breach-of-promise case with the barmaid!" said Mr. Pett reproachfully.

"Let bygones be bygones," said Jimmy. "I was more sinned against than sinning. You know how it is, Uncle Pete!" Mr. Pett started violently, but said nothing. "You try out of pure goodness of heart to scatter light and sweetness and protect the poor working-girl and brighten up her lot, and she turns right round and soaks it to you good! And, anyway, she wasn't a barmaid. She worked in a florist's shop."

"I don't see that that makes any difference."

"All the difference in the world, all the difference between the sordid and the poetical. I don't know if you have ever experienced the hypnotic intoxication of a florist's shop? Take it from me, Uncle Pete, any girl can look an angel as long as she is surrounded by choice blooms. I couldn't help myself. I wasn't responsible. I only woke up when I met her outside. But all that sort of thing is different now. I am another man. Sober, steady, serious-minded!"

Mr. Pett had taken the receiver from the telephone and was talking to someone. The buzzing of a feminine voice came to Jimmy's ears. Mr. Pett hung up the receiver. "Your aunt says we are to come up at once."

"I'm ready. And it will be a good excuse for you to knock off work. I bet you're glad I came! Does the carriage wait or shall we take the subway?"

"I guess it will be quicker to take the subway. Your aunt's very surprised that you are here, and very pleased."

"I'm making everybody happy to-day."

Mr. Pett was looking at him in a meditative way. Jimmy caught his eye.

"You're registering something, Uncle Peter, and I don't know what it is. Why the glance?"

"I was just thinking of something."

"Jimmy," prompted his nephew.

"Eh?"

"Add the word Jimmy to your remarks. It will help me to feel at home and enable me to overcome my shyness."

Mr. Pett chuckled.

"Shyness! If I had your nerve ——" He broke off with a sigh and looked at Jimmy affectionately. "What I was thinking was that you're a good boy. At least, you're not, but you're different from that gang of—of—that crowd uptown."

"What crowd?"

"Your aunt is literary, you know. She's filled the house with poets and that sort of thing. It will be a treat having you round. You're human! I don't see that we're going to make much of you now that you're here, but I'm darned glad you've come, Jimmy!"

"Put it there, Uncle Pete!" said Jimmy. "You're all right. You're the finest Captain of Industry I ever met!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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I MAKE the kitchen take on new charm—the day's work seem like a pleasure—the whole problem of housekeeping become a fascinating diversion.

I make baking a delightful pastime—cooking a positive joy—ordering a real comfort. I make kitchen work easier—kitchen hours shorter.

I make no mistakes—never forget to do things—never have to be told what to do, or how to do it—never act disrespectfully—never leave unexpectedly.

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I make constant improvements in kitchen efficiency. The disappearing Auto-Front is the latest achievement of McDougall wizardry. See it at your local furniture store, or write for "My Book" of styles and prices.

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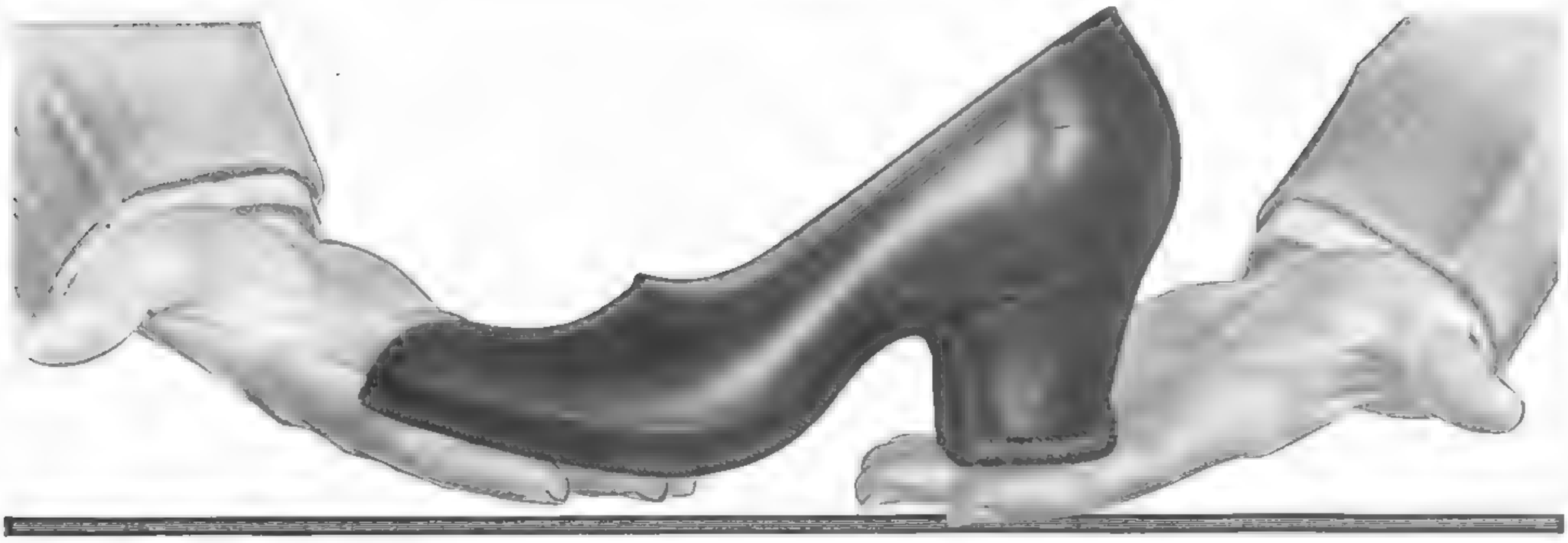

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—they OUTWEAR TWO PAIRS OF ORDINARY RUBBERS. We sold over 20,000,000 pairs of "*Straight-Line*" the past TEN YEARS—WITHOUT A SINGLE WORD OF ADVERTISING.

WHY?—simply because they gave SO MUCH MORE WEAR and SO MUCH BETTER FIT that dealer and wearer "word-of-mouth advertising" has kept us so busy that we couldn't begin to keep up with the demand—let alone advertise.

It is the greatest success in the history of rubber footwear. Superior materials and 47 years of Goodrich Rubber Knowledge alone made it possible.

And now, with tremendously increased factory production, we can tell YOU, Mr. Wearer, Mrs. Wearer and all the Little Wearers, about "*Straight-Line*" in the hope that we can now keep up with YOUR demand.

The next time you buy a pair of rubbers for yourself or the kiddies ask for "*Straight-Line*"—not just "a pair of rubbers."

Sold everywhere—in over 38,000 stores.

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, Akron, Ohio
Makers of the celebrated Goodrich Auto Tires "Best in the Long Run"

GOODRICH
"STRAIGHT-LINE"
RUBBERS

Made by the Makers of "HIPRESS," the famous ONE PIECE Boots and Heavy Shoes—with the RED LINE ROUND THE TOP—and TEXTAN, the Goodrich Sole for your leather shoes.

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BE IT

(Continued from Page 12)

upon his desk crying for attention. And so John Hadden that day forgot skies and fields, and hurled himself Titanically at his work.

It was close upon noon. The president, one foot wrapped vicelike round the leg of his chair, was bunched forward and meeting the rush of his job. There were subordinates of all grades in the room, standing three deep round him, each waiting and pressing for a chance at Hadden's attention. One man desired a voucher O K.'d; another, a check signed; a third, to submit an outgoing letter for approval. Paul Redding was there to discuss the deposit of certain funds; Dalton, to ask whether he should send a salesman to visit a firm in Omaha, and so on. Even Avery Fennell was on hand. He had already told John that he wished a word alone; and off to one side, comfortably seated, he smoked and lolled and waited.

Hadden was fighting with irritability and doing his best not to show it. Instead of all this chicken feed of detail, he wanted to be at his unsolved two-edged riddle. It kept annoying his mind and made concentration upon an endless succession of small affairs more difficult; now and again the thought came of how vital it was to win—not in Wellesville alone, or in London alone, but in both places. The pounding little pulse had not eased up and he was driving on his nerves. At the moment he did wish somebody, sometime, somehow, would do something, right or wrong, on his own account, without harrying him with questions.

By twelve-thirty all but three or four of his underlings had been sent on their ways. Hadden, twisting about in his chair, tried once more to focus his mind on a fresh problem. It was a small matter pertaining to a carload of material. The man had stated his case; closing his eyes, Hadden asked him to do so again. The man did.

"Funny!" reflected John. "I don't seem able to take that in."

He leaned back. It occurred to him that perhaps it was the confusion upon his desk and the constant press and hurry of his questioners which had thrown him, for just the instant, off perfect keel. He caught sight of Fennell, still indolently waiting.

"Everything," he said to those round his desk, "has got to go over till afternoon. Fennell, I'll see you now."

His other subordinates, without a word, straggled away to the door with their unanswered queries or requests, and the manufacturing man came forward and sat down. John passed a hand over his eyes and up through his straggling curls; he thought he was a little cleared in mind, but the pulse still went on, and that gone sensation within him still made him feel gaspy and weak. He did not speak, but merely nodded to Fennell to go ahead. Fennell began.

"Mr. Hadden," he said, "I've been going along here for several years and haven't had what I call a real vacation."

A real vacation! Passingly John wondered what that was. Never in his life had he permitted himself an indulgence.

"Now everything in the plant's in pretty neat, clean shape," Fennell was continuing.

"Thanks a lot to me," reflected Hadden.

"And," Fennell went on, "I've got a couple of boys over there under me who really know more than I do. Fine fellows they are, and I can trust 'em. And so I've been thinking that I'd like to duck out for the North Woods and stay for—say, three or four months. What do you think?"

If Hadden's mind had been slow in working a few moments before it was not slow in working now; but it worked as it had never worked before. A great red flash of perception and anger assaulted his brain. He saw Avery Fennell as he had never quite seen him before. He saw him as a man who never did anything for himself that he could make others do for him. John perceived himself as one, among others, whom his subordinate had adroitly sucked dry. Fennell had sucked him dry and left him—he who had desperate, life-and-death need of every gram of his strength—that much the less able to fight off failure. Also, by so doing, he had in a fashion made his superior ridiculous.

Tyler Wrenn's pronouncement about capitalizing John's weakness for work once more returned; he remembered his own promptly banished wish, earlier that morning, for just a single day off in the open fields. Here was a subordinate suggesting months, and at a time when John, his superior, was straining every fiber within him, not for future glory but against annihilation. It was all too much!

Maddened, John, like some great bull, lunged forward in his chair and crashed his fist upon the desk.

"No—not by a damned sight!"

He glared at Fennell, who had caught his breath and was bolt upright with surprise. Then the manufacturer crimsoned, and his lips and eyes hardened.

"Why not—I should like to know," Fennell demanded.

"Why not? Why not?" shouted John. "Because you don't do enough work round this shop in twelve months to keep you warm."

Hadden let all hold of himself go; the pulse was thunderous and somehow he wasn't sure of his vision.

"Can you criticize my department?"

Fennell was standing and gripping the edge of the desk as he bent menacingly toward his superior.

"Criticize it or not, it makes no difference. Those kids of yours do your work; I do your work; everybody does your work. You're a loafer!"

The two men for a second strained at each other in silence. The blur across Hadden's vision was thickening and he felt anger poisons seeping along his tired nerves. Then Fennell's lips were parting in a smile of cool, cruel insolence.

"Certainly I am, Mr. Hadden," he gave the president quietly.

The words and the manner in which they had been uttered were fresh goads to John. He leaped to his feet. The pulse at the back of his brain seemed to be falling in roaring crashes. There was a strange tightness in his throat. He tried to speak, but could not. The room darkened; he dropped down into his chair with a choking sound. And then, through the blackness, noisy as a rock-drill, which enveloped him, came:

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Hadden very sorry! I'm the limit! By Jove, you're ill, aren't you?"

v

THE concluding events in John Hadden's career in the presidency of the Consolidated followed naturally in the next few months. Having disrupted the big business organization he had inherited from Thornton Simms by attempting to drive it, and having wrecked himself and his large and splendid abilities by trying to carry the colossal Consolidated, he and his fortunes were left to the mercy of the kind of mechanism his methods had inevitably produced. After that, all that remained was for implacable economic laws, as embodied in Mr. Harry Anable, to get to working; and they did.

Of course, personally for John Hadden and his wife, the thing was a tragedy. Having given of himself unsparingly, as best he knew how, and in accordance with every rule of his experience, he felt that the dispensation of Big Business to him had been utterly heartless. He returned, in due course, to Wellesville; and he heard some time thereafter of a discussion at an informal, unplanned gathering of his friends on the very afternoon he came back.

It took place at the Fellowship Club. Not a man could believe that Hadden had failed. One guess was that he had been mortally stricken and was home, to die among his own people; another was that up in Chicago he had fallen into the clutches of financial tricksters, and so on. To all it was incredible that the man who always had so conspicuously succeeded should have, at his great opportunity, not measured up. But all that did not help much. He had failed.

After John, exhausted nervously and physically, had collapsed, he was ordered away. The physician said he must take eight full, solid weeks. Hadden had pleaded that such an absence was impossible; the doctor was firm and Mrs. Hadden backed him up. Thereupon the president, seeking to make the best of a bad mess, asked whether he might attend to the business of the foreign contract, incidentally to a vacation.

The physician then struck a bargain: If Hadden would agree to cut the cable and forbid the forwarding of mail, the doctor would permit his patient to conduct the negotiations in London. On that agreement Hadden, accompanied by his wife and Tyler Wrenn, went abroad, and in proper season took up the negotiations. It was in

She said: "My Dear, I Must Insist You Bring to Me More

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It's the Crispy, White Pop Corn With the Toasty Flavor

It is made only in the wonderful Butter-Kist Machines and sold only in the Butter-Kist bags and cartons with the polka-dot Butter-Kist Kiddies on them.

Eat all you want. Butter-Kist Pop Corn is good for you and tastes good too. It is nourishing, rich in food value and is easily digested, even by people with delicate stomachs who can eat no other foods.

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This wonderful machine pops, sorts out and removes the unpopped kernels, superheats each fluffy white morsel to an appetizing crisp, and butters to just the right proportion with pure creamery butter and keeps warm and fresh till needed.

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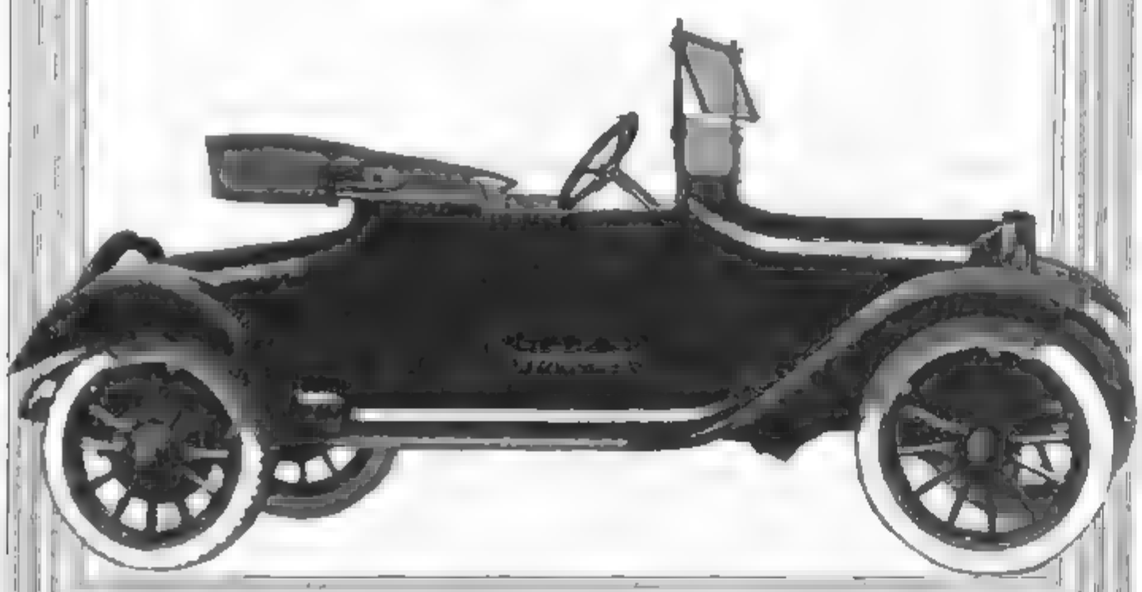

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keeping with the scope of his powers that he brought them to a successful conclusion; and upon the voyage home there was locked in the purser's safe an order that did for the Consolidated all and more than the Cinapex order of the previous year had done.

Naturally John was exultant over this; but he realized that it was not enough, and as New York drew nearer he was in a state of painful anxiety concerning the Kempner account and concerning the routine conduct of the Consolidated's affairs. Before his departure he had been able to do nothing more toward securing the prospective business of the Wellesville concern than to bespeak Judge Baily's friendly offices and to direct Dalton to keep on the alert. There had been no choice but to leave that vastly important matter to such subordinate in charge of the selling end as he had.

For other problems—the vacancy caused by Smythe's resignation and the direction of the corporation's daily routine—Hadden had been able to make practically no provision. Because it seemed the only course, he had put Smythe's assistant, a young man named Scully, temporarily in charge of the purchasing force, and told all his lieutenants that they would simply have to manage as best they could. How well or how badly they had managed he did not dare guess, and on his homeward voyage was impatient for news.

There were countless talks with Tyler Wrenn during that memorable crossing. Many an afternoon John and his friend lay in steamer chairs and, while they watched the deck rail seesaw the horizon, roved into the theories of success.

"Success and usury are inseparable," Wrenn said once; "and big success of any kind is always usurious."

Hadden smiled wanly.

"It's a strange thing," Wrenn went on—"that game of giving practically nothing and collecting a thousand per cent. There's no escaping it, though. A single human body—a single think-piece—is good for just so much. That much is a one-man business. But a great modern corporation is a lot of one-man businesses rolled together, and the fellow who runs a great modern corporation has to have the trick of realizing upon himself many, many times over. The return he must get upon himself must be at the most usurious sort of rate; he must know how to multiply himself infinitely, or he fails."

"Oh, I know!" sighed Hadden impatiently. "Don't bother to tell me again that I've been trying to play a thousand-per-cent game on a six-per-cent basis. Maybe I have and maybe I haven't. It doesn't much matter, anyhow."

Just then John was not interested in philosophies and creeds as topics of discussion. He himself had had but one creed—the creed of work—and he had in the past two years put it to the test. Within a few days he should learn just how ill it had served him in the presidency of the Consolidated, and he was carrying a mind too heavy with uncertainty for him to relish abstractions.

His impatience increased as the voyage drew to its end. On the last day he paced the deck, his face stern and set. He knew he was about to get not only the full reckoning of the creed by which he had striven, but also that he was about to learn whether the high point of his life's career had already been touched.

"It's horrible," he observed to Tyler Wrenn, "when you've got to take whatever destiny is made for you by others!"

"Yes," returned Wrenn. "When careers grow large it is denied to men to make their own destinies for themselves; but it is not denied to them to choose those who will make their destinies for them. And the kind of destiny a man then gets depends on the kind of men he has chosen for the making of it."

This set Hadden to weighing and estimating his men with a new intensity: One loafer—Avery Fennell; two second-rate individuals, whom he had got because he wanted workable tools—Redding and Dalton; and a makeshift in Mortimer Smythe's place.

He dug his head a little farther forward between his bent shoulders, and for the hundredth time wondered whether his organization during his absence had been at a standstill; whether it had not, under the urge of necessity, developed a little momentum of its own; and, above all, whether Dalton had closed the Kempner contract.

The next day they landed and twenty-four hours later John Hadden was in Chicago. From then on, events moved with merciless speed. Within a few hours after John walked into his office the full measure of his situation was revealed to him; he found his sins in full fruition.

During his absence the organization—the natural development of his methods—had blundered and failed. Redding, in charge of finances, had been guilty of a disastrous error. He had deposited funds in a trust company that for months, to those in the more initiated circles of Timothy Palsifer and of John himself, had been notoriously unsound; the institution had been closed, with a prospect for only a few cents on the dollar ultimate return to the Consolidated. The purchasing department had somehow let its costs go up.

The plant was in good shape, but Avery Fennell was still on the vacation he had elected to take despite his superior's attitude. That revived John's former anger. But most especially, most importantly, Dalton had not been up to the Kempner affair, and the business had gone to the rivals whom Hadden himself had created—Palsifer & Crane. That was galling!

"I did my best," the Consolidated salesman pleaded in extenuation.

"I've no doubt of that; but your best wasn't good enough, was it?" retorted Hadden, who by then did not need any accountant's statement of earnings to prepare him for Harry Anable's summons to the hard, shiny office of the banker.

At five o'clock on a winter's afternoon he was seated, ready and prepared for his own execution.

"Mr. Hadden," began Anable, "two years ago I placed you at the head of the Consolidated. I gave you an absolutely free hand. These figures"—and he touched an earning statement—"are a sufficient demonstration of the nonsuccess of your methods."

There was nothing to be said; one did not plead with Harry Anable. John wrote his resignation and pushed it, without a word, across the table. With it went the glory and renown of a past, lost in the failure of the present, and all dreams of a bright future ahead. John Hadden's adventure in the upper realms of industry was over and only comparative mediocrity remained for the man who had lived by the doctrine of work.

With tired, patient eyes, John rose heavily. He was on his feet when a sudden question came to him. It was prompted by an odd suspicion that had been taking unaccountable shape in his mind since his return. After a fashion he dreaded the answer and yet he felt that he must know; it might confirm him in certain new appraisals, which by recent events he had been forced to make of himself.

"Mr. Anable," he began a little timidly, for he had been badly broken on the wheel of the alien game, "I wonder whether I might inquire ——"

"What, Mr. Hadden?" came crisply from the banker.

"Have you—well—er—reached any determination yet as to who—as to who is to be my successor?"

John, standing, twisting his hat-brim round in his hands, waited and watched Mr. Anable, who was coolly considering.

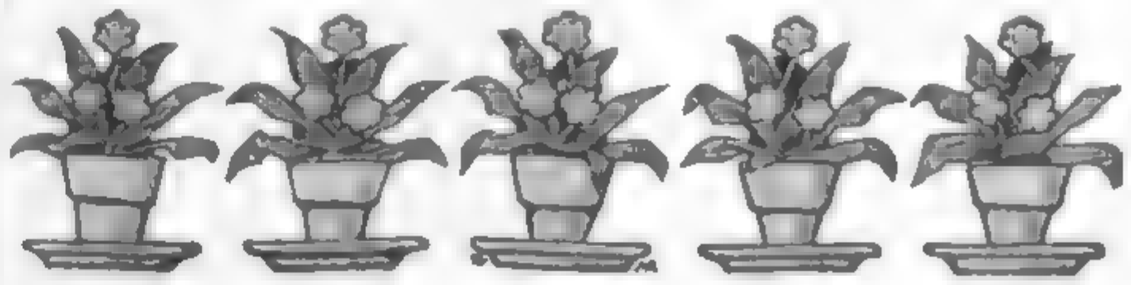
"Yes; we have," the banker finally said, and paused a moment before he resumed. "We have made a selection. For a variety of reasons we have thought it best to select a gentleman of markedly different type from—from—well, shall I say from yourself?"

"Yes?" Hadden spoke in a very small tone, for he saw the last edifice of his fa th falling. Tyler Wrenn had been right all along. "Do you mind telling me his name?"

An odd smile turned Mr. Anable's thin lips. "Can you form a guess?"

"Mr. Avery Fennell?"

The banker nodded—and John went out.



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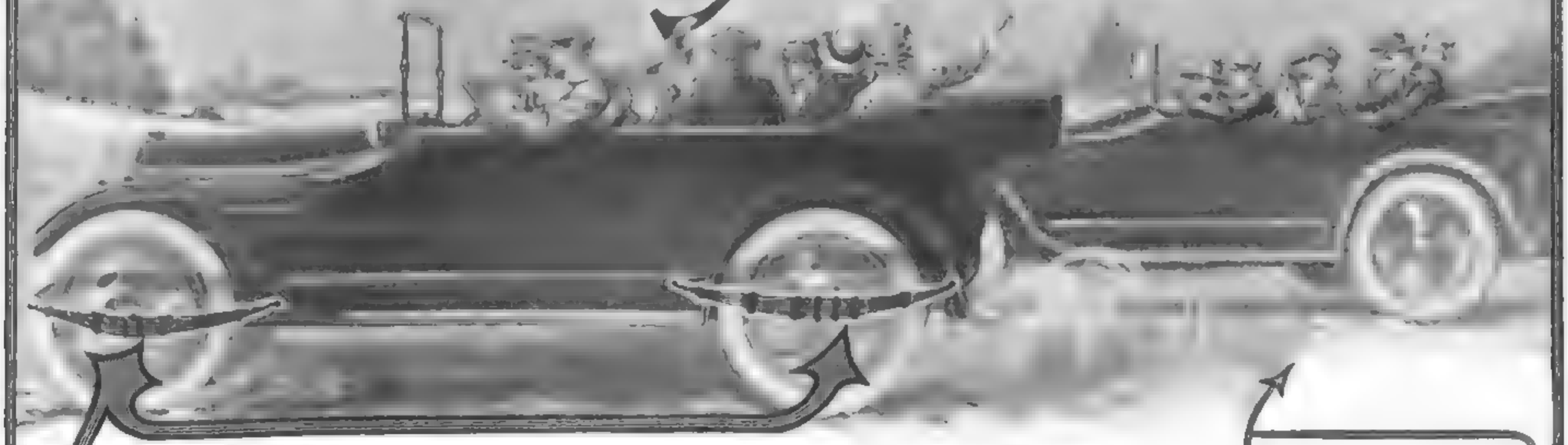

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Put Dann Insert, the spring leaf bearing, in the leaves of your springs and at the end of ten, fifteen, twenty or fifty thousand miles of service you still have the same easy-riding car that you got the day you put Dann Insert in. Springs are still in perfect shape, doing the work they are built to do. Work no spring can do unless equipped with Dann Insert

Get Dann Insert for your car now. You need it. You will not enjoy the comfort of easy riding until you install it. Send for prices—give us the name and model of the car you drive—or call today at our nearest distributing station.

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Long, graceful body; the latest creation of builders whose work has been world-famous for half a century. Deep, luxurious upholstery; there can be none better than Velie's high-grade leather over real curled hair.

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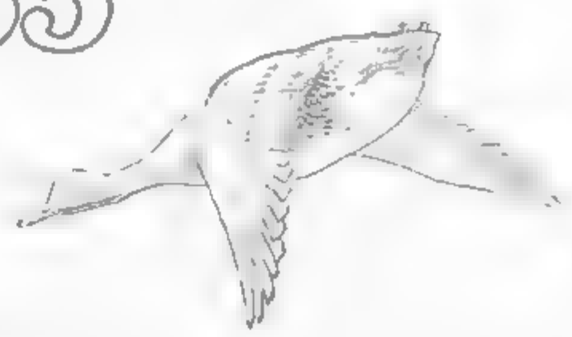


OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 13)

Whether the warring nations will ever be compelled to adopt the two-metal standard again, coining silver in whatever quantities it may be offered at their mints, at some settled ratio with gold which will keep the price level, like that of gold, is a question to be settled by the future. Some economists believe this will be necessary to stabilize the enormous war currencies that have been created; but the actual silver metal is being remonetized for the time being by the extraordinary demand for silver coins. England, France, Russia and other European countries are taking it in great quantities, and even Uncle Sam has been coining more lately to meet the demand for small change with which to carry on the business brought by our war boom.

Since silver was demonetized the world has learned to use it, as a metal, for other purposes. The demand for silver in the arts has been very good in this country, following war prosperity, and large quantities have been made up into jewelry, silver plate, plated ware, and the like. New industries, such as the moving-picture business, have increased consumption. Moving-picture films are sensitized with nitrate of silver, made from silver bullion and nitric acid. Estimates of the consumption for this purpose vary all the way from a million and a half ounces to fifteen million ounces yearly—the latter is the buoyant moving-picture industry's own estimate and amounts to the yearly output of Utah, now our banner silver state. Conservative opinion admits that the moving-picture business has doubled the consumption of silver for photographic purposes and sets the amount at about three million ounces a year.

China is a prospective purchaser for one hundred and fifty million ounces of the white metal, which she will need in reforming her monetary system. That is more than two years' output for the United States; and if the demand should come now, when all the rest of the world is taking silver, it may well be that the highest hope of the West will be realized—that the metal will rise to a dollar an ounce. India needs silver for coinage; and Mexico, a large producer, has reduced her output as a consequence of war, and may need much of her silver at home in reëstablishing her currency.

This sudden new demand found the world insufficiently supplied with silver. Demonetization of the white metal began in Europe about the seventies, and when it reached the United States—twenty years later—production stood still. It has remained stationary ever since. The world's yearly output is about two hundred million ounces against twenty million ounces of gold. The silver output is worth, roughly, about a quarter as much as the gold. The output for 1915 was below the average. Mexico's yield fell off by millions of ounces.

The High Price of Silver

These new factors in supply and demand have already affected the silver coins in your pocket. A fifty-cent piece was worth only about eighteen cents last Christmas as bullion. With silver at seventy-five cents an ounce, it is worth twenty-six cents. If silver goes to one dollar, as is predicted, it will be worth thirty-five cents.

In Mexico the rise in silver has made the Mexican silver dollar "worth more dead than alive," as a British economist puts it; for the legal value is only twenty-four cents and the bullion value is twenty-seven cents. To get the most for a Mexican dollar, one should melt and sell it instead of trying to spend it. Unfortunately for Mexico, she has no silver dollars left—war has driven them out of the country. Higher prices have raised the value of silver money in India, China and other Oriental countries; and should the white metal go still higher, reaching ninety cents, most of the vast coinage in those countries would pour into the mints to be melted down and issued as lighter silver coin.

Another far-reaching effect of ninety-cent silver will be that upon the Hindu's savings bank, which is a peculiar institution. India has been absorbing silver for years. It is shipped there in little chunks of bullion, which are sold in the native bazaars. When the Hindu brother has some money that he wants to put away for a rainy day he buys a bar of bullion in the bazaar, takes it to a silversmith, and has it made up into bracelets, armlets, anklets and other ornaments, and rivets these on the person of his wife. She is the family savings bank, and often carries round pounds of silver, and a savings-bank robbery in India is usually a tragic affair, because women are murdered there for the silver they carry.

Ninety-cent silver will make it worth while for the Hindu's bank to liquidate its assets. This national habit of putting one's savings into hard bullion, and hanging on to it, is considered a measure of civilization. Countries like India and China lack modern banking facilities, and their people have not our banking habits. Wealth is hoarded. Silver is convenient and also cheap compared with gold. So these countries, with their enormous populations, are enchanted lands into which silver has been disappearing for years, never to reappear.

In European countries, during times of stress like the present, the people would hoard gold if they could get it; but they cannot get it, and to hoard gold is unlawful. Silver meets the need of nervous people who want to hoard something, and there is no law against piling it up in your cellar to any extent you please; but the banking habit of European people leads them to pass the silver from hand to hand and feel secure so long as it is circulating freely.

Now that the silver Cinderella has returned, she finds a new West.

The Silver Squeal

When Bryan ran on a silver platform in 1896, and the country was noisy with pamphlets on bimetallism, and gold parades, and so on, the West had a real silver industry. The metal was mined, as a major product, in towns that mined little else. Silver men fought for their industry as desperately as woolgrowers or sugar manufacturers fight for theirs when some shift in party politics threatens to wipe them out of existence. They lost the fight. The old silver industry died and was buried. It has been dead ever since.

The West now mines silver as a by-product of other metals—copper, lead, zinc, gold. There are only two real silver-mining districts left on this continent—and, indeed, in the world.

One of these is the Cobalt section, in Canada, where the ore bodies are almost wholly silver, of small extent and great richness. Cobalt ore will run seven hundred and fifty ounces of silver to the ton, though the veins are scattered, entailing heavy costs of finding and working, and range from a width of a few inches down to paper thinness, and a length of sometimes only a few feet. Cobalt has the highest mining costs of any district in the world, it is said, and also produces silver at the lowest cost—as little as ten or twenty cents an ounce. Some experts maintain that the district is being exhausted.

The other district is Guanajuato, Mexico, the most productive silver country on earth, producing ten million ounces a year from low-grade ore veins yielding from ten to fifteen ounces a ton, but of great extent.

Last year the Nipissing silver mine, a famous Cobalt property, yielded over four million ounces of the white metal.

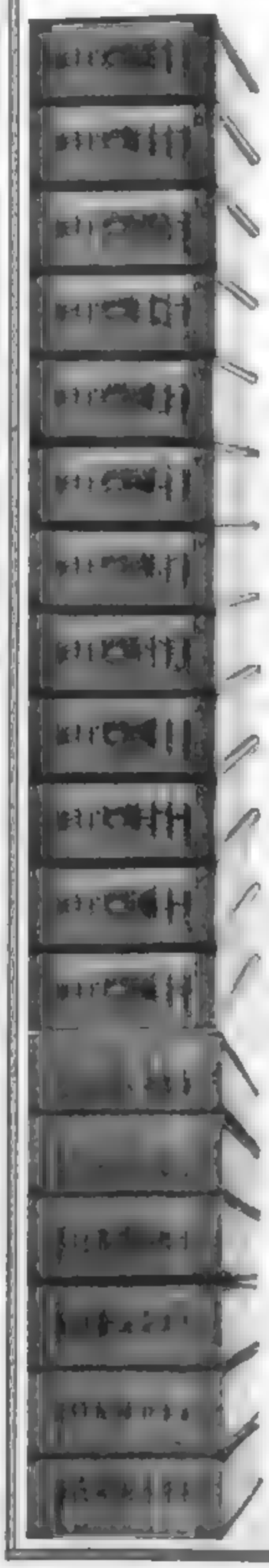
But the Anaconda copper properties, in Montana, yielded twice as much silver—more than eight million ounces—as a sheer by-product, an incident to the treatment of low-grade copper ore. The ratio of silver ran about one ounce to thirty-two pounds of copper.

The ten million ounces of silver produced by Guanajuato, the rich Mexican district, in a normal year, was equaled in 1915 by the Cœur d'Alene district of Idaho, a notable lead-silver camp which turned out ten million ounces of by-product silver. The ratio of silver was about one ounce to thirty-five pounds of lead—or one ounce of silver to forty-two pounds of other metals.

In the United States, as a whole, more than sixty per cent of our silver output is now extracted as a by-product by refining lead and copper bullion that contains a modicum of silver. The ratio is very small—it will run from one part silver in several hundred parts of other metals up to one part in several thousand. And of the remaining forty per cent silver production probably a good proportion is extracted as a by-product.

Silver is the squeal of the pig. Anything that you can get in the way of real money for the pig's squeal is clear profit.

The Soul that Knew No Fear



THE line of khaki-clad men flattened on the ground—every man in his tiny burrow—as the Spanish bullets struck the rocks with a swish and a zing. And each man wished his burrow a little deeper.

On the crest of the trench a soldierly figure stood, keen and clean, in the tropical sunlight. A target for ten thousand Spaniards, he calmly watched their lines, and then—

It sounds like a page from fiction, like an adventure of the great historic soldiers of fortune. It was one of the acts of daring that made **Richard Harding Davis** beloved by all Rough Riders, and an honored member of their command

The greatest of war correspondents—the most vivid and dramatic of all writers of adventure—Richard Harding Davis passed to his untimely death with clean heart and high spirit—a soul that knew no fear

Richard Harding DAVIS

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He wrote as he lived—he told stories of eager adventure in faraway lands, of wholesome love, of splendid men and women facing death with brave hearts, of all the mystery and glamour of the struggle with Fate.

With the splendor of genius he turned romance into great literature. His magnificent [illegible] and strong, his cheerful little Gallagher [illegible] over; his inspiring stories of men and women fighting hand to hand with Destiny; the glamour and romance of his tropical sunlight scenes; his Vera, the spirit medium, with her mystery—all these—all living realities—characters that you'll remember like people you have known.

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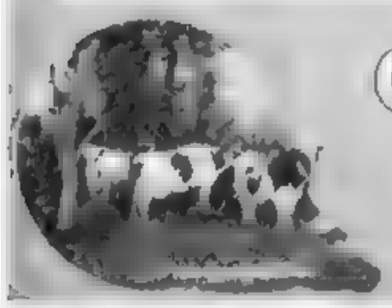

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BIG PACKAGE

Silver has been so thoroughly a by-product in Western mining during the past generation that the West has almost forgotten how to figure costs upon it. The latest work on mining costs has little to say on this metal, because silver is extracted from ores worked for the more profitable industrial metals—it is the harmless, necessary drudge, to be reckoned with because it is present.

Some estimates of cost can be made from the reports of representative mining companies.

A typical copper property is the mountain of low-grade porphyry at Bingham, Utah, a few miles from the Mormon metropolis, worked by steam shovels. Last year this mine yielded, in round figures, one hundred and fifty million pounds of copper, three hundred and seventy thousand ounces of silver and thirty-five thousand ounces of gold. The cost of operating was twelve million dollars and the metals sold for twenty-seven millions. This gave an all-round cost of less than fifty per cent; and as the silver sold for fifty cents an ounce its cost might be set at about twenty-three cents.

For a typical lead-silver mine, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, in Idaho, will do. This yielded last year, in round figures, seventy-five million pounds of lead and one million three hundred thousand ounces of silver.

Operating costs were about three million dollars and the metals sold for about four millions. With silver at fifty cents an ounce, the cost was thirty-seven cents.

All through the West, as the price of silver strengthens, there are high-grade silver mines that can be reopened profitably. One property will begin operations when the quotations touch sixty cents; another, at sixty-five; another, at seventy—and so on. Just a few weeks ago a New Yorker was astonished to receive a dividend check in the mail from a Western silver mine in which his father invested thirty years ago. The certificate was regarded as worthless and he had often joked about his silver mine out West. But when silver touched seventy cents old Shoestring Silver resumed operations and began making money.

It is the low-grade by-product silver that has kept the world supplied with the white metal since it was demonetized, however, and these Western conditions are typical of other countries—notably, the great Broken Hill lode, in Australia, one of the most remarkable mineral deposits on the globe, somewhat like the Cœur d'Alene district, in that it yields a few ounces of silver to the ton of lead and zinc ore.

If Silver Were Pushed

By-product silver has been the salvation of the West when it comes to marketing the metal at a profit. At the same time it has discouraged the development of straight silver mining by giving the world as much as it would use and keeping the price down.

If silver goes above a dollar, and stays there, the status of the metal will change. Not only would that make it possible to work straight silver mines on the old basis of the bimetallic days, but it is said that some of the lead and zinc mines in districts like Cœur d'Alene, Park City, Tintic, and so on, would change their character. With silver at a dollar to a dollar and a quarter they could mine it as the main product, making lead and zinc by-products. As there is still world competition when it comes to mining lead and zinc at normal prices, this might be a war benefit held in reserve for the West. A good many mining men are counting on it as a "peace speculation."

If silver comes back only to the extent of getting the West thoroughly optimistic about it once more, it may be put on a solid business basis. Since international finance knocked the bottom out of the industry, the West has turned to other metals and let silver kick round under foot. There has been very little constructive development, therefore, in the business of mining and marketing silver.

If the West undertook to do for silver what it has done for oranges and raisins, it might make a broader market for the metal. Oranges, raisins and other typical products of the West, grown far from the big Eastern consuming population, have been advertised and distributed so energetically that the whole country consumes them.

Silver seems to be the one thing in metals that might be put on the counter in the same way. If it goes to a dollar an ounce, maybe it will be. Watch the West!

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

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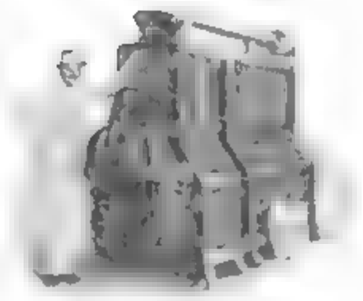

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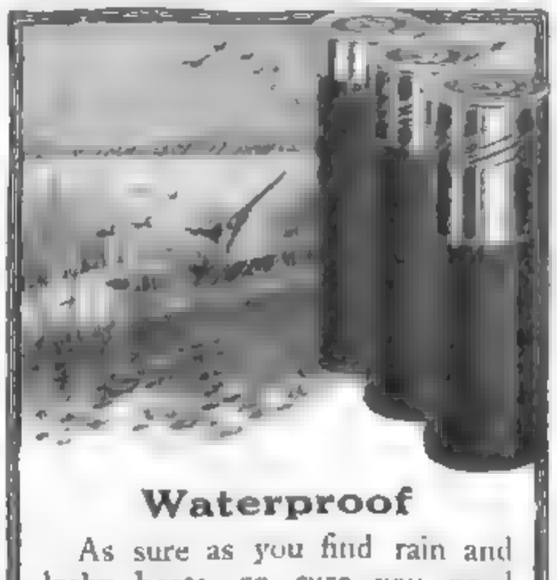

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W. K. Kellogg

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

(Continued from Page 23

your early morning, and a wide lavender mist spreading over your evening like the answer to all the prayers you've ever said, changed to that peace and silence one feels then."

"Listen to me, Brother Wade!" I exclaimed earnestly. "Never say such things abroad in this town!"

"I won't. I was speaking in strictest confidence," he laughed. "But why this warning?"

"Because people do not understand poetic forms of speech here. They don't anywhere, guided by doctrines and creeds. The most awful experience I ever had as a Christian woman came from telling Sally Parks that I remembered playing with Eve's little girls as a child, and later straying off with the Cleopatra Sisters in Egypt!"

Then I had to tell him about that. During the narrative he rumpled his cowlick and laughed like a boy.

"Well, I'll be careful not to involve you in another scandal," he said at last. "But, really, women do remind me more of the weather than they do of anything else. We have only one patient left now in our hospital at the factory; and she's just a poor little dusk of a woman, very dim, as if she'd fade into night presently without a single star. It is for her I wanted the gruel," he explained.

"Can't you get it hot out there?" I asked, not ungraciously, merely intimating the essential character of gruel.

"The fact is, we've about come to the end of our resources," he said soberly. "The nurses left last week. The doctor is gone. And we've used up everything. This girl was a factory hand—no kindred; no one to see her through; only an old woman we've hired to take care of her. The people who have not drifted away are destitute."

"Where'd you get the money to keep up that hospital anyhow?" I demanded suddenly.

He looked up at me as if I'd committed a breach of etiquette. But I've always been superior to my manners when the emergency demanded something stronger.

"Not from the people in Berton?" I persisted.

"Many of them have sent out supplies, you know," he hedged.

"Not funds to pay nurses and buy medicines. You have spent a lot of money out there."

He was silent.

"Where is your car?" I asked, closing in.

"Sold it," he admitted, but as if that was none of my business.

"So that's how you raised the money to take care of fifty cases of typhoid fever!" I accused. "You'd better have spent some of it on your own living expenses!"

"I do very well, thanks to Lum," he put in quickly. "He thinks he's only a heathen. He's really one of the best Christians I know."

"He's one of the slickest——" I caught myself in time and did not finish the sentence.

"The term 'slick' applies only to Lum's feet——"

"——and his hands," I added significantly.

"I thought you liked him," he said with a hint of reproach.

"I've worked for the salvation of the heathen for forty years, but I don't trust one when he gets in my house; or even when he's across the street in yours!" I replied with unchristian candor.

"He's the most frugal of mortals," he defended. "I really wonder how he manages to provide so well on what I've been able to spare."

"It's a mercy you don't know how he manages!" I sniffed.

"Well, he hasn't cooked the cat yet," he laughed, missing the point. "I assure you that he is a devoted and faithful creature."

"Your devoted and faithful creature was seen one night not long ago talking to Mrs. Lily Triggs at the back door of the parsonage," I said, and was frightened the next moment at the black change in Felix Wade's face. But it was too late to retreat; so I went on:

"Mrs. Triggs has been a thorn in the church here for four years. One way or another she has been the cause of the removal of four pastors in succession."

"I have never spoken to her. She is no longer in our choir. She does not even attend services," he said, on the defensive for the first time since I had known him.

"Which makes it all the more suspicious that she should be seen after dark whispering with your servant," I replied.

"Who saw them?" he asked.

"I did. She wanted something. I heard her tell him not to speak so loud."

He sat with his head bowed, a deep frown upon his face.

"Brother Wade," I began again, "no matter how innocent he is, a preacher cannot survive a mystery. It's a kind of shade that stands between him and his people. They feel it, and they resent it when they would not resent having a reformed criminal for their pastor, so long as they knew—actually knew—all about him. I do not know why this is so, but it is. The members of this church have been slinking round in your darkness for a year!"

"And you?" he asked in a tone which might have been that of a dying Cæsar to his friend Brutus.

"Oh, I've taken you along with the other part of my religion—by faith; but, humanly speaking, I've been uneasy about you. Something's going to happen presently," I said.

"It has already happened," he answered.

"What?" I asked in alarm.

"One of the stewards has preferred charges against me to the Presiding Elder," he said, as if it did not matter at all.

"What kind of charges?" I asked, knowing that Tom Warren had been meddling.

"Maladministration; neglect of duty. He was entirely justified from his point of view," he admitted calmly.

"But you have been a good pastor. We've never had a man who visited the people more, even during this awful summer when you've had so much to do at the factory," I said, changing to the other side and defending him.

"I've been a failure, though, as the financial agent of the church. I have not raised the assessments. That is one of the charges."

"Why don't you do it?" I demanded.

"I made a mistake. I did not understand when I entered the ministry of this church. I should never have taken upon me the duties of a financial agent under the disguise of the ministry of Christ if I had known what I was doing," he said simply.

"But it is not so!" I cried indignantly. "Hundreds of men and women have been converted in this church."

"Converted to the church; sworn to support its institutions—a heavy burden; merely to practice personal Christian charity with what little they can spare after the church is paid. I took the same vows. But, not realizing how these people have been trained to perform their Christian duties of love and sacrifice through a corporation, I have been loath to deprive them of the privileges they should enjoy.

"You know how it has been. They cannot serve God personally—only through the church. It's like hiring a certain body of men to do your peace-and-good-will to men, according to the personal ambition, judgment and ability of those men—religion by proxy. There's no such thing!"

"But we must have some kind of organization," I insisted, "some methods to avoid overlapping interests in Christian work; and, worse still, the sentimental blindness of foolish giving and foolish service."

"Undoubtedly, yes. But the present methods are blindly sentimental. What is the real trouble now with this church? Indignant because they have not been asked to pay six hundred dollars for Home Missions—which might as well be foreign; and for Foreign Missions—when several hundred people two miles distant are suffering for the necessities of life. Fifty children out there have had neither school nor teacher this year. The money paid by the women in the four churches of Berton for Foreign Missions would have paid a teacher for nine months. It's all wrong! This church should have given fifty dollars to Missions this year, and a thousand dollars at least to the relief of the destitute at the factory—to say nothing of what it owed to the sufferers in the war zone."

I thought of Doctor Edd and the thousand dollars already sent, but something warned me not to mention this.

"I am also charged with neglect of my spiritual duties to the church. We have

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had no revival. The complaint is that I devoted my time and services to another community at the season usually set aside here for the revival."

"We do need one," I put in; "we've never been so cold as a church."

"A man may easily deceive himself into a sense of peace with God, hypnotized by emotional conditions; but it is not the right peace!" he exclaimed passionately. "You pay for that with all you are and have and can do!"

I sighed. One cannot argue with a fanatic.

"This steward does not appear to have heard of Mrs. Triggs' evening visit to the parsonage," he said presently. "Otherwise he might have added another charge."

"You know I would never have mentioned that!" I cried, offended.

"No; you are incapable of that. You would suffer in silence any doubt of your pastor, being made beautifully bias in his defense. Still you have suffered!" He looked up, gently accusing.

"I have never questioned any preacher we've had here. They have been men of unimpeachable integrity. But Lily Triggs is dangerous. She's especially fatal one way or the other to preachers," I insisted.

"Well, in confidence I will tell you what she wanted," he said, looking at me with a half smile.

"You knew of her visit then?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes! Lum informed me when I came back from the telegraph station that night. She wanted a package of her letters, which she thought I had."

"You have had letters from her?" I exclaimed, recalling Lily's methods.

"Not written to me," he corrected, smiling grimly.

"Before I entered the ministry I was an attorney in New York. Five years ago I defended a divorce suit brought by his wife against Oliver Triggs. The purpose of the defense was to avoid paying alimony. Part of the evidence introduced was a number of letters written by Mrs. Triggs to a certain professor who gave her vocal lessons, if I remember correctly.

"We lost the case, owing to the fact that these letters, though highly sentimental in character, were not actually incriminating. The amount Triggs was compelled to pay her ruined him. He is a clerk in a lawyer's office now, earning barely enough to keep body and soul together. The woman disappeared. I never heard of her again until I was astonished to find her conducting the music in your church when I came here. Naturally she dropped out, and naturally I did not expose her. There was nothing to tell which could not have been inferred from the fact that she was divorced.

"But she thinks I still have those letters. Lum tells me she offered him a hundred dollars for them. As a matter of fact, they are on file in New York with the other papers in the case."

He rose and stood for a moment, staring at that church across the way.

"One cannot escape from one life into another life. When I entered the church I did so, you may say, almost secretly, through the influence of one of your bishops. I severed relations with my friends and everything connected with the world in which I lived. I wished to be literally a different man. The first person I saw when I entered the church over there was Mrs. Triggs, who knew me—by reputation at least—as quite a different kind of man, with exactly the opposite aims and views from those I hold now."

"But you still hold them?" I asked anxiously, feeling that things had gone hard with him, and the end not yet in sight.

"Oh, yes," he answered calmly. "This has been a very profitable year for me. When I came here the spiritual life was still more or less of an adventure in which I had invested—heavily. Now it is a reality. One gets to feel very snug in his soul, a small, clean place—just wide enough for a ladder, with his own angels ascending and descending; no roof over his head; nothing in his pockets; no fears in his heart. For the first time in my life I have enjoyed perfect freedom—like a man started upon a long holiday, with no burden upon his back but the light of the sun."

It was as good a description as I'd ever heard of an ordinary tramp. As I watched him swinging across the street, evidently in no way cast down by the charges against him, I wondered whether this was not the literal fate that would overtake him. The history of strictly religious pilgrims has always been a dingy tale of the road, of pitying charity, and the contempt of the sane world. It was no work of Providence that he had that heathen to steal his daily bread for him. Providence is an honest man, and if this kept up the stewards would have charges to make that he could not face.

I went back into the kitchen to prepare the broth, which I had persuaded him was better for the invalid at the factory than the gruel.

About eight o'clock Molly Brown came in. The evenings were already cool and we sat down before the fire, Molly telling me all the time that she didn't have a minute to spare and ought not to have come in at all.

"But I just had to show you this," she said, drawing a letter from her pocket and offering it to me. "It's from Doctor Edd; the first news we've had of him since he left," she explained as I opened the soiled yellow sheet.

It was not dated or located.

"Dear Molly," it began: "This is written from the top bunk of an ambulance. I am in it. Wade furnished the thousand dollars he gave me when I left Berton—all except fifty cents. I do not know who gave that. He is a queer duck; bound me to secrecy. But in case anything happens the people should know. I am all right. This has been a great experience, well worth such a life as mine. Tell Wade ——"

Here the scrawl ended. I looked up, to see the tears running down Molly's cheeks.

"I always said Doctor Edd was a good man," she sobbed softly, "and he was brave too; always fighting in his own last ditch; never giving up, as any other man might have done, getting drunk so often."

"What are we going to do about that thousand dollars, Molly?" I began, after we had talked enough about Doctor Edd. "Every Baptist and Presbyterian in this town thinks the Methodist Church gave it. And we didn't."

"You'd better call Sister Warren and tell her. It's the quickest way to tell everybody," Molly suggested simply.

"Charlotte is not speaking to me now," I objected.

"Why ain't she speaking to you?"

"Because, when I heard that Tom Warren was getting ready to prefer charges against Brother Wade, I said somebody ought to prefer charges against him for backbiting the preacher; and, as a steward, for not paying him anything to live on; and, as a church member, for keeping up that feud with Roger Peters about the line fence. She told me I had better attend to my own business. I told her that was what I was doing as a Christian woman. She said I was a Christian busybody. You know how Charlotte goes on when she gets mad," I concluded.

Molly looked at me. I will not say that her expression was accusative, but there was a mild judgment in her eye which made me feel like Charlotte's twin sin. And I changed the subject by telling her how little there was in the parsonage pantry.

I wouldn't give a fig for Molly's courage, or for her wisdom, when it comes to putting up a fight for principles; but she is the best woman in this church when it comes to simple good deeds that she can do with her two hands.

"I'll just go round among our members to-morrow and get some things for the preacher," she said, bidding me good night.

So that was done. It was now only two weeks before the Annual Conference met. Molly would provide enough supplies to keep Lum out of mischief. Meantime I resolved that Tom Warren should not bring reproach upon Felix Wade if it was possible to work up a better sentiment in the church. But, first, Brother Wade must give me standing rights to make such an appeal; so, without telling him what was on foot, I told him a few things for his own good.

"You have no right to impose your convictions upon the members of this church," I said. "We are trained to pay so much every year on the various assessments."

He listened patiently, as a man does sometimes when he is convinced against his will.

"It is your duty to ask for these various amounts and leave it to every man's conscience to give what he chooses. You have then placed the responsibility where it belongs," I argued, so shrewdly that he laughed.

"Very well; I will announce the assessments next Sunday," he agreed.

(Continued on Page 93)

Peerless

"All that the name implies"

Two Distinct Power Ranges

In its "loafing range," which covers all ordinary requirements, the Peerless Eight performs with the ease and grace you would expect in a car of such class and distinction.

And in this range it is on half rations, consuming so little fuel as to shame many a six—even many a four.

In its "sporting range" you have power and speed which few, even of the very finest cars can show,—You need have no fear that any contender, no matter what its class, will "show you up" in a fair brush on the road.

Its two separate and distinct power ranges make the Peerless Eighty Horsepower Eight perform like two separate and distinct cars.

Although you simply open the throttle wider to "reach" its "sporting range," you know instantly the minute you use it.

The car now responds with a deeper tone, its whole character is instantly changed, you have opened its double poppets—you are feeding it full fuel rations.

But you must drive the car to have any real appreciation of its wonderful performance.

Then you will know why this car has steadily outsold our production for nearly a year almost entirely on the recommendation of owners.

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Peerless Eight

VIM DEPENDS ON VICTUALS

MILK

Both Food and Drink

Milk is not merely a delicious beverage. It's a food

Nature combines in milk all the food elements your body needs Some produce bone and muscle Some rebuild it. And some create energy. And they are carefully balanced. So that you get the right proportions.

Amongst foods none can compare with delicious, stimulating milk None are so easy to obtain. None so economical.

Prof. Rosenau of Harvard says you would have to buy and prepare ¾ pound of beef, or 8 eggs, or 2 pounds of chicken or codfish, to get the nourishment contained in a single quart of milk

Milk is a concentrated food, you see.

Eat Less—Drink More Milk

Fresh milk is the ideal food for men and women who work with muscle or with brain—people who are doers. Milk drinkers are always temperate. They know that what one eats and drinks today is thinking and working tomorrow

Milk drinkers seldom over-eat. They keep their bodies in fine physical trim. Their efficiency is 100 per cent every day. They are ready for emergencies.

Then heed the advice of great food specialists. Dr. J. H. Kellogg says: "Most people will find that they can reduce their daily rations by one-third, sometimes one-half, without any inconvenience whatever."

For Young and Old Alike

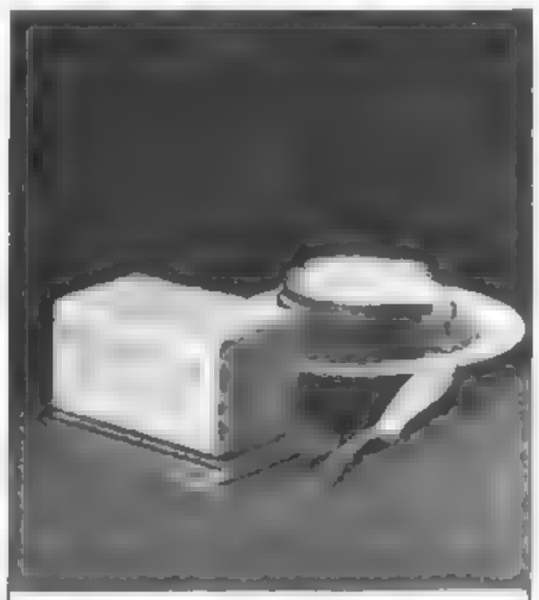
Nature first gives the infant milk. Why ever stop it? Why defy Nature?

For the growing child, for the young man and woman, and for the maturer years milk is a needed food.

Drink it slowly—eat it. That insures complete digestion. Consider milk in the place of the heavier, slowly digestible foods. Use milk as a substantial part of your meal. Begin today to drink more milk. Teach every member of the family to know its value. Stop overeating. Excess calls the doctor.

When you come to drink more milk for every meal you'll know the real joy of living. Brain fag will be rarer. Bodily fatigue will disappear. Remember, good health is the foundation of all success.

Milk points the way.



BUTTER

The 98% Food

Pure, golden butter, fresh and crisp, is the chief energy food.

Unfortunately, too many people think of butter as merely a spread for bread. They forget that butter is one of the foremost energy foods. 80 to 85 per cent of butter is pure fuel-fat in the rarest form. Then there is mineral matter, for bone building. And some protein for muscle making and repairing.

Butter comes from cream alone, with salt ordinarily added. It takes the cream of 8 to 10 quarts of milk to make a pound of butter.

Practically No Waste

The stomach quickly absorbs butter—98 per cent of it. And it is the digested portion of what you eat that counts. Foods with excess waste in them are luxuries. But certainly not butter. You pay for a pound of butter. Your body gets that pound. And uses it.

Butter is everybody's food. Food for the delicate and robust child...for the man who wields the sledge or produces by brain work...for the sick and the well...for the rich and the poor.

Old-fashioned, plain bread and butter has always been and always will be the Staff of Life. The combination is unmatchable.

Use Butter in Cooking

More butter in soups. Meat and fish broiled in butter. Vegetables heavily buttered. Such are the practices of famous chefs.

Consult cookbooks, and you will find that the foremost cooks recommend butter in dough-making. Better pie-crust, better bread, better cake come from using more butter.

You do more than create more palatable dishes. The butter is absorbed into the foods. That increases their nutritive values. So there is no waste here

Commence now to eat more butter. Give the children all the bread and butter they want. Force it on them, if necessary

For remember, butter is concentrated energy The body needs it

And since butter is a concentrated food, it is most economical.

CHEESE

Compared with Meat

"So far as its composition is concerned, cheese is entitled to be considered as directly comparable with meat," says Dr. C. F. Langworthy, of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

Then compare cheese with the 15 principal foods. You will find that cheese is first in food value per pound. It precedes meat, eggs, bread, potatoes and eleven others.

Cheese costs less than meat and these other foods. So there is no easier way to cut your food bill than by using more cheese. Old-world nations know its economy. They know its value as one of the most palatable, nourishing and delicious foods.

Highly Nutritious

Cheese is a highly concentrated food. It saves us from over-indulgence. It takes the place of bulky, diluted food.

The sturdiest people in the world come from nations where cheese is a basic food—eaten three times a day.

Cheese has been one of the world's staples since the beginning of civilization. But in these days of sky-high prices it takes on a new meaning.

Nothing to Throw Away

You use it as it comes from the market. You squander no money for bone, gristle, skin or seeds.

Cheese is made from milk. When you read about milk in the first column you noted its food value. Then think of the food value of cheese. Compare its cost with other foods. In every pound of cheese you get the food value of about 5 quarts of milk

Your cookbook is full of recipes for delicious cheese dishes. They stimulate digestion. They add a zest to any meal. They help you add variety to your family table. They give your family more nourishment at less cost and trouble.

Commence to use cheese in place of heavier, less digestible dishes

Remember that a diet is a better cure than medicine and the lancet.

Give cheese its rightful place. *For cheese is a real food*

ICE CREAM

The Dessert Food

Ice cream contains more real nourishment than many of the dishes which you think essential and necessary. A quart of ice cream has the full food value of one and a half pounds of round steak, or four pounds of potatoes, or eighteen eggs

Delicious—Nutritious

Mothers now realize that ice cream is fine for growing children. And as a prominent part of a grown-up's meal, there are unmatchable food values in this combination of cream and sugar.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, one of the world's greatest food experts, says: "A high place in the summer diet should be given to ice cream, ice puddings and frozen custards. Their combination of sugar and fat gives them high nutritive value, and they are readily digested by healthy stomachs, especially when eaten slowly, with plenty of good cake, home-made cookies or salted crackers."

So it is well to eat ice cream at lunch and at supper. It's just the thing, too, to eat between meals and before going to bed.

The Handy Food

You can get good ice cream at your nearest drug store. It is ready to eat, requiring no preparation. And as in other dairy products, there is no waste Your body gets every ounce of nourishment you pay for.

Ice cream should not be *added to the meal. It should be a part of the meal.* Less bulky foods during the meal and a big, heaping dish of ice cream at the end is a sensible plan

Ice cream is easily digested. It keeps the stomach in good order. It is so safe that it is often the first food allowed to convalescents

As people come to know ice cream better and its real value as a food, more will insist on it.

Begin eating more ice cream now Substitute it for other foods. You will live better and longer, feel happier and stronger, earn more and spend less

Send for the Dairy Menu Book. It's free, postpaid.

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NATIONAL DAIRY COUNCIL

130 N. FIFTH AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.

This Council is composed of 280,000 dairymen, dairy-cattle breeders and representatives of all allied dairy interests. Its purposes are to breed a greater and better American dairy herd—resulting in improved soil-fertility and better farm life—to encourage every American consumer to have a better appreciation and use of the high food value of dairy products. The Council believes its interests are public.

A wider use of dairy products on the tables and in the kitchens of our American homes will mean a healthier and happier national life. Our slogans are: "Drink and use more milk." "Eat and cook with more butter." "Ice cream is not alone an excellent dessert, but a real food." "Cheese is the staff of life—an ideal meat substitute—why not use it?" Dairy products—palatable, nourishing, economical—are Nature's best foods."

(Continued from Page 90)

And he did; but his manner of doing it only added insult to injury.

"Brethren," he began abruptly at the close of the sermon, "this church paid twenty-one hundred dollars last year, all told, for pastor's salary and general collections, and four hundred for church repairs. Of our two hundred members a hundred and fifty are children or persons unable to pay anything. There was, therefore, an assessment of about fifty dollars a head. The sum collected probably amounted to more than these members pay in civil and municipal taxes."

You could have heard a pin drop when he paused for a moment, as if he was considering the next statement. Tom Warren was staring at him as if he had lockjaw.

"The burden this year has not been so great," he went on coolly, "for you have been able to save eight hundred dollars on the pastor's salary; but the general assessments are the same. These amount to nine hundred dollars. Of this sum the various Sunday-school collections come to three hundred. You have, therefore, six hundred to raise for Missions, Home and Foreign, church extension, education, widows and orphans, hospital and superannuates. I leave it entirely with your own consciences how much you pay.

"Brother Warren," he said, turning to the amen corner, "you and Brother Parks will please take the collection."

As the two stewards passed in and out of the pews we could hear nickels and dimes clinking together in the collection baskets. Brother Wade was entirely out of sight, seated behind the pulpit.

The amount collected was seven dollars and sixty cents!

"Thank you, brethren," said Brother Wade, rising to receive the collection. "We will sing the doxology."

A man can look in the face very much as a dog looks with his tail drawn between his legs. And that is the way the members of our church looked as we sneaked out.

"That's no way to take a collection!" snorted Tom Warren in deep disgust.

"He called your bluff, though," I said, edging closer to him in the crowd. "After all the fuss you've made about these collections, preferring charges against your pastor for neglect of duty!"

"Madam ——" he began.

"Don't 'madam' me, Tom Warren," I interrupted. "I saw you drop a dime in that basket, when you know and everybody knows you always give fifty dollars."

"But, Sister Thompson ——" Sam Parks began.

"Don't 'sister' me, Sam!" I cut in. "You put in but twenty-five cents! All because the preacher didn't stand up and crack jokes and jolly the money out of your pockets, as if the Lord's house was an auctioneer's hall!"

By this time we were upon the pavement. Brother Wade was still in the study behind the pulpit. And I held an impromptu open-air meeting for the benefit of the clergy so long as there was a single man or woman in sight.

It is not so bad to be a termagant in the name of the Lord, sometimes, if you know the right spiritual moment for staging the scene.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DIGGING UP THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 27)

her, bareheaded, laughing in the wind, starry-eyed, the joy of life in her steps, now tied to Watts, cold, grasping, material. Then one night, as he stood overlooking the cut, came the accusing thought: "What have you done to prevent it?" Men have several peculiar codes of honor, the most peculiar, perhaps, being that the deeper a man loves a woman the more careful he must be not directly to warn her of the yellowness of another man.

In September Eldon was laid off for a week on account of a bruised left arm. During the idleness the fever to paint came upon him—but it was not to paint her, but him.

He borrowed some material from an artist who had been painting the cut, and went to work. All one day he painted and the next and the next. It was not finished work, but the boldest and strongest he had done. The picture lived. He stood before it with savage satisfaction. It was a good picture of Ben Watts. It told very plainly that he was worth half a million and that he was very pleased over it. It told, too, that he expected to get more, and that the other fellow would have little to say about it.

It was really a striking likeness, and showed him powerful and rather handsome. But it was horrid. There was something more in it, something half hidden, some lurking quality that told the story. It was the embodiment of the fearful faith Eldon had cried out that night in his father's yard. He saw it now. That black belief was Watts—and Watts was that belief.

"There is no spirit—no beauty—no God! Only flesh—and ugliness—and hell!" And as he studied the picture a bitter sentence added itself: "And she alone will feel the hell."

He believed if she saw the picture she would get its meaning. But it was such a damning indictment it would be against the code to send it to her. Then he smiled grimly. He would send it to Watts—and Watts would give it to her.

One evening near the end of his second year on the Canal, Eldon climbed the side of the cut with a new shoveler who had been transferred from the other end of the zone. They stopped a moment at the top and looked back at the great gash the giant shovels had been eating in the ridge.

"Feel that muscle," said the newcomer, flexing his arm.

Eldon smilingly gripped the knotted arm.

"Isn't that some muscle?" said the other proudly. "Never worked a lick before I came down here."

"Where are you from?" asked Eldon.

"North Carolina," replied the new shoveler. "Father's in the turpentine business, but it's too strong for me; and when he got the notion I ought to work I cut out down here. Where are you from?"

"Coalfield, Kansas."

"Ever know a fellow up there named W...ams—Tom Williams?"

"Yes." Eldon turned a quick, interested face. "Do you know him?"

"Reckon I do," replied the Carolinian. "Did the governor out of twenty-five thousand. Well, I can hardly say that. Don't know it was his fault. But he lost it just the same."

"How was it?" Eldon asked eagerly.

"My governor bought the turpentine rights from him to a big parcel of land. Got them for fifty thousand. This Williams claimed to represent some company or other and had the authority to sell; but he had to go back and get it ratified by the company. He fooled round so long some other fellow closed a mortgage on the land—and the new man held dad up for seventy-five thousand."

"Who was the new man?"

"Don't know. Some fellow in St. Louis."

"Do you remember the date your father agreed with Williams to buy the turpentine rights?"

"It was April fourteenth."

"Sure?"

"Well, I rather reckon I am," drawled the young Carolinian. "Not very apt to forget that! It was the day the old man gently broke it to me that I had to get to work. I didn't really think I could work," he finished with a grin; "but I have got a muscle, haven't I?"

The next morning Eldon resigned his job, drew his accumulated pay—nine hundred and sixty-four dollars—and went to Colon, where he got passage on a tramp steamer bound for Charleston.

VI

A MONTH later Eldon slipped off the midnight local at Coalfield without anyone's recognizing him, and went direct to the old home. The yard was overgrown with shrubs and weeds. The place had the cold, shivery look of the untenanted house; but he did not pause on the porch for reflection nor shudder as he entered. He threw up the windows, shook the accumulated dust from the bed clothes and went to bed.

He had come back that other time with two big emotions, but no plans. Now he had two plans and no definite emotions. He had not heard a word from Coalfield in two years, and no one there had heard from him. Of one thing he did not dare think—that by this time Irma Allison and Watts were doubtless married.

Early next morning Cy was at the desk in his father's old office. He intended to go

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This new Fall and Winter model illustrates what results in style and fit, Kirschbaum tailors working with all-wool overcoatings can achieve. Good clothiers almost everywhere are now showing it, together with other Kirschbaum overcoat fashions at $15, $20, $25 and up to $40.

The Man Who Will Not Compromise

Nowadays in selecting a suit or an overcoat at $15, $20, $25 or thereabouts, the only man certain to get an all-wool garment is the man who will not compromise upon anything else.

For in these unprecedented times, it costs more—far more—than usual to produce an all-wool fabric. That is why an adulteration of cotton is so commonly put in—*to cheapen the cost, and for no other reason.*

But when a clothier shows you the Kirschbaum signature you may be sure that the garment is all-wool—that in every process of clothes making, from loom to pressing iron, it represents a spirit of genuineness, of intelligence, of right intent.

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"All-wool—100 percent and no compromise"

"Look for the fixed price ticket on the sleeve"

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WHEN A MAN'S A MAN is a story, true, of the real heart of the life of the unfenced land of ranch and range of Northern Arizona.

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Philadelphia Press: A welcome successor to such stories as "The Calling of Dan Matthews," "The Shepherd of the Hills" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Mr. Wright's West is as real as reality can be.

Chicago Examiner: When he describes a scene you see it enacted before your mental eye, when he speaks of his characters we have a perfect picture of the persons.

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Utica Observer: He has given in "When a Man's a Man" full measure, pressed down, heaped up and running over of his best thought and best work.

Pittsburgh Gazette-Times: An unusually interesting story, one that you do not want to quit until you have finished it. A story that holds you tight and fast.

San Francisco Chronicle: The author has a fund of sane and wholesome philosophy. The plot is good and the persons in the narrative are flesh and blood.

Los Angeles Express: It is a photographic picture of life on the plains, without the sensational guesswork that marks so many such tales, written by those who lack actual experience.

Portland Oregonian: One of those pure-minded, healthy stories where reading is a joy. Pleasant to remember after the last page is read. The story really reaches high-water mark.

Tacoma Tribune: The thrilling incidents of ranch life and rodeo are as clear to us as though we were really seeing them instead of reading of them.

Christian Nation, New York: This story will charm you with its idyllic beauty, it will thrill you with its riches of vital incident, it will delight and surprise you with the kaleidoscopic changes in the course of true love; but it will compel you to think.

Fort Smith Times-Record: Though gripped by the story itself the thoughtful reader cannot but wonder how a man may so lay bare the deepest, the most sacred passions of the human soul. We often wept as we read the story, but they were tears that soothed and inspired. We were made to feel that there is a divine principle within even the most worthless of human beings and that some time in every man's life there comes the desire to arise from the ashes of a dead past, and accept the challenge to be "A Man's Man."

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

to the bank at nine o'clock and was planning exactly what he would say. A heavy dray rattled along the street. He looked out, jumped up and went to the window. The man in overalls driving the dray was the aristocratic Allison. What could that mean? In an hour the big flat-top dray came back down the street, piled high with household goods, Allison still driving. The dray stopped half a block down the street at a small five-room house. Evidently the Allisons were moving.

Eldon changed his plan. He would not go to the bank until he learned something about this. He went north of town to the coal fields. The mines were all closed, and they looked as though they had been closed a long time. The small dumps of dirt and stone and slack showed that mining had not gone far. Uncle Jimmy's prophecy had been right. The thing had been a failure from the first.

By the middle of the afternoon he had learned a good deal without being recognized. He had not been in Coalfield much for ten years. He looked down the street; the move was over. From his back window, about an hour later, he saw Irma Allison go into the garden with a hoe. So she was not married after all! He was out of the house and down the street in a hurry.

"Hello!" He leaned on the fence.

She jumped as though he had been a ghost, and looked at him long and steadily.

"How is the outdoor butterfly?" he asked with a smile that tried to be easy.

"Her wings are furled," she answered a little ruefully. The color was not so pronounced in her cheeks and there was a hint of hollowness under her eyes. "I do believe it is you," she said with a serious sort of smile; "but I never saw anyone change as much in two years."

"In what way?" He was so jubilant that she was not married that he was ready for any verdict.

She took the bonnet off and twisted it by one string, and rested the cotton-gloved left hand on the hoe handle.

"You look as though you had been fighting."

"I have," he said; "and I've only begun. What else?"

"Well, you look brown, and strong, and sort of matter-of-fact." This last did not sound like a compliment.

He shifted his weight on the fence and picked off a loose splinter from the top plank. He had wondered about that himself. Things that used to move him had not touched him for a long time.

"I expected to find you married to Ben Watts." He changed the subject and avoided her eyes.

"Not yet," she laughed without spontaneity. "A poor girl can't afford to marry a rich man, can she? He is likely to refer to it afterward. You see Mr. Watts is very rich now, and one ought to be rich to marry him. But the only way to get rich in Coalfield is to marry him. So there you are. Not much chance for me, is there?"

He looked at her, and this time she evaded him. The old fear came back. Her tone sounded bluffing.

"The coal mine failed?" he remarked.

"Yes, and father lost everything. He's gone to work in an insurance office. We sold our place and rented this one. It will do very well, don't you think?"

"Yes," he replied. But he did not think so. It was a cheap, ugly cottage.

The conversation came to a stop. There was trouble, aloofness in her eyes.

"Will you ask your father to come up to my house at eight?" he said. "I want to see him on business."

"Yes," she nodded.

He started away, but, remembering something he wanted to say, turned quickly and caught her look of intense, baffling scrutiny. He forgot what he wished to say, and grew red with a touch of his old embarrassment.

"Well?"

"Nothing," she said, and soberly resumed her hoeing.

"She does not like the change in me," he thought gloomily as he returned to his house; "and she means to marry him after all." As he entered the yard he kicked the gate shut with a force that broke one of the rusty hinges. "No, by thunder, I haven't begun to fight!"

VII

"YOU really are changed," Allison remarked as he shook hands. "My daughter said you did not look like the same man."

"I am not." Eldon smiled. "Have a chair, Mr. Allison. I wanted to ask you about the Western Coal Mine."

"It is a short and simple tale." Allison smiled wearily. There was something more than the tiredness of the day's moving in his face. His eyes looked as though they had puzzled long and vainly over ends that would not meet.

"The company failed?" asked Eldon.

"Yes. No. We just quit. We lost our money, but paid our debts."

"What was the trouble?"

"Simple enough—it cost us more to mine the coal than we could get for it. We thought we could mine it for two dollars and sixty cents a ton. The smelter and shops here were paying two dollars and seventy-five cents, but the average cost proved a trifle over two dollars and eighty cents. We almost kept even for three months. Then this Prairie Coal Company opened a vein south of town where they can mine for two dollars and forty cents a ton. We lost out clean."

"What sort of company was yours? How organized? How much stock? Who held it?"

"We capitalized at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Paid fifty thousand dollars for the coal rights. Spent about fifty thousand dollars more for a railroad switch and mining equipment, and sank the balance operating. I had five hundred shares. The other thousand shares were pretty well scattered. Sam Anderson had a hundred—and some of the others fifty."

"And what are the chances ever to make it go?"

"Absolutely none. We tried every possible plan. The coal is not good enough to make shipping any distance profitable. The top vein is really good coal, but mining it is an impossibility."

"What is the stock worth now?"

"Nothing—that is, nothing except what we can get for the old equipment. We have been offered three thousand dollars for it by the Prairie Coal Company."

"That would be two dollars a share. Will you take five dollars a share for your stock?"

"Yes, and consider it one of my lucky days."

"I'll take it." Eldon drew a typewritten sheet toward him. "I'll give you one dollar a share down and the balance within ninety days. Is that all right?"

"Sure."

"And you will keep this secret?"

"Yes."

"Eldon," Allison asked after he had signed the paper and discussed things an hour, "where did you learn so much about mines and business? I thought you were always a sort of visionary chap."

Eldon laughed and motioned to a stack of used books on the desk. "Law—Mines—Corporations—Business"—he read off the titles as he picked them up one at a time. "Sometimes a man learns a good deal when he is forced to face the fact that he does not know anything."

Eldon inquired about the Prairie Coal Company. It was eight miles south of town and was furnishing all the smelters and shops and surrounding towns with a fair grade of coal at two dollars and sixty cents a ton. It was making a lot of money.

"By the way," asked Eldon as Allison was at the door, "is Tom Williams connected with the Prairie Coal Company?"

"Yes, he's a bookkeeper or assistant secretary, I think."

Eldon nodded, and drew a sheet of paper to him and began to make marks on it. It was wonderfully lucky he had seen Allison on that dray before he called on Ben Watts. It would be some time now before he went.

In two days Cy had secured options on two hundred more shares at five dollars a share. He lacked only sixty shares now of having control, but he had only ninety-six dollars in money left.

He tried to find some fellow with a small bunch of stock, but failed. He was working very cautiously. It must not get out that the stock was being sought. He discovered that Tom Williams, still the Western Coal Company's secretary, held two hundred shares; Sam Anderson, one hundred. But he could find no trace of the remaining five hundred shares. All the small holders had sold in disgust at anything they could get, some as low as two dollars.

Eldon went to Anderson. Sam was not exactly hard up, and was always willing to take a gamble on a thing. Ten dollars a

(Continued on Page 97)

Ford Cars Electrified

IN TWO HOURS

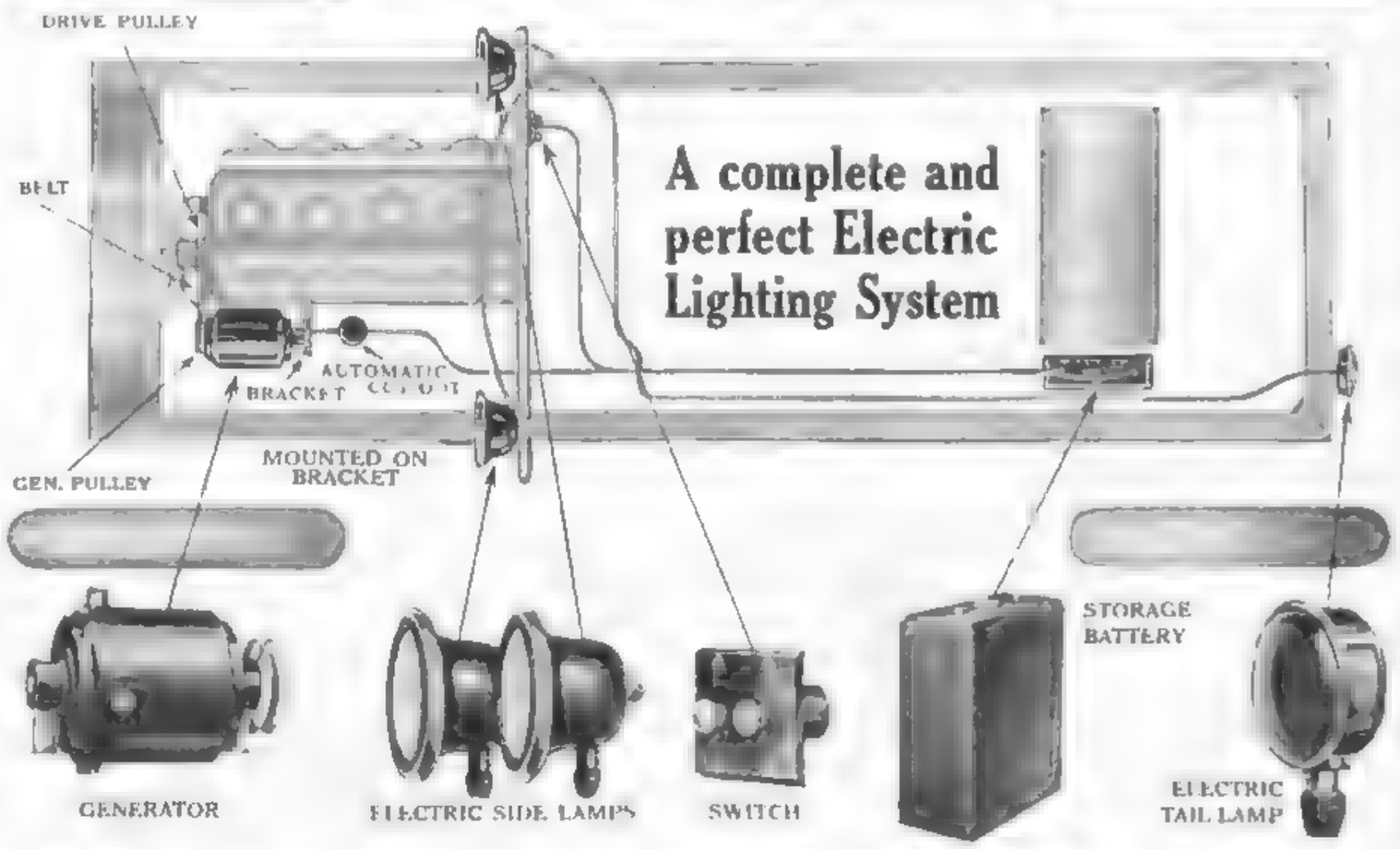
If you could ask a thousand Ford car owners what they would like most on their cars, nine hundred and ninety-nine of them would say—

"Give me a good, reliable and complete Electric Lighting System."

Here it is rivalled only in efficiency and low price by the Ford car itself.

If you took the electric lighting system of a $5,000 car and placed it on your Ford, this would describe GENOLITE and CONSTOLITE except for the irresistible low cost.

Think of it! A complete and perfect Electric Lighting System with six of the highest grade units made that will give every Ford owner something to be proud of. **Look at it!**



Genolite → $24.85

Stop a moment. Twenty-four dollars and eighty-five cents! Just remember that price while we tell you about GENOLITE.

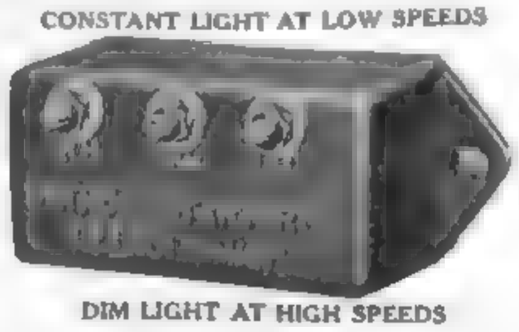
The latest Electric Lighting Equipment on high-priced cars consists of a Generator as source for the current—a Storage Battery to store the current generated and keep it ready for instant use—Electric Lamps—a Switch to turn the lights on or off—Brackets, Wiring and all necessary attachments.

That's what GENOLITE gives you for twenty-four dollars and eighty-five cents, absolutely complete for side and tail lamps including bulbs. And you ask: "Why the low price?" Our answer—efficiency, small profit per unit and tremendous production. Just think of it—a Generator, Battery, two Electric Side Lamps, Electric Tail Lamp, Switch, Brackets and Wiring complete, all properly labelled in instructions accompanying equipment for immediate installation on any model "T" Ford in existence, regardless of yearly model. Remember it is complete. You don't have to buy anything else and it is so simple it can be installed in two hours. Any one can do it—no experts are needed. And again remember, ***no machine work necessary.*** Banish forever the uncleanliness and inconvenience of kerosene lamps. The price is within the reach of every owner. And GENOLITE gives you Electric Light Safety, Electric Light Convenience, always instant Electric service whether your motor is running or idle, ***and no after-cost for recharging.*** Then with GENOLITE there is CONSTOLITE for your head lamps, controlled from steering post.

Constolite → $4.85

CONSTOLITE equipment, as its name implies, automatically governs the flow of electric current from the magneto to the head lamps, thereby giving a constant and more steady light. **it increases, by many times, the light at low speeds and dims at high speeds;** it eliminates the annoying fluctuation at varying speeds and prevents the bulbs from burning out. Even should one become broken, the other will remain lighted—a distinct advantage. It means protection against accident, safety every minute, obedience to the law and car-driving happiness worth many times its price of $4.85. CONSTOLITE can be attached to any 1915 or later model Ford car in a few minutes. **With CONSTOLITE, we include our dimming switch accessibly located on the steering post, two 6-8volt bulbs for head lamps—everything complete.**

CONSTANT LIGHT AT LOW SPEEDS



DIM LIGHT AT HIGH SPEEDS

With CONSTOLITE you can dim your head lights at high speed from a switch mounted on the steering post. The only equipment on the market with these superior advantages.

GENOLITE and CONSTOLITE remove all lighting worries and furnish a combination system of automatic electric lighting that is absolutely unsurpassed. Designed through the large creative manufacturing facilities of an established factory—known everywhere in the industry for the high quality of its products—*that reputation is your guarantee.*

SEND YOUR ORDER NOW TO INSURE PROMPT DELIVERY

Fill out the coupon. If your dealer should be unable to immediately supply you, send us his name with your remittance and we will send you GENOLITE and CONSTOLITE to save you delay and to provide you at once the convenience and enjoyment this perfect combination Electric Lighting System will give you.

DEALERS.—***The tremendous volume of orders already received at our Factory proves that every Ford*** owner has been waiting for a dependable automatic Electric Lighting System. There are large, immediate and assured sales of GENOLITE and CONSTOLITE in your locality. Wire or write us at once.

The DETROIT STARTER CO., Detroit, U. S. A.

Our Reputation Is Your Guarantee

P-R-I

DETROIT STARTER CO.
Detroit, Mich.

Enclosed please find remittance for $ _____.

CHECK IN SQUARE

☐ Ship me combination Genolite [illegible] price $29.70 f. o. b. Detroit.

☐ Ship me [illegible] only, price $24.85 f. o. b. Detroit

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☐ Send me further particulars regarding both equipments

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Your dealer's name _____

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of the Andrew Jackson type—the American and National type

ATTENTION ! ! !

This is a time for UNIVERSAL service by the rank and file of the Republican Party. Enroll yourself at the National Headquarters as a Sustaining Member of the Republican Party by sending a check for ten dollars, together with your name and address, to Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., Treasurer, 513 Fifth Avenue, New York. In return you will promptly receive a Certificate of Membership as reproduced below.

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WE believe that the honor, safety and vital interests of our country, the preservation of her prosperity and the maintenance of her just and fitting rank among Nations demand the election of Charles Evans Hughes as our President.

Is this your Creed? Lend it, then, your support by becoming a Sustaining Member of the Republican Party yourself and by inducing your friends to join, thus performing a patriotic service.

Robert Bacon — W. Barnes — Charles J. Bonaparte — Joseph H. Choate — Theodore Roosevelt — Elihu Root — H. C. Lodge

Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr.
Treasurer
513 Fifth Ave.
New York

Dear Sir — Enclosed find my check for ten dollars. Please enroll me at the National Headquarters as a Sustaining Member of the Republican Party.

Name

Address

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by using *Sani-Flush*, the preparation that effectually cleans the hidden trap, prevents odors and incrustations, makes scrubbing and dipping of water unnecessary. Sprinkle a little in the bowl every few days. Directions on every can of

Sani-Flush

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is patented—nothing else like it. It is made to clean toilet bowls, but is not a general cleanser.

Most dealers have *Sani-Flush* or can get it quickly; if you do not find it write us a card giving your dealer's name and we will have you supplied. Try *Sani-Flush* at our risk—money back if it fails to do as we claim.

Sani-Flush should be used wherever there are toilets in Residences, Business Offices, Hotels, Stores, Factories, etc. Does not injure plumbing connections.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut Street, Canton, Ohio

The trap that *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, keeps clean.

GTD

This is a symbol of efficiency and precision.

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View of arch cut with knife

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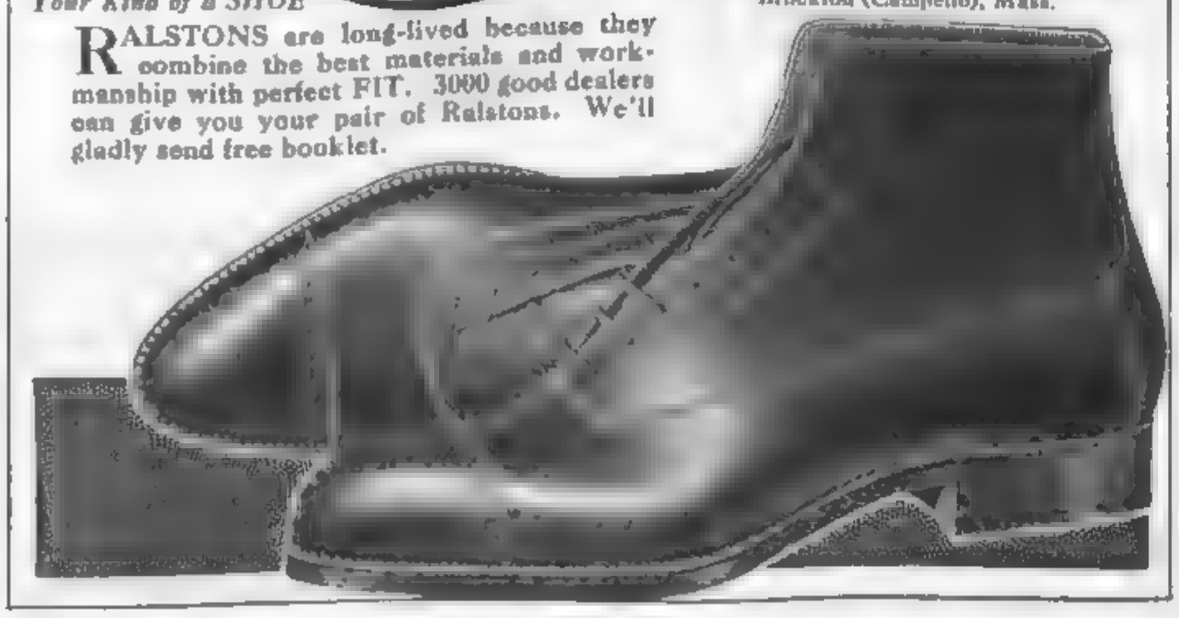
Your Kind of a SHOE

DEALERS—This shoe IN STOCK. No. 668. Gun Metal bal. *Neolin* Soles. Beverly last.
RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
Brockton (Campello), Mass.

RALSTONS are long-lived because they combine the best materials and workmanship with perfect FIT. 3000 good dealers can give you your pair of Ralstons. We'll gladly send free booklet.



(Continued from Page 94)

share was the best terms he would talk, and he would not give a written option.

"No," he said, "I won't sign any sort of agreement. But I'll promise that any time within ninety days you show up with one thousand dollars in cash you can have the stock." And Cy, knowing his word was good, felt safe.

In a few days he had positively confirmed his first suspicion. Ben Watts owned much stock in the Prairie Coal Company. He was quietly picking up the stock in the Western Coal Company wherever he could get it at a trivial price, intending later to sell the old equipment to the Prairie Company at a nice profit. Watts would not even sell a thing to himself unless there was a profit in it.

Eldon asked Allison, the president of the old company, to call a meeting of the stockholders. Allison and the rest who had given Cy options had agreed to vote as he directed. At the meeting Tom Williams held the proxy for Watts—five hundred shares! It was unanimously voted to sell the old equipment—all but the railroad switch—to the highest bidder. Eldon did not appear at all, and his connection was kept entirely secret.

A few days before the sale Cy met Ben Watts on the street. It had gradually become known that the old doctor's son was back; but when a day laborer returns to his home town there is no excitement. He had spoken to the banker a few times in passing, but on this occasion he stopped him for a moment.

"By the way, Mr. Watts," he said, "what will you fellows take for that old mining junk north of town? Jim Miller, you know, has a pretty good vein of coal on his place west of there. He wants me to go in with him and open up a small mine. He can't afford to buy new machinery. But if we can get that old outfit right I believe we can make it go."

Ben Watts shook his head firmly like a goat getting ready to butt.

"Stay out of it, Cy. Stay out. More money—and work—wasted in mining than in anything else."

Cy was not convinced.

"I'd like to try it. Find out what you fellows want, and let me know."

The sale was three days later, and Jim Miller and Eldon were present. Miller had received careful instructions. Eldon intended to watch Ben Watts very closely. He knew the Prairie Coal Company would go to pretty nearly any length to head off a new mine, and Miller's vein was promising. The old machinery was worth about five thousand dollars. Cy knew it would take close psychology to tell how much higher he might safely run the bids.

Ben Watts opened the bidding himself in his casual, jocular way—"Five hundred dollars."

Eldon stood a little back and to one side of Watts, and watched the muscles in his heavy jaws.

"Up, up," he signaled to Miller, until the bid had climbed to fourteen thousand five hundred dollars. Watts was red round the neck, and his jaw was working as though on a tough steak. Eldon hesitated a moment, and made one more signal to Miller.

"Fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars," bid Miller. There was a slight hesitancy, and Cy's heart nearly stopped.

"Fifteen thousand dollars," Watts bid reluctantly.

Cy emphatically signaled Miller to stop, and the equipment was knocked down to Watts.

Eldon went back to town with that tremendous thrill that comes to a man with his first successful financial venture. Fifteen thousand meant ten dollars dividend for each share. He could take up the option on his seven hundred shares and still have thirty-five hundred dollars in cash with which to start his fight. He did not stop at his own gate, but went straight on for Allison's.

VIII

IRMA ALLISON was in the yard on her knees digging up dandelions with a case knife. Eldon paused at the gate before he entered, and watched her for a moment. She was humming merrily enough and digging with a will; but something in her attitude touched Cyrus and brought an unexplained ache to his throat.

"Get out of here, you villain!" She gave a vicious dig at the deeply rooted pest.

"Why so savage?" He stood at the edge of the path.

The girl jumped up. She brushed her sleeve over her moist forehead.

"You scared me," she laughed with an old-time effort at gayety. "I was not expecting company."

Her face was distinctly thinner and there were shadows under her eyes. Somehow no laugh or smile could quite hide a lurking trace of sadness—or was it fear?

"The butterfly is not in the fields to-day?"

"Not for many days. The butterfly has been really busy—with a purpose in life catching up with the high cost of living."

"What has happened to you?" she asked, scrutinizing his elated countenance. "You look almost as if you had made some money."

He laughed. "I have, and I'm going to make some more."

Her blue eyes looked at him in a sort of pensive, philosophical scrutiny. Two wrinkles came between her brows. They talked of indifferent things for a little while, then she walked with him to the gate.

"You remember what you said that night you left?" There was trouble and tiredness in the poise of her head, the droop of her shoulders.

"Yes." He flushed. "I was mad with disappointment."

"I wonder," she said slowly, laying her palms on the gatepost and looking down at her soiled fingers—"I wonder if you weren't right."

He walked his own yard in the dusk that night, as uneasy as the ghost of a strangled conscience. Nothing she could have said would have troubled him so much.

"If she believes that," he said—"believes there is nothing but flesh and ugliness and hell—why, that means she'll marry Watts." Always his thoughts came back to Watts. He dug his heel viciously into the soft sod and clenched his hands.

Ben Watts discovered, after the sale of the equipment of the Western Coal Company, that Eldon was at the bottom of it. And when Cy went to the bank with a check for seven thousand dollars, the dividend from the sale on his seven hundred shares of stock, Watts grinned with a sort of sardonic sneer—it galled him to lose even a dollar.

"Well, I suppose our shoveling painter is now ready to buck Wall Street?"

"Hardly," replied Eldon grimly. "There is plenty of bucking to be done nearer home."

Eldon went from the bank to Sam Anderson's for his hundred shares, but Anderson was out of town.

Cy left that night for the East, taking with him specifications and plans for some new machinery. When he returned a week later Watts was hurriedly tearing down the mining equipment he had bought. Eldon smiled. That was what he wanted. But the smile quickly turned to wrath. Across the field he saw men tearing up the railroad spur. That had cost thirty thousand dollars—and was not included in the sale. Eldon hurried to where they were at work pulling the spikes and dumping the rails.

"Stop! This track does not go."

"That's our orders," said the foreman, rubbing the rust from his hand on his overalls.

"Whose orders?"

"Ben Watts'."

Eldon went quickly to the bank.

"By what authority are you removing that railroad track?" he demanded without preliminary.

"Oh," Ben Watts grinned through the window at him, as he had that day he crowded him off first base, "a mere notion of mine. Don't want it on my land. I'm going to sow wheat there this fall."

"Well, you stop work there right now," said Eldon hotly. "I have control of the company, and that road belongs to us."

"Does it?" Watts scratched a plump red cheek and lifted his whitish eyebrows. "Well, suppose you stop it?"

"I will," answered Eldon.

IX

ELDON faced a fight with empty pockets. A lawyer, an injunction, a trial in court required immediate funds. He had expected to seek outside financial backing, but had put off doing so as long as possible that he might keep his plans secret. He went to C. C. Jones, president of the State Bank, a business rival of Ben Watts.

"I am willing," said Jones after Eldon had put the case to him in his private office, "to risk some funds on any proposition that has the elements of a big success in it. State your plans."

"The Western Coal Company failed," begun Eldon, "because they could not mine their best vein of coal, the one within

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will wash and dry all your dishes, fine china, fragile glass and everything you use—leave them spotless, bright and shiny clean—without a chance for any breakage or chipping—*in 3 minutes*. Your hands do not touch the water. Occupies space and takes place of kitchen table. Let me tell you why I can [illegible] everything. Wm. Campbell, President

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If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

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Select, Home-like, Economical, Suites of Parlor Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 day. Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

eighteen feet of the surface. It has loose dirt above it, and you cannot mine without a roof. An idea came to me while working on the Panama Canal. I came back and got control of the company. I am having some big steam shovels made. One is larger than any used on the Canal—has a ninety-foot beam and will lift eight cubic yards of dirt. I will simply strip the dirt off this coal with these big shovels, break up the coal with a few charges of powder, and send smaller shovels along to load it directly into cars. I can put that coal on the track for a dollar and eighty-five cents a ton!"

He went into details, giving convincing figures for every step.

"Our bank will back you," said Jones, fully persuaded. "You keep us protected by a blanket mortgage on your equipment. But I must O. K. the bills before a check is drawn."

That evening Watts was served with an injunction ordering him to cease tearing up the railroad track of the Western Coal Company. Five days later the injunction was made permanent, and Watts ordered to replace the track already removed.

Eldon was so jubilant over his victory that he could not stay in town, but tramped off to the fields, exulting in the spring as he used to do in his artist days. Everything was clear now. He had all the financial backing he needed. He had wired for eight more big shovels. The first four would be in operation in two weeks. It was a simple idea, stripping that coal, but a big idea. No mine in the country could get coal into the cars so cheaply as he could in this one. He would take all the local markets, the smelters, the shops, the factories, for a hundred miles, and he would clear fifty to seventy-five cents a ton. One big shovel would strip two or three thousand tons a month. He would increase the number of shovels to forty, sixty, a hundred. Half a million—a million—dollars a year clear!

He broke into a run across the clover. He threw his arms into the air and shouted. Near the creek he made a dash for the sand bar and turned a handspring. His hands going too deep let him down on his back with a thump.

"Ouch!" he grunted aloud.

There was a laugh, and he rose up on his elbows. On a rock at the edge of the brook demurely sat Irma Allison, her hands locked round her knees, her hair carefully tucked up, her house dress spotless. Very neat and precise she looked, and sober, except for the little laugh that lingered as a smile over his mishap.

"You must be feeling happy," she remarked as he got up and brushed the gravel off his back.

"I am," he admitted, and hopped across the branch and sat down on the gravel near her. "I'm going to get rich. I must tell you about it."

She listened with a curious intentness, looking at the brook most of the time. Occasionally her eyes came round to him and studied his exultant face for a moment.

"Oh, Ben Watts is not the only man who can make money. I've got him beat right now, beat to a standstill!"

A smile that might have meant amusement or might have been pity showed on her face.

"So easy as that?"

"Easy! Why, I've worked like a mud diver. I've schemed and schemed to do it."

The smile deepened and then faded.

"I should not have thought he would have quit so soon, if there is so much money in it."

"No, it was better luck than I expected," he admitted, and somehow did not feel quite so jubilant.

"Irma," he asked abruptly, "did Ben Watts give you a picture of himself?"

"Yes." Her eyes leveled at him searchingly. "Did you paint it?"

He nodded.

"I thought so," she remarked slowly, and got up. Without a word of parting she leaped the brook and went across the clover fields toward home.

"I wonder," Eldon asked himself, "what that means?"

That evening he saw her out in Watts' new six-cylinder car, and all the exultation died in him.

"I guess she does not believe that I have him beat after all," he said bitterly.

x

ELDON worked like a demon of unrest for three weeks. The planning and scheming gave him even greater satisfaction than the fierce physical labor in Panama had. Everything was going smoothly. No opposition from anywhere. Things went so smoothly, in fact, that he grew a little uneasy. It was like running a machine across a prairie. If no hills are in sight one begins to look for ditches.

It seemed impossible that a man could meet such good fortune. It was a good idea, a new, big idea. But for a fellow to start in with nine hundred dollars, and in three months have under way an industry that would yield him half a million clear the first year—that seemed too much. There was something wrong. But figuring could not reveal what it was. In fact, the closer he figured the bigger the profits looked; and such things had been done. Men with really big ideas well carried out had made fortunes suddenly.

Several times he had gone to Sam Anderson's to take up that other hundred shares of stock; but each time Sam happened to be away. Eldon had felt perfectly secure, because Sam's word was everywhere accepted as good as a government bond. But now as the ninety-day limit drew near he began to get uneasy.

The day before the final limit he went to Anderson's home again. He had gone to Colorado Springs. Now thoroughly alarmed, Eldon took a night train, and next evening went to Anderson's hotel with a thousand dollars in gold.

"Party checked out half an hour ago," said the clerk.

Eldon discovered Anderson had bought a ticket back to Coalfield, and he followed on the next train. It was five the following afternoon when he rang the bell of Anderson's house. Anderson himself came to the door.

"I've been trying for two months to pay you that thousand dollars," said Cy with as nonchalant an air as he could assume.

"What thousand? Oh!" A dim sort of recollection came to Anderson. "About that stock. Why, as you did not get round in time I sold it to Watts this morning."

Eldon went home, shoved his grip on to the porch and sat down on the step without going in. He was tired, and he needed to think, and think hard. They had the majority of the stock—and his idea.

He mechanically reached out and picked up the little knotted roll of the Coalfield Evening Journal which the boy had just thrown at his feet. On the front page was a black-faced heading, the kind used on an important local event:

STATE BANK CONSOLIDATES WITH SECOND NATIONAL

BEN WATTS TO BE PRESIDENT OF CONSOLIDATED INSTITUTION AND C. C. JONES CASHIER

The smoothness of the past month was clear now. He had been working for Ben Watts. Watts and Jones had understood each other all along. Eldon wadded the paper into a ball, flung it violently into a rosebush and got up and went into the old doctor's office. Over the desk was a picture of his father driving the old gray horse. Watts had killed him, broken his heart. Should he let him break the son in the same way?

If some enemy had dared him to paint, as Watts had dared him to fight for money, perhaps Eldon would have been a great painter. He did not stop now to curse the world and his luck; but on the instant there was born or reborn in him the same sort of fierce determination that had made him tackle Panama with his bare hands—and he was not without weapons. He took from a locked desk a dozen papers, and went over them carefully, laying one set to the right and one to the left. There were gaps, but there was no time to fill them, except with imagination—and bluff.

Early the next morning he called an automobile and ran out to the Prairie Coal Company. He asked for a few moments' talk alone with Tom Williams, the assistant secretary. Williams, a rather sallow, restless chap, was uneasy as they went into the private office. Eldon took half a dozen legal looking papers from his pocket and sat running over them in silence until he heard Williams shift his feet four times and scrape the rounds of his chair on the floor as he pushed it back.

"Williams." Eldon gave him a sudden driving look. "How do you fancy stripes?"

"Fancy stripes!" Tom tried to laugh.

Eldon nodded and tapped the papers on his knee.

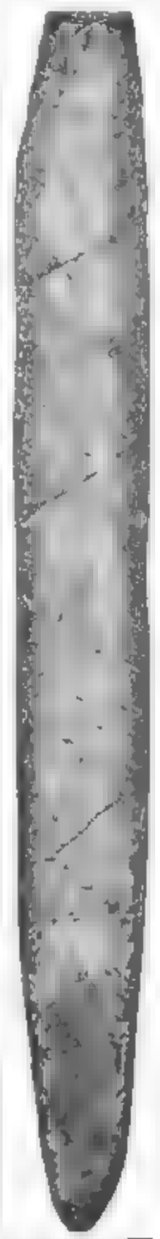
"Explanations are useless. You know what I've been after the last two years. I've got them. I've got you. And I've got

(Continued on Page 101)

This Cigar Wears Well

More than once we have pointed out that a large per cent. of the smokers who buy our panatela have been buying it regularly for three years and over.

Now the quality of the Shivers Panatela is a fixed and definite thing. In retail circles it would rate as a three-for-a-quarter cigar.



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There are many larger, more expensive cigars than our panatela—but few if any of them hold the favor of their smokers year in and year out as our panatela does.

When a man who smokes five, six or seven cigars a day, takes up one special cigar and smokes it practically exclusively, learning to prefer it to fat, opulent and costly brands, he provides a handsome testimonial.

There are thousands such customers on our books.

You won't get tired of the Shivers Panatela if you like it in the first place. If you do not like it in the first place, you are not expected to pay anybody one penny.

Aren't you tired of not trying this cigar?

OUR OFFER is: Upon request, we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Our panatela is a handmade cigar, rolled in a model factory, by skilled, adult, male cigarmakers. It has a long filler of Cuban grown Havana tobacco, [illegible]. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra.

By selling direct to the smoker we reduce selling expense about half. We sell by the box (usually by the hundred) and practically all of our business is done on repeat orders, many of which are standing orders for regular deliveries at stated periods. It's a good business that has grown and is growing.

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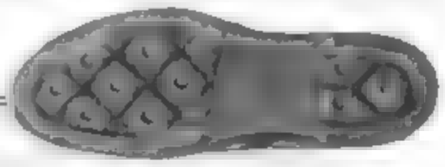

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The patent suction cupped sole prevents slipping and is of great help in dribbling and dodging. Fine for bowling. Full of life and wear. Write for folder, booklet of sporting and athletic shoes and name of "Grip-Sure" dealer in your town.

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But occasionally you see a car that instantly grips your attention—that forcibly jars you into the realization that it is distinctive, that it has *style—personality—character*.

This new Jordan Six—the Luxury Car—is such a creation.

It is absolutely free from the bonds and tyranny of convention and precedent.

The Jordan custom-made style bodies are original and smart. Every curve, every surface, every line has a part to play in the studied harmony of the completed design.

These Jordan bodies are hung low and are long. The European double cowl and backward tilted windshield add to the aristocratic appearance of the body and harmonize perfectly with the smooth streamlines.

The seats are deep, broad, and very yielding. The upholstery is genuine leather—French pleated.

A beautiful rug—not an ordinary mat or carpet—covers the floor of the rear compartment. Mahogany panels finish off the rear surface of the front seats and conceal Thermos bottles, powder puffs and various other little knick-knacks.

The dash is also of mahogany and the dash instruments are heavily nickeled.

The Jordan is truly a motor car that has increased the luxury of living.

The finish is either deep Venetian green or a rich mahogany maroon. Either is good style.

Touring cars, roadsters, sport models;—and sedans, coupés and limousines of the Springfield type are all included in the complete Jordan line.

They are absolutely irresistible.

Each is a striking example of the unconventional, yet none is freakish.

Each will appeal to the connoisseur—to the man who wants to be a little unlike other folks—yet none is loudly conspicuous.

A chassis of finished mechanical excellence and remarkable performance—Continental—Brown Lipe—Timken—Bosch—Bijur—Gemmer—Stromberg—Fedders—Parrish—Firestone—Willard—Stewart-Warner. You know these names.

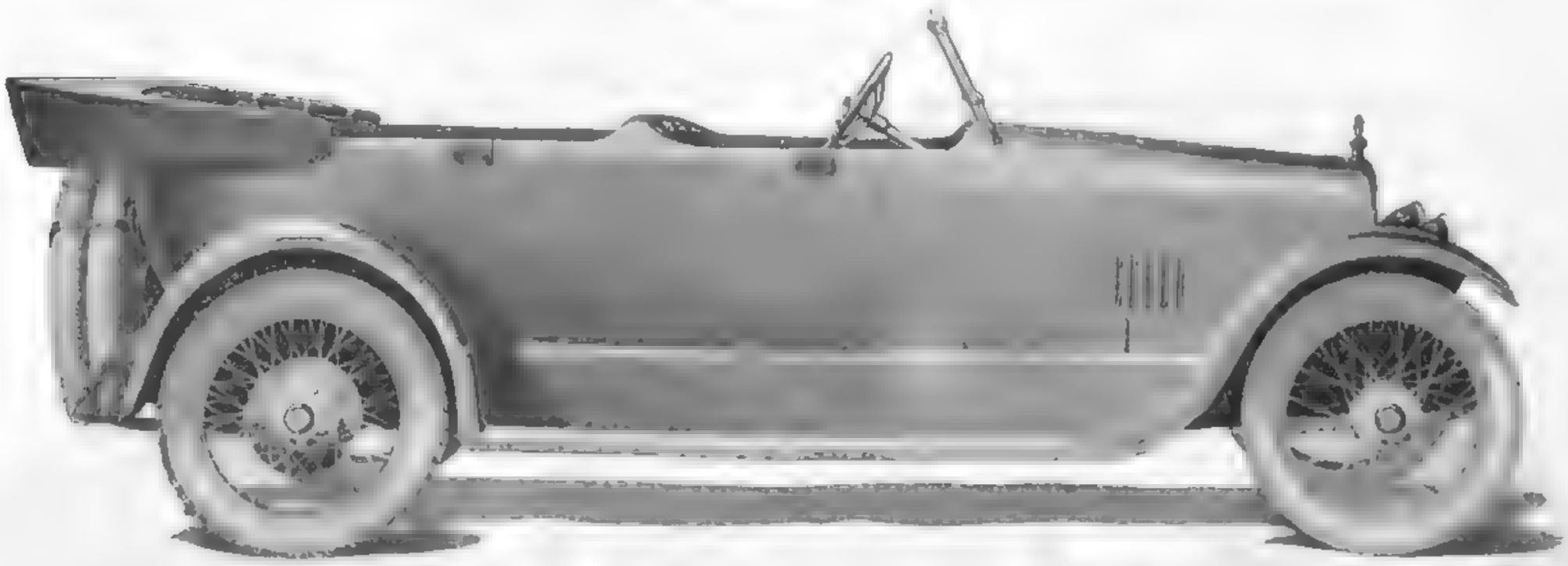
We are prepared to make deliveries *at once*.

Place your order *now*.

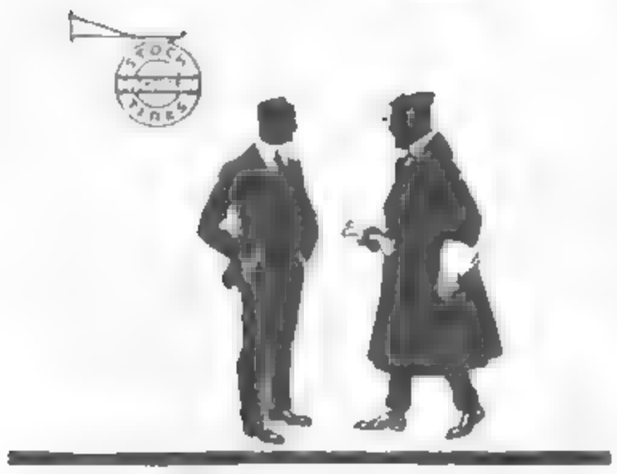
Seven passenger Luxury car Wire wheels $100 extra	$1650
Roadster Wire wheels $100 extra	$1650
Four passenger Sport Model With wire wheels	$1750

Prices f. o. b. factory

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND OHIO



MICHELIN TIRES

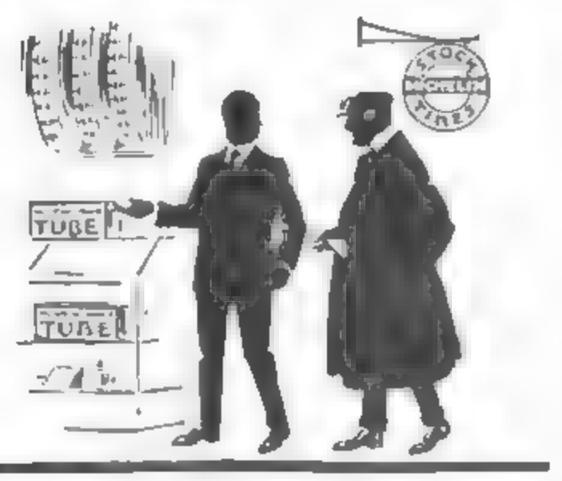


Motorist: *Say, that last "——" Tire I got has blown out already.*

Dealer: *Well, I told you it wouldn't pay to buy tires just because they're "cheap."*

Motorist: *I know—but a real good tire costs a lot of money.*

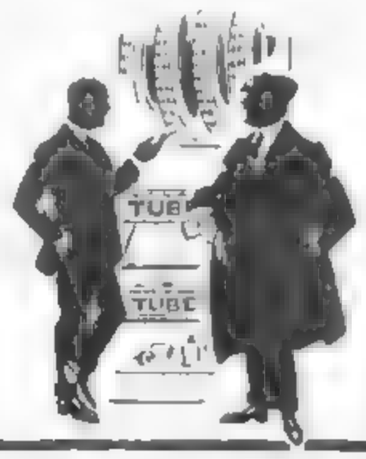
Dealer: *No it doesn't, not if you buy a Michelin. Michelin is the best tire you can get at any price, yet it costs 25 or 30% less than other good makes.*



Motorist: *Sounds good, I must admit.*

Dealer: *Look here—you use Michelin Red Tubes, don't you?*

Motorist: *Sure. Everybody does, I guess.*



Dealer: *And it pays, doesn't it, to use Michelin Tubes?*

Motorist: *Sure.*

Dealer: *Well, Michelin Universal casings are just as good as Michelin tubes—and you'll find it pays to use them, too.*

Motorist: *All right. Let's have one. I'll give it a fair trial.*

Dealer: *Good! In the Michelin you're getting the best tire in the market—Highest Quality at a Moderate Price. You'll like them, I know you will!*

Note to Dealers: There are thousands of loyal Michelin dealers in all parts of the country, yet in your territory we may not be adequately represented. Michelin Casings and Michelin Red Tubes—both of the highest quality—offer you a real sales-opportunity. Write for full information.

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Inch Sizes	Q. D. Straight Side	Q D Clincher	Red Inner Tubes
32 x 3½	$18.30	. . .	$3.55
31 x 4	. . .	*$22.25	3.35
32	24.90	24.90	4.65
33	25.65	25.65	4.25
34	25.95	25.95	5.00
36	27.95	27.95	5.30
34 x 4½	33.00	33.00	6.55
35	34.75	34.75	5.90
36	35.70	35.70	6 90
37	. . .	36.60	6.30
35 x 5	40.50	40.50	6.55
37	41.90	41.90	8.35

* Soft Bead Clincher — oversize for 30 x 3½

Prices subject to change without notice.

MICHELIN TIRE CO. MILLTOWN, N. J.

(Continued from Page 98)

you solid. And I'm going to send you over the road—unless ——"

Williams had been scared for four years, always looking for something to happen. Eldon's grim face and positive statement threw him into a panic of fear.

"Unless what?"

"Unless," said Eldon grimly, "you go with me before a notary and sign a couple of papers within thirty minutes, and then take the afternoon train to parts unknown."

Eldon watched Williams take the westbound train, then put the two signed documents in his inside coat pocket, got into the machine and sped back to Coalfield.

XI

ELDON found a notice at home when he returned, mailed the evening before by Tom Williams, secretary, requesting the stockholders of the Western Coal Company to meet in the directors' room of the Second National Bank at five that afternoon.

It was then four. Cy spent half an hour figuring at his desk, got a bite of lunch at a restaurant, for he had not eaten since breakfast, then went to the bank. Watts and Jones were there waiting for him. They exchanged the sort of glance two hunters might over an unexpectedly fine animal in a trap.

"Mr. Jones has the Sam Anderson stock," Watts remarked, seeing a question in Eldon's eyes. "Have a seat." He nodded to a leather chair to his left.

"I believe," began Watts, assuming the chairmanship as a matter of course, "that all the stockholders are present except one, and I hold his proxy. This meeting is called to discuss the advisability of going ahead along the present plans."

There was the slightest lift to the corner of his mouth, and he looked at Cy with the air of a big, well-fed bulldog meditating the littleness of a terrier.

"It is my opinion," the suave Jones spoke promptly, "with all due respect to our enthusiastic young friend, that his plan will be a failure. I have looked into mining matters pretty thoroughly lately, and find it has never been tried before. Evidently it is impractical, or mining men would have used it long ago. As conservative bankers, I don't think we'd better risk any further funds in this enterprise."

Watts nodded sagacious approval. "That is what I think." He glanced toward Eldon, but Cy made no comment.

"You see"—Jones looked at Eldon with an effort at straightforwardness—"I was plunging a little on my own account when I backed you, but I got uneasy, and unloaded that mortgage on a third party. Sold it at a discount. Now that party demands his money. I, for one, am not willing to run an assessment to pay for this experimental machinery. I think we'd better let him close the mortgage on the shovels and equipment. Then later, if some practical plan presents itself, we might try mining on a regular basis."

"I think that too." Watts crossed his legs and began to wave his shoe up and down approvingly. "I would not be willing to pay a dollar on this machinery."

The assistant cashier, who had been making the day's balance, came from the banking room and asked for Jones. When they were alone Watts turned squarely upon Eldon. His full face was red, his eyes gloating, his thick lips pursed.

"Well, Skinny," he said familiarly, "you thought you had done it, didn't you? Every fellow to his trade. You'd better have stuck to painting cows and posies. When you buck up against men of affairs you are likely to get a jolt that makes your head ache. Really, this little mining affair is of no consequence to me."

He waved his hand as though brushing a fly from his ice cream.

"I wouldn't have fooled with it at all if you hadn't made me mad." He slammed his big hand down on the arm of his chair. "Didn't you have sense enough not to try to interfere with my love affairs? Didn't you know no man who is a man would stand for that? When you tried to butt in with the Allison girl that made me hot, and I decided to teach you a lesson. And I warn you right now, you may as well duck under and save yourself trouble. Your company is busted; your money is gone; your big idea is blown into hot air. You may as well turn over your little seven hundred shares of stock to me, for I'll see you never get a dollar out of it."

Eldon had sat perfectly still, his thin face tense, his sensitive lips closed tight, his gray eyes looking directly at Watts' heated face. He noticed there was a wart on the banker's leathery neck.

Just then Jones returned.

"I move," he began briskly, "that we suspend work at present, and that we allow the mortgagee to take the equipment."

"That suits me," said Watts. "We'll take a vote by stock, one vote for each share."

"I have a hundred shares," said Jones.

"And I have five hundred," said Watts, "and hold the proxy for Tom Williams' two hundred shares."

"But"—Eldon spoke for the first time—"I hold those shares."

XII

FOR the space of thirty seconds there was not a sound in the room save what the wind made in chasing a loose scrap of paper across the rug. "You haven't," said Watts, regaining his speech.

Eldon took the stock certificates from his pocket and held them so Watts could see Tom Williams' signature. Watts chewed his underlip in an effort to hide his chagrin.

"Well, what do you propose?" he asked jauntily but uneasily.

"To go ahead with the work," said Eldon quickly.

"But you have no funds," spoke up Jones. "We can't lend you any more money."

"I have funds coming," said Eldon assuredly. Then to Watts: "As the Coal Company's business for the evening is finished, I want to see you alone on a personal matter."

Watts nodded assent and Jones left.

"Well!" Watts was regarding him in a new light. He had suddenly discovered that Eldon was not so easily smashed as appeared.

"By the way," Eldon spoke casually, "Williams is on a fast train for the Southwest, to avoid an introduction to the warden of the Leavenworth Federal Prison."

The blood receded from Watts' full, oily face until his thick lips looked pasty and a yellowish whiteness showed under his eyes. "What do you mean?"

Eldon leaned a little forward, his gray eyes narrowed, as he looked with concentrated hate into the eyes of his enemy. His was no longer an artist's vision, but rather the look of the man who draws a knife quickly, who has his hand on a gun and shoots unerringly.

"Watts," he began slowly, "you have got rich fast, faster even than I got poor. You remember that Carolina Pine Land Company—that bankrupted my father—and killed him?" His breath came sharply and his teeth shut close for an instant. "Ben Watts, I have been tracking you and your tool, Tom Williams. Williams organized the companies which you bankrupted. This land company had good property—twenty thousand acres; paid fifty thousand dollars on it—and thirty thousand of that was my father's money. The owner, you said, held a mortgage for the remaining fifty thousand dollars.

"He did not. You held that mortgage, held it under another man's name. On the fourteenth of April you were offered fifty thousand dollars for the turpentine rights alone. You, being the treasurer, conspired with the secretary to defraud the other stockholders. You delayed the sale, closed out the mortgage and got seventy-five thousand dollars. Later you sold the timber and the land for ten dollars an acre—two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars all together.

"There are three other companies that have gone the same way. You ought to go as Tom Williams has gone—only you ought to go to prison. But"—he paused—"I'm no sheriff, no public prosecutor. I'm interested in getting what belongs to me. There was a profit of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars made on this land. My father had three hundred shares. His share of the profit and original investment make it eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars—with interest at eight per cent for two years and three months. I want that deposited to my credit in the morning and a proportionate sum to each of the other stockholders in that company. And," he added, "you and Jones will sell me your stock in the Western Coal Company at five dollars a share."

Eldon arose. Watts started to bluff; to dare him to prove it; to offer to fight it; but Eldon's look of contempt and hate and unshakable assurance made him swallow, and moisten his lips.

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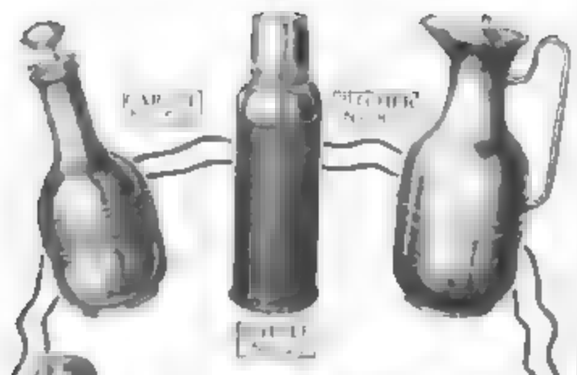

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"If I don't ——" he managed to say.

"Suit will be brought to-morrow in the Federal Court. And the evidence"—he tapped his pockets—"won't be good for the Second National. And," he added, "you will be arrested by a United States marshal on a criminal charge of conspiracy to defraud the stockholders of an interstate company."

Eldon left the room, knowing that in the morning the passbook, with a deposit of ninety-seven thousand eight hundred dollars to his credit, would be handed him.

XIII

THERE are two sorts of men who make big successes in business. One goes out with a bludgeon and steel trap to beat and break other men merely for the satisfaction of piling up money and accumulating brute power. Fortunately this class is not common, for men of this type usually defeat their own ends. The other sort play the game for the mental joy of planning and the thrill of victory. Men and money are impersonal things to them, mere figures on the board. They have no desire to hurt their fellowmen, no sordid craving for money itself. They may break many a man in the struggle, but they do not do so willfully, and they never gloat over it. In truth, they play the game with the imaginative and creative thrill of a novelist, a poet, an artist or a musician—and often in action they are all four combined. But after victory comes reflection, and when other thoughts creep in they begin to search for meanings.

Cyrus Eldon walked his yard that night, restless and unsatisfied. He had had his hour of thrill over victory, and it still left a feeling of satisfaction. He knew he had won. He knew that the following day the money would be in the bank for him; that Watts and Jones would sell him their stock at five dollars a share; that in six months forty giant shovels would be stripping the earth from great paths of coal, and the black energy would be loaded into cars and sent hurtling to the smelters and the forges and the shops to help make the world's red heart beat warm. He knew for that he would be clearing fifty thousand dollars a month, and that his mines would put Watts' mine out of business, and that he could crowd his enemy to the wall within four years, if he wished. In all this, events proved he was more than right.

Yet he was not satisfied, but was filled with a great distaste and unrest. The spirit of the painter was again upon him. Not the fever to paint—he would never care to do that—but the yearning for beauty, the hunger for that which was not meat—and coal. And he could not find it. What was victory without a meaning? What was money without compensation?

Formerly he had known that inner thrill, that joy in life which made the color of a butterfly wing of more consequence than a gold coin. Why could he not feel it again? His mind slipped back to Watts, the fat, fleshly embodiment of greed and of sordid satisfaction. Yes, he could see nothing but Watts; and even in victory the world seemed to him only flesh and ugliness—and hell.

Up the street in the filmy moonlight came a girl in white, bareheaded and running. Even more swiftly did she come than on that other night; even more unhesitatingly did she turn in at the gate.

"Cy! Cy!" she cried. She was choking with a sob, and she caught his arm. "I'm sorry! Oh—I'm so sorry!—I've just heard. I hate him! I hate him!"

"Heard what?" He looked down at her and smiled. A big gladness possessed him.

"That they tricked you," she hastened on vehemently. "And he did it, I believe, because I—I —— Papa told me to-night how they had got control of your company and were going to sell you out under mortgage. Watts had bragged to him about it this morning!"

Eldon looked down at her intently, eagerly, as though he had been thirsty a long time and had just come upon a sweet spring beside a dusty road. His smile broke into a gentle laugh, a laugh that had a note of real triumph in it.

"Don't you worry, they did not do it. The trap sprung the other way. I beat them—beat them to a standstill—and I'm going to make millions out of it. Your father and those who sold stock to me will all get a hundred cents on every dollar they ever put in, and dividends besides. I'm going to make up all their losses."

She had released his arm, and was looking at him in breathless surprise.

"You mean they have not ruined you?"

"No, indeed they haven't. They tried—but they missed. I've got them now—and they'll pay back all they have stolen." As she still looked incredulous, he added tenderly: "I'm not dreaming, honey; it is all true, quite true."

Even in the pale moonlight he saw her face flush with excitement.

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad!"

Then suddenly she left his side and, crossing the yard slowly, leaned her arms on the fence and looked long into the shadowy horizon far beyond the rim of town.

After a little she came back across the grass. Her face was very sober and looked white in the moonlight; her hair was a soft and hazy brown. She was very beautiful, but remote as that other day by the brook.

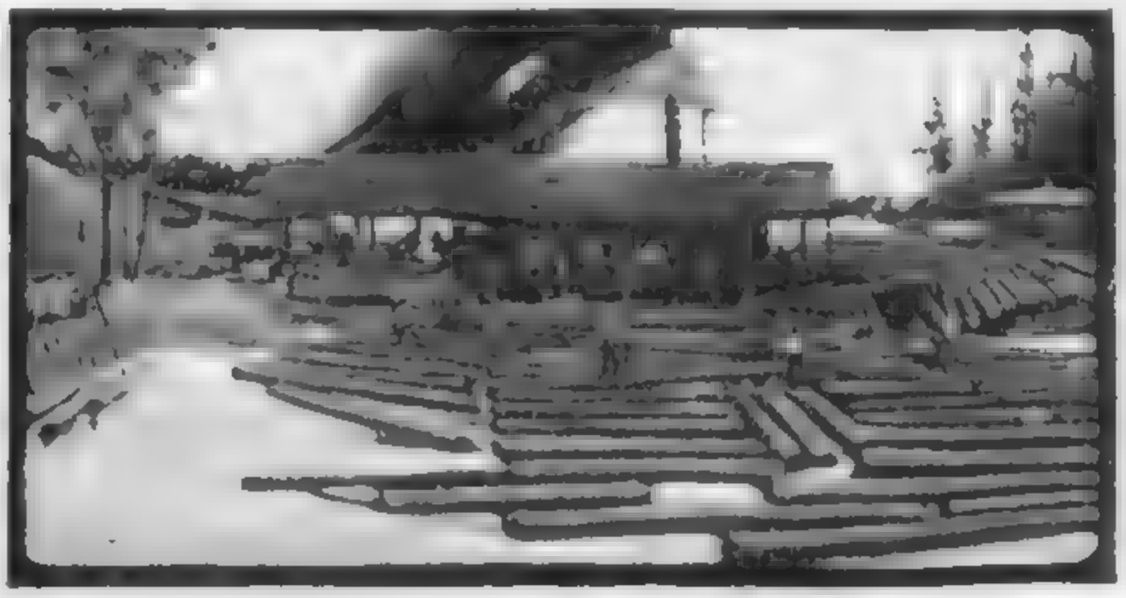
"Cy." She spoke with troubled reluctance. "I've thought a good deal since you went away—and I've wondered. I don't like poverty at all, and yet I did not mind so very much giving up things and working with my hands. It was fun in some ways. And I did not mind poverty for you so much. The work made you stronger, gave you a purpose. Only there was one thing that has haunted me—what you said that night you left—and sometimes I've wondered if it was so. You remember. You said that everything is just flesh—and ugliness—and hell! I saw it in that picture you sent of Watts. But what worried me most was that I saw the painter felt the thing he put into the picture."

"I did feel it," he admitted. "I suppose everyone does at times. But if one ever thrills to anything more, ever feels the touch of beauty and spirit, there must be —— Butterfly," he broke off, and put a hand on each of her shoulders, "look at me." Slowly she raised her eyes. "What do you see?"

Her eyes held steadfast a moment, and then wavered and looked away. "Oh," she cried with a sudden joy, "you do believe!"

He took her face between his hands and lifted it up until she looked at him again; then he gazed earnestly into her eyes.

"Beloved, it was because my soul hungered for you, and I thought I had lost you, that I uttered that cry against the world—and beauty—and God! To-night when you came through that gate beauty walked with you, and the world was no longer flesh and ugliness and hell. I knew then—and know now forever and ever—that there is spirit and meaning back of it all, and eternal beauty! And love—love, darling, as clean and strong as the wind of a storm, and as brave as the stars that never blow out. For you are light and spirit and beauty, and I love you, love you, love you!"



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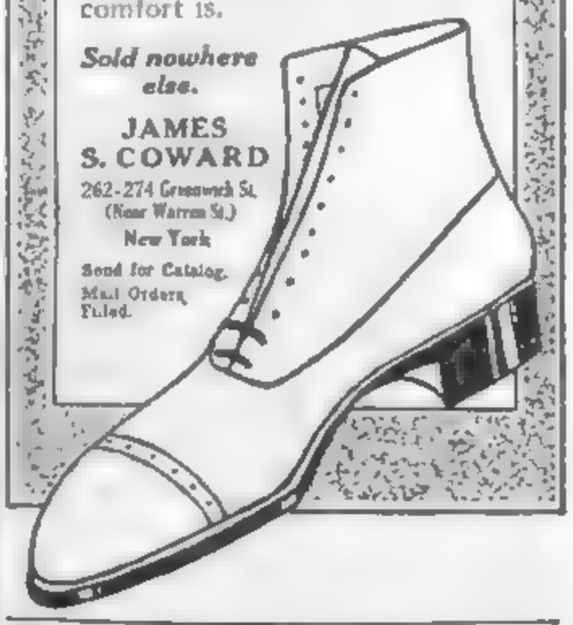

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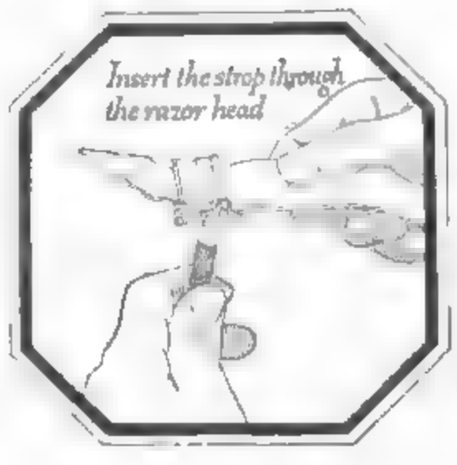

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STORAGE BATTERY
Willard

THE WATER CURE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Have they really got a bar?" she says.

"I'll find out for sure if you'll wait here a minute," says I, and led her to a chair where she could watch 'em wrestle.

In the other room I stood next to a Greek that charged ten cents on Sundays and holidays. He was all lit up, like the Municipal Pier.

"Enjoyin' the trip?" I ast him.

"Too rough; too rough!" he says, only I don't do the dialect very good.

"I bet you never got that shine at your own stand," says I.

"Too hot to work!" says he. "I don't have to work. I got the mon'."

"Yes," I says; "and the bun."

A little way off from us was four other political enemies o' J. Frank Hanly, tellin' my Greek friend in tonsorial tones that if he didn't like his Uncle Sammy he knowed what he could do.

"Don't you like your Uncle Sammy?" I ast him.

"I don't have to work," he says. "I got the mon'."

"Then why don't you take them boys' advice," I says, "and go back to your home o'er the sea?"

"Too rough; too rough!" he says; and in the twenty minutes I stood there with him, findin' out whether they was really a bar, he didn't say nothin' except that he had the mon' and he didn't have to work, and somethin' was too rough.

I and the Missus went back up on deck. I steered for the end o' the boat that was farthest from where we'd left Bess and Bishop, but they'd began to get restless and we run into them takin' a walk.

"Where you been?" ast Bessie.

"Down watchin' 'em dance," says the Missus.

"Is they a place to dance aboard?" ast Bishop.

But I didn't want 'em to dance, because that'd be an excuse not to say nothin' to each other for a w'ile. So I says:

"They's a place, all right; but five or six couples already on the floor, and when you get more'n that trottin' round at once it's li'ble to rock the boat and be disastrous."

I took the Wife's arm and started to move on.

"Where you goin'?" says Bishop.

"Just for a stroll round the decks," says I.

"We'll go along," he says.

I seen the treatment was beginnin' to work. "Nothin' doin'!" I says. "This is one of our semiannual honeymoons and we can't use no outside help."

A few minutes before we hit St. Joe we seen 'em again, settin' down below, afraid to dance and entirely out o' conversation. They was havin' just as good a time as Jennie's babies.

"We're pretty near in," I says, "and 'twas one o' the smoothest crossin's I ever made."

"They couldn't nobody get sick in weather like this," says Bess.

"No," I says, "but you take a smooth Saturday afternoon and it generally always means a rough Sunday night."

"Ain't they no railroad between here and Chi?" ast Bishop.

"Not direct," I says. "You have to go to Lansing and then cut across to Fort Wayne. If you make good connections you can do it in a day and two nights, but most o' the way is through the copper ranges and the trains keeps gettin' later and later, and when they try to make up time they generally always slip offen the track and spill their contents."

"If it looks like a storm to-morrow night," says Bess, "we might wait over and go home Monday."

That idear scared Bishop more'n the thought of a wreck.

"Oh, no!" he says. "I got to be back on the job Monday mornin'."

"If it's as rough as I think it's goin' to be," says I, "you won't feel like rippin' off no scenarios Monday."

We landed and walked up the highest hill in Michigan to the hotel. I noticed that Miss Bessie carried her own suit case.

"Well," I says, "I suppose you two kids would rather eat your supper by yourself, and I and the Missus will set at another table."

"No, no!" says Bess. "It'll be pleasanter to all eat together."

So for about half an hour we had 'em with us; and they'd of stuck the rest o' the evenin' if I'd gave 'em a chance.

"What about a little game o' cards?" says Bishop when we was through eatin'.

"It's mighty nice o' you to suggest it," I says; "but I know you're only doin' it for my sake and the Wife's. We'll find some way to amuse ourself, and you and Bess can take a stroll down on the beach."

"The wind made me sleepy," says Bishop. "I believe I'll go up to my room and turn in."

"The rooms is not ready," I says. "The clerk'll let us know as soon as we can have 'em."

But he didn't take my word; and when he'd talked to the clerk himself, and found out that he could have his room right away, they wasn't no arguin' with him. Off he went to bed at eight P. M., leavin' the Missus and I to entertain the Belle o' Wabash.

Sunday mornin' I added to my investment by hirin' a flivver to take us out to the Edgewater Club.

"Now," I says, "we'll rent some bathin' suits and cool off."

"I don't dast go in," says Bishop. "I'd take more cold. I'll watch the rest o' you."

Well, I didn't care whether he went in or not, the water bein' too shallow along there to drownd him; but I did want him to watch the rest of us—one in particular.

The suit they give her was an Annette. I wouldn't make no attempt to describe what she looked like in it, unless it'd be a capital Y that had got turned upside down. She didn't have no displacement and she could of stayed in all day without the lake ever findin' out she was there.

But I cut the film short so's I could get 'em back to the hotel and leave the pair together again.

"You're goin' to have all the rest o' the day to yourself," I told 'em. "We won't eat dinner with you. I and the Missus will just disappear and meet you here in the hotel at seven o'clock to-night."

"Where are you goin'?" ast Bishop.

"Never you mind," I says.

"Maybe we'd like to go along with you," he says.

"Yes, you would!" says I. "Remember, boy, I was in love once myself and I know I didn't want no third parties hangin' round."

"But what can we do all day in this burg?" he says.

"They's plenty to do," I says. "You can go over there and set on them benches and watch the interurbans come in from South Bend and Niles, or you can hire a boat and go out for a sail, or you can fish for tarpons; or you can take a trolley over to Benton Harbor; or you can set on the beach and spoon. Nobody minds here—only be sure you don't set in somebody's lunch basket, because they say a garlic stain's almost impossible to get out. And they's another thing you might do," I says: "This town's one o' these here Gretna's Greens. You can get a marriage license in any delicatessen and the street-car conductors is authorized to perform the ceremony."

They didn't blush when I pulled that; they turned pale, both o' them, and I seen that I was goin' to win, sure.

"Come on!" I says to the Missus. "We must be on our way."

We left 'em before they could stop us and walked acrost the street and along through the park.

"Where are we headed?" ast the Wife.

"I don't know," I says; "but I don't want to spoil their good time."

"I don't believe they're havin' a good time," she says.

"How could they help it?" says I. "When two true lovers is left alone together, what more could they ast for?"

"They's somethin' wrong with 'em," says the Missus. "They act like they was mad at each other. And Bess told me when we was out to the Edgewater Club that she wished we was home."

"That's a fine way for her to talk," I says, "when I'm tryin' to show her a good time!"

"And I overheard Elmer," says the Missus, "astin' one o' the bell boys where he could get somethin' to drink; and the bell boy ast him what kind of a drink, and he says, whisky or poison—it didn't make no difference."

"If I was sure he'd take the poison I'd try to get it for him," I says.

On the grass and the benches in the park we seen some o' the gang that'd came over on the boat with us. They looked like they'd laid there all night and the kids

When Nature Turns Outlaw

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You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout . . . . . "

Thus King Lear, in Shakespeare's tragedy, defies the elements. But man, even today, cannot challenge nature with impunity.

The unsinkable ship goes down like a rock from the impact of an iceberg. The fireproof building is burned. The monument, built for unborn generations, is riven by lightning or shaken down by an earthquake.

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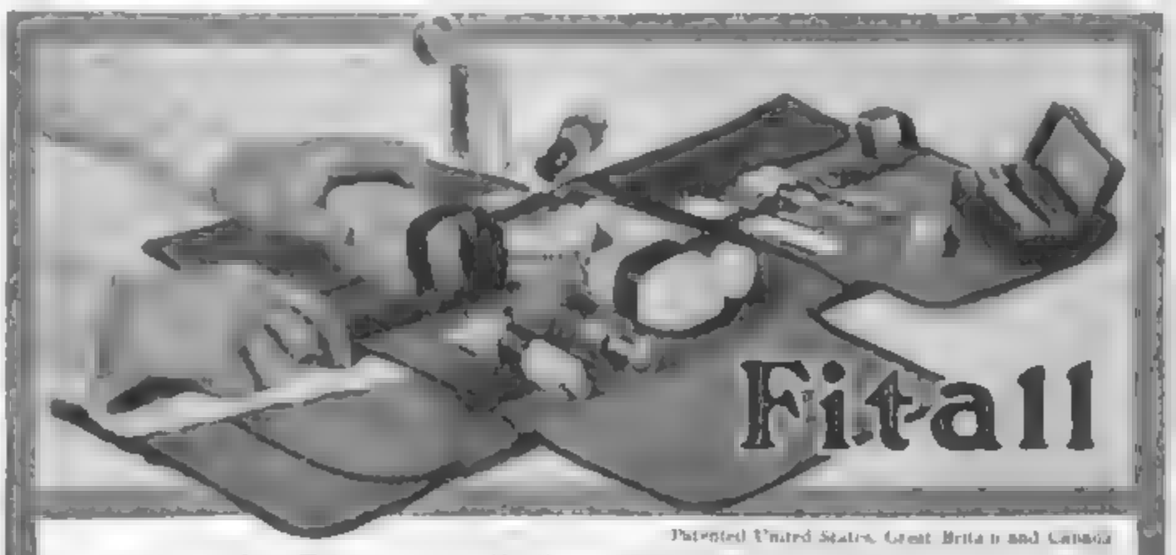

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was cryin' louder'n ever. Besides them we seen dozens o' young couples that was still on speakin' terms, because they'd only been together an hour or two. The girls was wearin' nice clean white dresses and white shoes, and was all prettied up. They seemed to be havin' the time o' their life. And by four o'clock in the afternoon their fingers would be stuck together with crackerjack and their dresses decorated with chocolate sirup, and their escorts talkin' to 'em like a section boss to a gang o' hunkies.

We wandered round till dinner time, and then dropped into a little restaurant where they give you a whole meal for thirty-five cents and make a profit of thirty-five cents. When we'd staggered out under the weight o' this repast, a street car was standin' there that said it would take us to the House o' David.

"Come on!" I says, and led the Missus aboard.

"Where to?" she ast me.

"I don't know," I says; "but it sounds like a road house."

It was even better'n that. You couldn't get nothin' to drink, but they was plenty to see and hear—band concerts, male and female; movin' pitchers; a zoo; a bowlin' alley; and more funny-lookin' people than I ever seen in an amusement park before.

It ain't a regular amusement park, but fifty-fifty between that and a kind of religious sex that calls themself the Holy Roller Skaters or somethin'. All the men that was old enough to keep a beard had one; and for a minute I thought we'd bumped into the summer home o' the people that took part in Ada.

They wouldn't nobody of ever mistook the women for Follies chorus girls. They looked like they was havin' a prize contest to see which could dress the homeliest; and if I'd been one o' the judges I'd of split the first prize as many ways as they was women.

"I'm goin' to talk to some o' these people," I told the Wife.

"What for?" she says.

"Well, for one thing," I says, "I been talkin' to one person so long I'm tired of it; and, for another thing, I want to find out what the idear o' the whole concern is."

So we walked up to one o' the most flourishin' beards and I braced him.

"Who owns this joint?" I says.

"All who have the faith," he says.

"What do they charge a man to join?" I ast him.

"Many's called and few chosen," he says.

"How long have you been here?" I ast him.

"Prove all things and hold fast to what's good," he says. "Why don't you get some of our books and study 'em?"

He led us over to where they had the books and I looked at some o' them. One was the Flyin' Roll, and another was the Livin' Roll o' Life, and another was the Rollin' Ball o' Fire.

"If you had some books about coffee you could make a breakfast on 'em," I says."

Well, we stuck round there till pretty near six o'clock and talked to a lot o' different ones and ast 'em all kinds o' questions; and they answered 'em all with verses from Scripture that had nothin' to do with what we'd ast.

"We got a lot of information," says the Wife on the way back to St. Joe. "We don't know no more about 'em now than before we come."

"We know their politics," I says.

"How?" she ast me.

From the looks of 'em," I says. "They're unanimous for Hughes."

We found Bess all alone, settin' in the lobby o' the hotel.

"Where's your honey man?" I ast her.

She turned up her nose.

"Don't call him my honey man or my anything else," she says.

"Why, what's the matter?" ast the Missus.

"Nothin' at all's the matter," she says.

"Maybe just a lovers' quarrel," says I.

"No, and no lovers' quarrel, neither," says Bess. "They couldn't be no lovers' quarrel, because they ain't no lovers."

"You had me fooled then," I says. "I'd of swore that you and Bishop was just like that."

"You made a big mistake," says Bessie. "I never cared nothin' for him and he never cared nothin' for me, because he's incapable o' carin' for anything—only himself."

"Why, Bess," says the Missus, "you told me just yesterday mornin' that you was practically engaged!"

"I don't care what I told you," she says; "but I'm tellin' you somethin' now: I don't never want to hear of him or see him again. And you'll do me a favor if you'll drop the subject."

"But where is he?" I ast her.

"I don't know and I don't care!" she says.

"But I got to find him," I says. "He's my guest."

"You can have him," she says.

I found him up in his room. The bell boy had got him somethin', and it wasn't poison, neither. At least I haven't never died of it.

"Well, Bishop," I says, "finish it up and come downstairs. Bess and the Wife'll want some supper."

"You'll have to excuse me," he says. "I don't feel like eatin' a thing."

"But you can come down and set with us," I says. "Bess will be sore if you don't."

"Listen here!" he says. "You've took too much for granted. They's nothin' between your sister-in-law and I. If you've set your heart on us bein' somethin' more'n friends, I'm sorry. But they's not a chance."

"Bishop," I says, "this is a blow to me. It comes like a shock."

And to keep myself from faintin' I took the bottle from his dresser and completed its ruin.

"You won't even come down and set with us?" I says.

"No," says Bishop. "And, if you don't mind, you can give me my ticket back home and I'll stroll down to the dock and meet you on the boat."

"Here's your ticket," says I.

"And where am I goin' to sleep?" he says.

"Well," I says, "I'll get you a stateroom if you really want it; but it's goin' to be a bad night, and if you was in one o' them berths, and somethin' happened, you wouldn't have a chance in the world!"

"You ain't goin' to have no berth, yourself?" he ast me.

"I should say not!" I says. "I'm goin' to get me a chair and sleep in the watertight compartments."

Boys, my prophecy come true. They was more roll on old Lake Michigan that night than in all them books up to the Holy Roller Skaters' park. And if the boat was filled to capacity just thirteen hundred of us was fatally ill.

I don't think it was the rollin' that got me. It was one glimpse of all the Jennies and their offsprings, and the wealthy Greek shoe shiners, and the millionaire truck drivers, and the heiresses from the Lace Department—layin' hither and thither in the cabins and on the decks, breathin' their last. And how they must of felt to think that all their outlay for crackerjack and apples was a total loss!

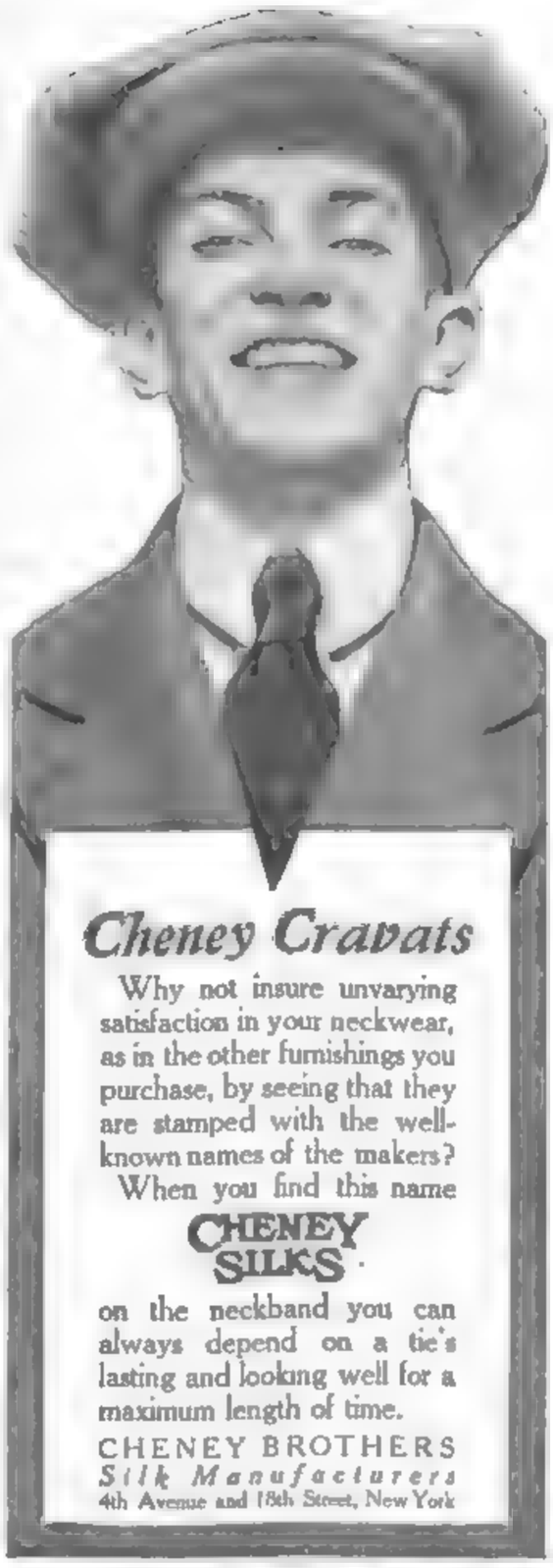
But Bishop wasn't sick. I searched the boat from the back to the stern and he wasn't aboard. I guess probably he'd found out someway that they was such an institution as the Père Marquette, which gets into Chicago without touchin' them perilous copper ranges. But whether he arrived safe or not, I don't know, because I've never saw him from that day to this, and I've lived happy ever afterward.

And my investment, amountin' all told to just about what he owes me, turned out even better than I'd hoped for. Bess went back to Wabash that Monday afternoon.

At supper Monday night, which was the first meal the Missus could face, she says:

"I haven't got it figured out yet. Bess swears they didn't have no quarrel; but I'll take an oath they was in love with each other. What could of happened?"

"I know what happened," I says. "They got acquainted!"



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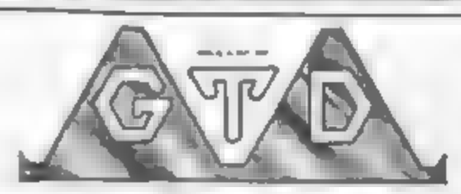

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I

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II

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IV

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V

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VI

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